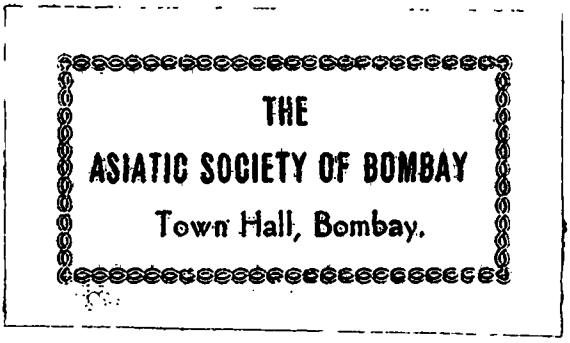
00020020

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018

CHAUCERS CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

LIFE

OF

WILLIAM BLAKE,

"PICTOR IGNOTUS."

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS POEMS AND OTHER WRITINGS

BY THE LATE

ALEXANDER GILCHRIST,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW;
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ETTY, R.A."

B 2375

ILLUSTRATED FROM BLAKE'S OWN WORKS,

IN FACSIMILÉ BY W. J. LINTON,

AND IN PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY;

WITH A FEW OF BLAKE'S ORIGINAL PLATES.

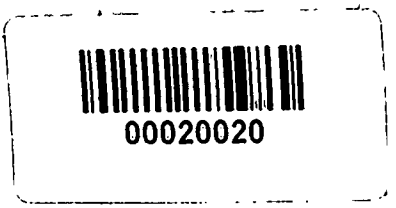
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

20020
ac XX a 10

London and Cambridge:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1863.

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]



LONDON:
R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

PART II. SELECTIONS.

POETICAL SKETCHES.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE 3
SONG. *My silks and fine array* 4
SONG. *Love and harmony combine* 5
SONG. *I love the jocund dance* 6
MAD SONG. *The wild winds weep* 7
SONG. *How sweet I roamed from field to field* 8
SONG. *Memory, hither come* 9
TO THE MUSES. *Whether on Ida's shady brow* 10
TO THE EVENING STAR. *Thou fair-hair'd angel of the Evening* 11
TO SPRING. *O thou with dewy locks who lookest down* 12
TO SUMMER. *O thou who passest thro' our valleys in* 13
BLIND-MAN'S BUFF. *When silver snow decks Susan's clothes* 14
KING EDWARD THE THIRD (Selections from) 16

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE 25
INTRODUCTION. *Piping down the valleys wild* 26
THE SHEPHERD. *How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot* 27
THE ECHOING GREEN. *The sun does arise* 28
THE LAMB. *Little lamb, who made thee?* 29
THE LITTLE BLACK BOY. *My mother bore me in the southern wild* 30
THE BLOSSOM. *Merry, merry sparrow!* 31
THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER. *When my mother died I was very young* 32
THE LITTLE BOY LOST. *Father, father, where are you going?* 33
THE LITTLE BOY FOUND. *The little boy lost in the lonely fen* 33
LAUGHING SONG. *When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy* 34
A CRADLE SONG. *Sweet dreams form a shade* 35
THE DIVINE IMAGE. *To mercy, pity, peace, and love* 36
HOLY THURSDAY. *'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean* 37

PAGE

NIGHT. *The sun descending in the West* 38
SPRING. *Sound the flute!* 40
NURSE'S SONG. *When the voices of children are heard on the green* 41
INFANT JOY. *I have no name* 42
A DREAM. *Once a dream did weave a shade* 43
ON ANOTHER'S SORROW. *Can I see another's woe* 44
THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT BARD. *Youth of delight, come hither* 46

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE.

INTRODUCTION. *Hear the voice of the bard* 47
EARTH'S ANSWER. *Earth raised up her head* 48
THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE. *Love seeketh not itself to please* 49
HOLY THURSDAY. *Is this a holy thing to see* 50
THE LITTLE GIRL LOST. *In futurity* 51
THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND. *All the night in woe* 53
THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER. *A little black thing among the snow* 55
THE SICK ROSE. *O Rose, thou art sick* 56
NURSE'S SONG. *When the voices of children are heard on the green* 56
THE FLY. *Little Fly* 57
THE ANGEL. *I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?* 58
THE TIGER. *Tiger, tiger, burning bright* 59
MY PRETTY ROSE TREE. *A flower was offer'd to me* 60
AH SUNFLOWER! *Ah Sunflower! weary of time* 60
THE LILY. *The modest rose puts forth a thorn* 61
THE GARDEN OF LOVE. *I laid me down upon a bank* 61
THE LITTLE VAGABOND. *Dear mother, dear mother, the church is cold* 62
LONDON. *I wander through each charter'd street* 63
THE HUMAN ABSTRACT. *Pity would be no more* 64
INFANT SORROW. *My mother groaned, my father wept* 65
CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE. *I was angry with my friend* 65
A LITTLE BOY LOST. *Nought loves another as itself* 66
A LITTLE GIRL LOST. *Children of the future age* 67
A CRADLE SONG. *Sleep, sleep, beauty bright* 68
THE SCHOOLBOY. *I love to rise on a summer morn* 69
TO TIRZAH. *Whate'er is born of mortal birth* 70

THE BOOK OF THEL 71

POEMS HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE 76
THE BIRDS. *Where thou dwellest, in what grove* 78
BROKEN LOVE. *My spectre around me night and day* 79
THE TWO SONGS. *I heard an angel singing* 81
THE DEFILED SANCTUARY. *I saw a chapel, all of gold* 82

PAGE

CUPID. *Why was Cupid a boy?* 83
THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY. *The vision of Christ that thou dost see* . . 84
LOVE'S SECRET. *Never seek to tell thy love* 86
THE WILD FLOWER'S SONG. *As I wandered in the forest* 87
THE CRYSTAL CABINET. *The maiden caught me in the wild* 88
SMILE AND FROWN. *There is a smile of love* 89
THE GOLDEN NET. *Beneath a white thorn's lovely May* 90
THE LAND OF DREAMS. *Awake, awake, my little boy!* 91
MARY. *Sweet Mary, the first time she ever was there* 92
AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE. *To see a world in a grain of sand* 94
THE MENTAL TRAVELLER. *I travelled through a land of men* 98
WILLIAM BOND. *I wonder whether the girls are mad* 103
SCOFFERS. *Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau* 105
THE AGONY OF FAITH. *I see, I see, the mother said* 106
DAYBREAK. *To find the western path* 107
THAMES AND OHIO. *Why should I care for the men of Thames* 107
YOUNG LOVE. *Are not the joys of morning sweeter* 108
RICHES. *Since all the riches of this world* 108
OPPORTUNITY. *He who bends to himself a joy* 109
SEED SOWING. *Thou hast a lapful of seed* 109
BARREN BLOSSOM. *I feared the fury of my wind* 110
NIGHT AND DAY. *Silent, silent night* 110
IN A MYRTLE SHADE. *To a lovely myrtle bound* 111
COUPLETS AND FRAGMENTS 112
EPIGRAMS AND SATIRICAL PIECES ON ART AND ARTISTS 114

PROSE WRITINGS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE 118
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE 119
PUBLIC ADDRESS 144
MEMORANDA BY BLAKE OF HIS MODES OF ENGRAVING 158
SYBILLINE LEAVES 159
A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT 161

APPENDIX.

LETTERS FROM BLAKE TO MR. BUTTS 178
ANNOTATED CATALOGUE OF BLAKE'S PICTURES AND DRAWINGS. LIST I. OF WORKS IN COLOURS.
Section a. DATED WORKS 201
Section b. UNDATED WORKS, *Biblical and Sacred* 223
Ditto ditto *Poetic and Miscellaneous* 232

PAGE

List II. Uncoloured Works.

Section a., Dated Works 240

Section b. Undated Works, *Biblical and Sacred* 246

Ditto ditto *Poetic and Miscellaneous* 248

List III. Works of Unascertained Method.

Biblical and Sacred 255

Poetic and Miscellaneous 255

Account between Blake and Mr. Butts 256

List of Engravings.

Works designed as well as engraved by Blake 257

Works engraved, but not designed by Blake 259

Works designed, but not engraved by Blake 261

List of Writings 261

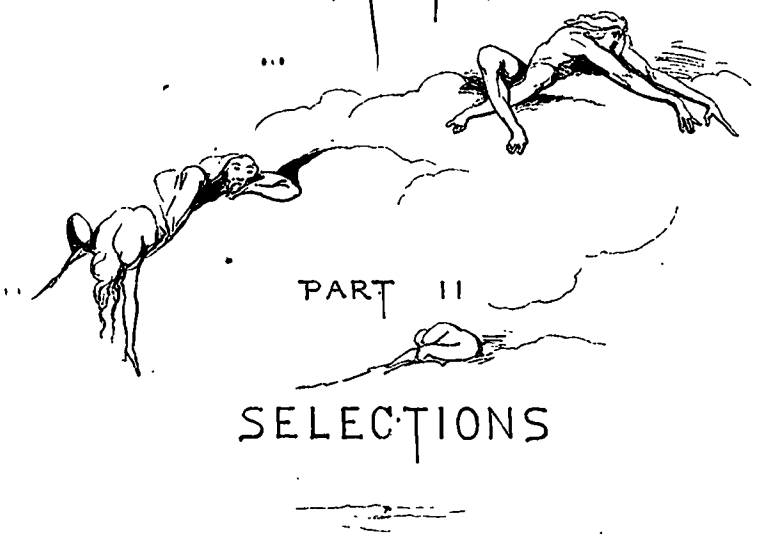
Prospectus by Blake issued in 1793 263

Engraved Designs by Blake 265

The Book of Job.

Songs of Innocence and Experience.

WILLIAM BLAKE



PART II

SELECTIONS

I give you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem wall.

FROM THE POETICAL SKETCHES.

[PRINTED IN 1783. WRITTEN 1768—77. ÆT. 11—20.]

THERE is no need for many further critical remarks on these selections from the Poetical Sketches, which have already been spoken of in Chap. VI. of the Life. Among the lyrical pieces here chosen, it would be difficult to award a distinct preference. These Songs are certainly among the small class of modern times which recall the best period of English song writing, whose rarest treasures lie scattered among the plays of our Elizabethan dramatists. They deserve no less than very high admiration in a quite positive sense, which cannot be even qualified by the slight hasty or juvenile imperfections of execution to be met with in some of them, though by no means in all. On the other hand, if we view them comparatively; in relation to Blake's youth when he wrote them, or the poetic epoch in which they were produced; it would be hardly possible to overrate their astonishing merit. The same return to the diction and high feeling of a greater age is to be found in the unfinished play of 'Edward the Third,' from which some fragments are included here. In the original edition, however, these are marred by frequent imperfections in the metre (partly real and partly dependent on careless printing), which I have thought it best to remove, as I found it possible to do so without once in the slightest degree affecting the originality of the text. The same has been done in a few similar instances elsewhere. The poem of 'Blind Man's Buff' stands in curious contrast with the rest, as an effort in another manner, and, though less excellent, is not without interest. Besides what is here given, there are attempts in the very modern-antique style of ballad prevalent at the time, and in Ossianic prose, but all naturally very inferior, and probably earlier. It is singular that, for formed style and purely literary qualities, Blake perhaps never afterwards equalled the best things in this youthful volume, though he often did so in melody and feeling, and more than did so in depth of thought.

SONG.

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away.
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to *him* was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

SONG.

Love and harmony combine
And around our souls entwine,
While thy branches mix with mine
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet,
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young;
Sweet I hear her mournful song:
And thy lovely leaves among,
There is Love: I hear his tongue.

There his charm'd nest he doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away,
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

SONG.

I LOVE the jocund dance,
The softly-breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
Where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee:
And love them I ever shall,
But thou art all to me.

MAD SONG.

THE wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs unfold!
But lo! the Morning peeps
Over the eastern steeps,
And rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of paved heaven,
With sorrow fraught,
My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe
After night I do crowd,
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the East
Whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

SONG.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
'Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

SONG.

Memory, hither come,
And tune your merry notes;
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song;
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along:
And, when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe;
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy.

TO THE MUSES.

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
  Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun that now
  From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
  Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
  Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
  Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
  Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
  That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
  The sound is forced, the notes are few.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU fair-hair'd angel of the Evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy brilliant torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves; and whilst thou drawest round
The curtains of the sky, scatter thy dew
On every flower that closes its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And then the lion glares through the dun forest.
The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

TO SPRING.

O THOU, with dewy locks, who lookest down
Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills do tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilion: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy softest kisses on her bosom, and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.

TO SUMMER.

O THOU who passest thro' our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! Thou, O summer!
Oft pitched'st here thy golden tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast'slept, while we beheld
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard
Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car
Rode o'er the deep of heaven. Beside our springs
Sit down, and in our mossy valleys; on
Some bank beside a river clear, throw all
Thy draperies off, and rush into the stream!
Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are famed who strike the silver wire;
Our youths are bolder than the southern swains;
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance;
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

WHEN silver snow decks Susan's clothes,
And jewel hangs at th' shepherd's nose,
The chimney-nook is all my care,
With hearth so red and walls so fair;
'Heap the sea-coal, come, heap it higher,
'The oaken log lay on the fire.'
The well-washed stools, a circling row,
With lad and lass, how fair the show!
The merry can of nut-brown ale,
The laughing jest, the love-sick tale:
'Till, tired of chat, the game begins,
The lasses prick the lads with pins;
Roger from Dolly twitched the stool,
She falling, kissed the ground, poor fool!
She blushed so red, with side-long glance
At hob-nail Dick who grieved the chance.
But now for Blind-man's Buff they call;
Of each incumbrance clear the hall!

Jenny her silken 'kerchief folds,
And blear-eyed Will the black lot holds;
Now, laughing, stops, with 'Silence! hush!'
And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.
The Blind-man's arms, extended wide,
Sam slips between;—O woe betide
Thee, clumsy Will!—but tittering Kate
Is penned up in the corner strait!
And now Will's eyes beheld the play,
He thought his face was t'other way.
Now, Kitty, now! what chance hast thou!
Roger so near thee trips!—I vow
She catches him!—then Roger ties
His own head up, but not his eyes;
For thro' the slender cloth he sees,

And runs at Sam, who slips with ease
His clumsy hold; and, dodging round,
Sukey is tumbled on the ground!
See what it is to play unfair!
Where cheating is, there's mischief there.
But Roger still pursues the chace,—
'He sees! he sees!' cries softly Grace.
O Roger, thou, unskill'd in art,
Must, surer bound, go through thy part!

Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,
And Roger turns him round three times;
Then pauses ere he starts—But Dick
Was mischief-bent upon a trick:
Down on his hands and knees he lay,
Directly in the Blind-man's way—
Then cries out, 'Hem!' Hodge heard, and ran
With hood-winked chance—sure of his man;
But down he came.—Alas, how frail
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail!
With crimsom drops he stains the ground,
Confusion startles all around!
Poor piteous Dick supports his head,
And fain would cure the hurt he made;
But Kitty hastens with a key,
And down his back they straight convey
The cold relief; the blood is stay'd,
And Hodge again holds up his head.

Such are the fortunes of the game;
And those who play should stop the same
By wholesome laws: such as,—all those
Who on the blinded man impose
Stand in his stead. So, long a-gone,
When men were first a nation grown,
Lawless they lived, till wantonness
And liberty began to increase,
And one man lay in another's way:
Then laws were made to keep fair play.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

(SELECTIONS.)

SCENE I.—*The coast of France:* KING EDWARD *and Nobles before it; the Army.*

. . . . . .

King. . . . . Our names are written equal
In Fame's wide-trophied halls; 'tis ours to gild
The letters, and to make them shine with gold
That never tarnishes: whether Third Edward,
Or Prince of Wales or Montacute or Mortimer,
Or e'en the least by birth, gain brightest fame,
Is in His hand to whom all men are equal.
The world of men is like the numerous stars
That beam and twinkle in the depth of night,
Each clad in glory according to his sphere:—
But we that wander from our native seats,
And beam forth lustre on a darkling world,
Grow larger as we advance; and some, perhaps
The most obscure at home, that scarce were seen
To twinkle in their sphere, may so advance
That the astonish'd world, with upturn'd eyes,
Regardless of the moon and those once bright,
Stand only but to gaze upon *their* splendour.
[*He here knights the Prince and other young Nobles.*
Now let us take a just revenge for those
Brave lords who fell beneath the bloody axe
At Paris. Noble Harcourt, thanks, for 'twas
By your advice we landed here in Brittany,
A country not as yet sown with destruction,
And where the fiery whirlwind of swift war
Hath not yet swept its desolating wing.
Into three parties we divide by day,
And separate march, but join again at night:
Each knows his rank, and Heaven marshal all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*At Cressy.* *The* KING *and* SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH. *The* PRINCE OF WALES *and* SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

King. What can Sir Thomas Dagworth
Request that Edward can refuse?
Dagw. I hope
Your majesty cannot refuse so mere
A trifle: I've gilt your cause with my best blood,
And would again, were I not now forbid
By him whom I am bound to obey. My hands
Are tied up, all my courage shrunk and wither'd,
My sinews slacken'd, and my voice scarce heard:
Therefore I beg I may return to England.
King. I know not what you could have ask'd, Sir Thomas,
That I would not have sooner parted with
Than such a soldier as you, and such a friend;
Nay, I will know the most remote particulars
Of this your strange petition, that if I can
I still may keep you here.
Dagw. Here on the fields of Cressy we are settled,
'Till Philip spring the timorous covey again.
The wolf is hunted down by causeless fear;
The lion flees, and fear usurps his heart,
Startled, astonish'd at the clamorous cock.
The eagle that doth gaze upon the sun
Fears the small fire that plays about the fen;
If at this moment of their idle fear
The dog seize the wolf, the forester the lion,
The negro, in the crevice of the rock,
Seize on the soaring eagle, undone by flight
They tame submit—such the effect flight has
On noble souls. Now hear its opposite:
The timorous stag starts from the thicket wild,
The fearful crane springs from the plashy fen,
The shining snake glides o'er the bending grass;
The stag turns head, and bays the crying hounds,
The crane o'ertaken fighteth with the hawk,
The snake doth turn and bite the padding foot.

And if your majesty's afraid of Philip,
You are more like a lion than a crane:
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

King. Sir Thomas, now I understand your mirth,
Which often plays with wisdom for its pastime,
And brings good counsel from the breast of laughter.
I hope you'll stay, and see us fight this battle,
And reap rich harvest in the field of Cressy,
Then go to England, tell them how we fight,
And set all hearts on fire to be with us.
Philip is plum'd, and thinks we flee from him,
Else he would never dare to attack us. Now,
Now is the quarry set! and Death doth sport
In the bright sunshine of this fatal day.

Dagw. Now my heart dances, and I am as light
As the young bridegroom, going to be married.
Now must I to my soldiers, get them ready,
Furbish our armours bright, new plume our helms,
And we will sing like the young housewives busied
In the dairy. Now my feet are wing'd, but not
For flight, an 't please your grace.

King. If all my soldiers are as pleased as you,
'Twill be a gallant thing to fight or die.
Then I can never be afraid of Philip.

Dagw. A rawbon'd fellow t'other day pass'd by me;
I told him to put off his hungry looks;
He said: 'I hunger for another battle.'
I saw a Welchman with a fiery face:
I told him that he look'd like a candle half
Burn'd out. He answer'd he was 'pig enough
To light another pattle.' Last night beneath
The moon I walk'd abroad when all had pitch'd
Their tents, and all were still:
I heard a blooming youth singing a song
He had compos'd, and at each pause he wip'd
His dropping eyes. The ditty was,—'If he
Return'd victorious he should wed a maiden
Fairer than snow and rich as midsummer.'
Another wept, and wish'd health to his father.
I chid them both, but gave them noble hopes.

These are the minds that glory in the battle,
And leap and dance to hear the trumpet sound.

King. Sir Thomas Dagworth, be thou near our person:
Thy heart is richer than the vales of France;
I will not part with such a man as thou.
If Philip came arm'd in the ribs of death,
And shook his mortal dart against my head,
Thou'dst laugh his fury into nerveless shame!
Go now, for thou art suited to the work,
Throughout the camp; inflame the timorous,
Blow up the sluggish into ardour, and
Confirm the strong with strength, the weak inspire,
And wing their brows with hope and expectation:
Then to our tent return, and meet the Council.

[*Exit* DAGWORTH.

. . . . . .

Prince. Now we are alone; Sir John, I will unburthen
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,
Where thousand deaths are posting up and down,
Commission'd to this fatal field of Cressy.
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,
And dance unto the neighing of our steeds:
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns;
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,
And roar the wild flame of fierce war upon
The thronged enemy. In truth, I am too full;
It is my sin to love the noise of war.
Chandos, thou seest my weakness; for strong Nature
Will bend or break us. My blood like a spring-tide
Does rise so high to overflow all bounds
Of moderation; while Reason in her
Frail bark can see no shore or bound for vast
Ambition. Come then, take the helm, my Chandos
That my full blown sails overset me not
In the wild tempest; condemn my venturous youth
That plays with danger as the innocent child,

Unthinking, plays upon the viper's den:
I am a coward in my reason, Chandos.

Chandos. You are a man, my Prince, and a brave man,
If I can judge of actions; but your heat
Is the effect of youth and want of use;
Use makes the armed field and noisy war
Pass over as a cloud does, unregarded,
Or but expected as a thing of course.
Age is contemplative; each rolling year
Doth bring forth fruit to the mind's treasure house;
While vacant Youth doth crave and seek about
Within itself, and findeth discontent;
Then, tir'd of thought, impatient takes the wing,
Seizes the fruits of Time, attacks Experience,
Roams round vast Nature's forest, where no bounds
Are set; the swiftest may have room, the strongest
Find prey; till, tir'd at length, sated and tir'd
With the still changing sameness, old variety,
We sit us down, and view our former joys
As worthless.

Prince. Then, if we must tug for experience,
Let us not fear to beat round Nature's wilds
And rouse the strongest prey; then if we fall,
We fall with glory: for I know the wolf
Is dangerous to fight, not good for food,
Nor is the hide a comely vestment; so
We have our battle for our pains. I know
That youth has need of age to point fit prey,
And oft the stander-by shall steal the fruit
Of the other's labour. This is philosophy;
These are the tricks of the world; but the pure soul
Shall mount on wings, disdaining little sport,
And cut a path into the heaven of glory,
Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.
I'm glad my father does not hear me talk:
You can find friendly excuses for me, Chandos;
But, do you not think, Sir John, that if it please
The Almighty to stretch out my span of life
I shall with pleasure view a glorious action
Which my youth master'd?

Chand. Age, my lord, views motives,
And views not acts. When neither warbling voice
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits
With trembling age, the voice of Conscience, then
Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep
Sweet symphony to feather'd angels sitting
As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse
Beat slow; and taste and touch, sight, sound, and smell,
That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought throne,
Shall flee away, and leave him all forlorn—
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*In* SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH'S *Tent. To him enter* SIR WALTER MANNY.

Sir Walter. Sir Thomas Dagworth, I have been a-weeping
Over the men that are to die to-day.

Dagw. Why, brave Sir Walter, you or I may fall.

Sir Walter. I know this breathing flesh must lie and rot
Cover'd with silence and forgetfulness.—
Death wons in cities' smoke, and in still night,
When men sleep in their beds, walketh about!
How many in walled cities lie and groan,
Turning themselves about upon their beds,
Talking with Death, answering his hard demands!
How many walk in darkness, terrors around
The curtains of their beds, destruction still
Ready without the door! how many sleep
In earth, cover'd with stones and deathy dust,
Resting in quietness, whose spirits walk
Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more!
Yet death is terrible, though on angels' wings:
How terrible, then, is the field of death!
Where he doth rend the vault of heav'n, and shake
The gates of hell! Oh Dagworth! France is sick:
The very sky, tho' sunshine light it, seems
To me as pale as the pale fainting man

On his death-bed, whose face is shown by light
Of sickly taper! It makes me sad and sick
At very heart. Thousands must fall to-day.

Dagw. Thousands of souls must leave this prison house
To be exalted to those heavenly fields,
Where songs of triumph, palms of victory,
Where peace, and joy, and love, and calm content
Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew
Flowers of heaven's growth over the banquet table.
Bind ardent Hope upon your feet like shoes,
Put on the robe of preparation,
The table is prepar'd in shining heav'n,
The flowers of immortality are blown;
Let those that fight fight in good steadfastness,
And those that fall shall rise in victory.

Sir Walter. I've often seen the burning field of war
And often heard the dismal clang of arms;
But never, till this fatal day of Cressy,
Has my soul fainted with these views of death.
I seem to be in one great charnel-house,
And seem to scent the rotten carcases!
I seem to hear the dismal yells of Death,
While the black gore drops from his horrid jaws;
Yet I not fear the monster in his pride.—
But oh, the souls that are to die to-day!

Dagw. Stop, brave Sir Walter, let me drop a tear,
Then let the clarion of war begin;
I'll fight and weep! 'tis in my country's cause;
I'll weep and shout for glorious liberty.
Grim War shall laugh and shout, bedeck'd in tears,
And blood shall flow like streams across the meadows,
That murmur down their pebbly channels, and
Spend their sweet lives to do their country service.
Then England's leaves shall shoot, her fields shall smile,
Her ships shall sing across the foaming sea,
Her mariners shall use the flute and viol,
And rattling guns and black and dreary war
Shall be no more.

Sir Walter. Well, let the trumpet sound and the drum beat;
Let war stain the blue heavens with bloody banners.

I'll draw my sword, nor ever sheath it up,
Till England blow the trump of victory,
Or I lie stretch'd upon the field of death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*In the Camp. Several of the Warriors met in the King's Tent. A minstrel sings.*

O Sons of Trojan Brutus, cloth'd in war,
Whose voices are the thunder of the field,

. . . . . .

Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy,
(Like lions rous'd by light'ning from their dens,
Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires,)
Heated with war, fill'd with the blood of Greeks,
With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore,
In navies black, broken with wind and tide.

. . . . . .

They landed in firm array upon the rocks
Of Albion; they kiss'd the rocky shore:
'Be thou our mother and our nurse,' they said,
'Our children's mother; and thou shalt be our grave,
'The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence
'Shall rise cities, and thrones, and awful powers.'

Our fathers swarm from the ships. Giant voices
Are heard from out the hills; the enormous sons
Of Ocean run from rocks and caves: wild men,
Naked, and roaring like lions, hurling rocks,
And wielding knotty clubs, like oaks entangled,
Thick as a forest ready for the axe.

. . . . . .

Our fathers move in firm array to battle;
The savage monsters rush like roaring fire,
Like as a forest roars with crackling flames,
When the red lightning borne by furious storms
Lights on some woody shore, and the parch'd heavens
Rain fire into the molten raging sea.

. . . . . .

Our fathers, sweating, lean on their spears and view

The mighty dead: giant bodies streaming blood,
Dread visages frowning in silent death.
Then Brutus speaks, inspired; our fathers sit
Attentive on the melancholy shore.
Hear ye the voice of Brutus:—'The flowing waves
'Of Time come rolling o'er my breast,' he said,
'And my heart labours with futurity.
'Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea,
'Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west;
'Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam
'Like eagles for their prey . . .

. . . . . .

'Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy, each one
'Buckling his armour on; Morning shall be
'Prevented by the gleaming of their swords,
'And Evening hear their song of victory.

. . . . . .

'Freedom shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
'Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean;
'Or, towering, stand upon the roaring waves,
'Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands,
'While with her eagle wings she covereth
'Fair Albion's shore and all her families.'

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

[ENGRAVED 1789.]

[Here again but little need be added to what has been already said in the *Life* respecting the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. The first series is incomparably the more beautiful of the two, being indeed almost flawless in essential respects; while in the second series, the five years intervening between the two had proved sufficient for obscurity and the darker mental phases of Blake's writings to set in and greatly mar its poetic value. This contrast is more especially evident in those pieces whose subjects tally in one and the other series. For instance, there can be no comparison between the first *Chimney Sweeper*, which touches with such perfect simplicity the true pathetic chord of its subject, and the second, tinged merely with the common-places of social discontent. However, very perfect and noble examples of Blake's metaphysical poetry occur among the *Songs of Experience*, such as *Christian Forbearance*, and *The Human Abstract*. One piece, the second *Cradle Song*, I have myself introduced from the MS. note-book often referred to, since there can be no doubt that it was written to match with the first, and it has quite sufficient beauty to give it a right to its natural place. A few alterations and additions in other poems have been made from the same source. As the purpose of these republications from Blake is hardly furthered by including anything of inferior value, I confess that it occurred to me at first to omit any pieces which seemed really chargeable with triviality and incompleteness, and therefore likely to obstruct appreciation with many readers; but I was unwilling, on mature reflection, to dismember the work as Blake wrote it, particularly as the second section would have thus come to bear no proportion in bulk to the first. Here, then, is the whole; and assuredly its beauties, surpassing in degree, and perhaps unparalleled in kind, not only greatly outweigh its defects, but are also clearly separable from them.]

INTRODUCTION.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know that their shepherd is nigh.

THE ECHOING GREEN.

THE sun does arise
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring,
To welcome the spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
'Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry,
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white.
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say:

'Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, "Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."'

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me,
And thus I say to little English boy:
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy;

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

THE BLOSSOM.

MERRY, merry sparrow!
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow,
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin!
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, 'Weep! weep! weep! weep!'
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.'

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight;
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

THE LITTLE BOY LOST.

FATHER, father, where are you going?
O do not walk so fast;
Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark, no father was there,
The child was wet with dew;
The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
And away the vapour flew.

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND.

THE little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
Appeared like his father, in white.

He kissed the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
The little boy weeping sought.

LAUGHING SONG.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

A CRADLE SONG.

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight!
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
All the livelong night beguile!

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes!
Sweet moan, sweeter smile
All the dovelike moans beguile!

Sleep, sleep, happy child!
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep!
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me!

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles like His own smile
Heaven and earth to peace beguile.

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To mercy, pity, peace, and love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace, and love,
Is God our Father dear;
And mercy, pity, peace, and love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where mercy, love, and pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

HOLY THURSDAY.

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green:
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's, they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town,
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their own:
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine,
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:
Saying: 'Wrath by His meekness,
And by His health, sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold.'

SPRING.

Sound the flute!
Now 'tis mute;
Birds delight,
Day and night,
Nightingale
In the dale,
Lark in sky,—
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow,
So do you;
Merry voice,
Infant noise;
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

NURSE'S SONG.

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.
Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laugh'd,
And all the hills echoèd.

INFANT JOY.

'I HAVE no name;
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

A DREAM.

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilder'd, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

'O, my children! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropp'd a tear:
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, 'What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round
Follow now the beetle's hum,
Little wanderer, hie thee home!'

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear,
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He, who smiles on all,
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear?

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring Pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT BARD.

Youth of delight! come hither
And see the opening morn,
Image of Truth new-born.
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,
Dark disputes and artful teazing.
Folly is an endless maze;
Tangled roots perplex her ways;
How many have fallen there!
They stumble all night over bones of the dead;
And feel—they know not what save care;
And wish to lead others, when they should be led.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE.

[ENGRAVED 1794.]

INTRODUCTION.

HEAR the voice of the bard,
Who Present, Past, and Future see ;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsed soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew!

O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

Turn away no more;
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Is given thee till the break of day.

EARTH'S ANSWER.

Earth raised up her head
From the darkness dread and drear,
Her light fled,
(Stony dread!)
And her locks covered with grey despair.

'Prisoned on watery shore,
Starry jealousy does keep my den
Cold and hoar;
Weeping o'er,
I hear the father of the ancient men.

Selfish father of men!
Cruel, jealous, selfish fear!
Can delight,
Chain'd in night,
The virgins of youth and morning bear?

Does spring hide its joy,
When buds and blossoms grow?
Does the sower
Sow by night?
Or the ploughman in darkness plough?

Break this heavy chain,
That does freeze my bones around!
Selfish, vain,
Eternal bane,
That free love with bondage bound.'

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE.

Love seeketh not itself to please,
  Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
  And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

So sang a little clod of clay,
  Trodden with the cattle's feet;
But a pebble of the brook
  Warbled out these metres meet:

'Love seeketh only *Self* to please,
  To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
  And builds a hell in heaven's despite.'

HOLY THURSDAY.

Is this a holy thing to see,
  In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduced to misery,
  Fed with a cold usurious hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
  Can it be a song of joy;
And so many children poor?
  It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,
  And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns:
  It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
  And where'er the rain does fall,
Babes should never hunger there,
  Nor poverty the mind appal.

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST.

In futurity,
I prophetic see,
That the earth from sleep
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise, and seek
For her Maker meek;
And the' desert wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
Where the summer's prime
Never fades away,
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told.
She had wandered long,
Hearing wild birds' song.

'Sweet sleep, come to me
Underneath this tree;
Do father, mother weep?
Where can Lyca sleep?

'Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep?

If her heart does ache,
Then let Lyca wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

'Frowning, frowning night,
O'er this desert bright
Let thy moon arise,
While I close my eyes.'

Sleeping Lyca lay
While the beasts of prey,
Come from caverns deep,
View'd the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood
And the virgin view'd,
Then he gambol'd round
O'er the hallow'd ground;

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay,
While the lion old
Bow'd his mane of gold,

And her breast did lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness
Loos'd her slender dress,
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND.

ALL the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep,
While the desarts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm in arm, seven days
They tread the desart ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child
Starved in desart wild.

Pale thro' pathless ways
The fancied image strays
Famish'd, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman prest
With feet of weary woe;
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore
Her, arm'd with sorrows sore;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain,
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground;
Then he stalk'd around,

Smelling to his prey,
But their fears allay
When he licks their hands
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes
Filled with deep surprise;
And wondering behold
A spirit arm'd in gold.

On his head a crown,
On his shoulders down
Flow'd his golden hair.
Gone was all their care.

'Follow me,' he said,
'Weep not for the maid;
'In my palace deep,
'Lyca lies asleep.'

Then they followèd
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tigers wild.

To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell,
Nor fear the wolvish howl
Nor the lion's growl.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!
Where are thy father and mother? Say:—
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
'And smil'd among the winter's snow,
'They clothed me in the clothes of death,
'And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
'They think they have done me no injury,
'And are gone to praise God and His Priest and King,
'Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

NURSE'S SONG.

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And whisperings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

THE SICK ROSE.

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

THE FLY.

Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life,
And strength, and breath;
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

THE ANGEL.

I DREAMT a dream! What can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen
Guarded by an Angel mild:
Witless woe was ne'er beguil'd!

And I wept both night and day,
And he wip'd my tears away;
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings, and fled;
Then the morn blush'd rosy red.
I dried my tears, and arm'd my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again,
I was arm'd, he came in vain;
For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

MY PRETTY ROSE TREE.

A FLOWER was offer'd to me,
  Such a flower as May never bore,
But I said, I've a pretty rose tree,
  And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my pretty rose tree,
  To tend her by day and by night,
But my Rose turned away with jealousy
  And her thorns were my only delight.

AH! SUNFLOWER.

AH! Sunflower! weary of time,
  Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden prime
  Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
  And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
  Where my sunflower wishes to go.

THE LILY.

THE modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble sheep a threat'ning horn:
While the Lily white shall in Love delight,
Nor a thorn, nor a threat, stain her beauty bright.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I LAID me down upon a bank,
Where Love lay sleeping;
I heard among the rushes dank
Weeping, weeping.

Then I went to the heath and the wild,
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;
And they told me how they were beguil'd
Driven out, and compelled to be chaste.

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And 'thou shalt not,' writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be,
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

DEAR mother, dear mother, the Church is cold,
But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant, and warm,
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

But if at the Church they would give us some Ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring,
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

LONDON.

I WANDER through each charter'd street,
  Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
  Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
  In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
  The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
  Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
  Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
  How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
  And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT.

Pity would be no more
If we did not make somebody poor,
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace,
Till the selfish loves increase;
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears;
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head,
And the caterpillar and fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat,
And the raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The gods of the earth and sea
Sought through nature to find this tree,
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the human Brain.

INFANT SORROW.

My mother groaned, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling bands,
Bound, and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears
Night and morning with my tears,
And I sunned it with smiles
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night
Till it bore an apple bright,
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole
When the night had veil'd the pole;
In the morning, glad, I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

A LITTLE BOY LOST.

'NOUGHT loves another as itself,
'Nor venerates another so,
'Nor is it possible to thought
'A greater than itself to know.

'And, Father, how can I love you
'Or any of my brothers more?
'I love you like the little bird
'That picks up crumbs around the door.'

The Priest sat by and heard the child;
In trembling zeal he seiz'd his hair,
He led him by his little coat,
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
'Lo! what a fiend is here,' said he,
'One who sets reason up for judge
'Of our most holy Mystery.'

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain,
They stripp'd him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain,

And burned him in a holy place
Where many had been burned before;
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

A LITTLE GIRL LOST.

CHILDREN of the future Age,
Reading this indignant page,
Know that, in a former time,
Love, sweet love, was thought a crime.

In the age of gold,
Free from winter's cold,
Youth and maiden bright,
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,
Fill'd with softest care,
Met in garden bright,
Where the holy light
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

Then, in rising day,
On the grass they play;
Parents were afar,
Strangers came not near,
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet,
They agree to meet
When the silent sleep,
Waves o'er heaven's deep
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright,
But his loving look,
Like the holy book,
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

Ona! pale and weak,
To thy father speak;
Oh! the trembling fear,
Oh! the dismal care
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!

A CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

I LOVE to rise on a summer morn,
When birds are singing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me:
O what sweet company!

But to go to school in a summer morn,—
Oh! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit
And spend many an anxious hour;
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn through with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O father and mother, if buds are nipp'd,
And blossoms blown away;
And if the tender plants are stripp'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,—

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

TO TIRZAH.

WHATE'ER is born of Mortal Birth
Must be consumèd with the earth,
To rise from generation free:
Then what have I to do with thee?

The sexes sprang from shame and pride,
Blown in the morn, in evening died;
But mercy changed death into sleep;
The sexes rose to work and weep.

Thou, mother of my mortal part,
With cruelty didst mould my heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my nostrils, eyes, and ears,

Didst close my tongue in senseless clay,
And me to mortal life betray.
The death of Jesus set me free:
Then what have I to do with thee?

THE BOOK OF THEL.

[ENGRAVED 1789.]

[The *Thel* has been spoken of in the *Life* (Chapter X. page 76). It is equal in delightfulness to Blake's lyrical poetry; and being the most tender and simple of the class of his works to which it belongs, may prove the most generally acceptable as a specimen of these.]

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the mole?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or Love in a golden bowl?

THE daughters of the Seraphim led round their sunny flocks,
All but the youngest: she in paleness sought the secret air
To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day.
Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard,
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew.

"O life of this our Spring! why fades the lotus of the water?
Why fade these children of the Spring, born but to smile and fall?

Ah! Thel is like a watery bow, and like a parting cloud,
Like a reflection in a glass, like shadows in the water,
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's face,
Like the dove's voice, like transient day, like music in the air.
Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head,
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear the voice
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time."

The Lily of the valley breathing in the humble grass
Answer'd the lovely maid and said: "I am a watery weed,
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;
So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head.
Yet I am visited from heaven; and He that smiles on all
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads His hand,
Saying, 'Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born lily-flower,
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks;
For thou shalt be clothed in light and fed with morning manna,
Till summer's heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs
To flourish in eternal vales.' Then why should Thel complain?
Why should the mistress of the vales of Har utter a sigh?"

She ceased and smiled in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answer'd: "O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired;
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face,
Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints.
Thy wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume,
Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that springs,
Revives the milked cow, and tames the fire-breathing steed.
But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun:
I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place?"

"Queen of the vales," the Lily answered, "ask the tender cloud,

And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky,
And why it scatters its bright beauty through the humid air.
Descend, O little cloud, and hover before the eyes of Thel."

The cloud descended, and the Lily bowed her modest head
And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grass.

II.

"O little cloud," the virgin said, "I charge thee tell to me
Why thou complainest not, when in one hour thou fad'st away:
Then we shall seek thee, but not find. Ah! Thel is like to thee;
I pass away, yet I complain and no one hears my voice."

The cloud then showed his golden head, and his bright form emerged
Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.

"O virgin, know'st thou not our steeds drink of the golden springs
Where Luvah doth renew his horses? Look'st thou on my youth,
And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more?
Nothing remains. O maid, I tell thee, when I pass away
It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy.
Unseen descending weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers,
And court the fair-eyed dew to take me to her shining tent:
The weeping virgin trembling kneels before the risen sun,
Till we arise, link'd in a golden band, and never part,
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers."

"Dost thou, O little cloud? I fear that I am not like thee;
For I walk through the vales of Har, and smell the sweetest flowers;
But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds,
But I feed not the warbling birds, they fly and seek their food:
But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away,
And all shall say, without a use this shining woman liv'd,
Or did she only live to be at death the food of worms?"

The Cloud reclin'd upon his airy throne and answer'd thus:

"Then if thou art the food of worms, O virgin of the skies,

How great thy use, how great thy blessing. Every thing that lives,
Lives not alone nor for itself. Fear not, and I will call
The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice.
Come forth, worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen."

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lily's leaf,
And the bright cloud sailed on to find his partner in the vale.

III.

Then Thel, astonished, viewed the worm upon its dewy bed.

"Art thou a worm? image of weakness, art thou but a worm?
I see thee, like an infant, wrapped in the Lily's leaf:
Ah! weep not, little voice, thou canst not speak, but thou canst
weep.
Is this a worm? I see thee lie helpless and naked, weeping,
And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mother's smiles."

The clod of clay heard the worm's voice, and rais'd her pitying
head:
She bow'd over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd
In milky fondness: then on Thel she fix'd her humble eyes.

"O beauty of the vales of Har! we live not for ourselves.
Thou seest me, the meanest thing, and so I am indeed;
My bosom of itself is cold and of itself is dark,
But He that loves the lowly pours His oil upon my head,
And kisses me, and binds His nuptial bands around my breast,
And says:—'Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee,
And I have given thee a crown that none can take away.'
But how this is, sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know;
I ponder, and I cannot ponder: yet I live and love!"

The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white veil,
And said:—"Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep.
That God would love a worm, I knew, and punish the evil foot
That wilful bruised its helpless form; but that He cherish'd it
With milk and oil, I never knew, and therefore did I weep.
And I complained in the mild air, because I fade away,
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot."

"Queen of the vales," the matron clay answered; "I heard thy sighs,
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have call'd them down.
Wilt thou, O queen, enter my house? 'tis given thee to enter,
And to return: fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet."

IV.

The eternal gates' terrrific porter lifted the northern bar;
Thel enter'd in and saw the secrets of the land unknown.
She saw the couches of the dead, and where the fibrous root
Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:
A land of sorrows and of tears, where never smile was seen.

She wander'd in the land of clouds, through valleys dark, listening
Dolours and lamentations; wailing oft beside a dewy grave
She stood in silence, listening to the voices of the ground,
Till to her own grave-plot she came, and there she sat down,
And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit.

"Why cannot the ear be closed to its own destruction?
Or the glistening eye to the poison of a smile?
Why are eyelids stor'd with arrows ready drawn,
Where a thousand fighting-men in ambush lie,
Or an eye of gifts and graces showering fruits and coined gold?

"Why a tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?
Why an ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?
Why a nostril wide inhaling terror, trembling and affright?
Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy?
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?"

The virgin started from her seat, and with a shriek
Fled back unhinder'd till she came into the vales of Har.

POEMS HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

[The contents of the precious section which now follows have been derived partly from the MS. Note-book to which frequent reference has been made in the *Life*, and partly from another small autograph collection of different matter, somewhat more fairly copied. The poems have been reclaimed, as regards the first-mentioned source, from as chaotic a mass as could well be imagined; amid which it has sometimes been necessary either to omit, transpose, or combine, so as to render available what was very seldom found in a final state. And even in the pieces drawn from the second source specified above, means of the same kind have occasionally been resorted to, where they seemed to lessen obscurity or avoid redundance. But with all this, there is nothing throughout that is not faithfully Blake's own.

One piece in this series (*The Two Songs*) may be regarded as a different version of *The Human Abstract*, occurring in the *Songs of Experience*. This new form is certainly the finer one, I think, by reason of its personified character, which adds greatly to the force of the impression produced. It is, indeed, one of the finest things Blake ever did, really belonging, by its vivid completeness, to the order of perfect short poems,—never a very large band, even when the best poets are ransacked to recruit it. Others among the longer poems of this section, which are, each in its own way, truly admirable, are *Broken Love*, *Mary*, and *Auguries of Innocence*.

Never perhaps have the agony and perversity of sundered affection been more powerfully (however singularly) expressed than in the piece called *Broken Love*. The speaker is one whose soul has been intensified by pain to be his only world, among the scenes, figures, and events of which he moves as in a new state of being. The emotions have been quickened and isolated by conflicting torment, till each is a separate companion. There is his 'spectre,' the jealous pride which scents in the snow the footsteps of the beloved rejected woman, but is a wild beast to guard his way from reaching her; his 'emanation' which silently weeps within him, for has not he also sinned? So they wander together in 'a fathomless and boundless deep,' the morn full of tempests and the night of tears. Let her weep, he says, not for his sins only, but for her own; nay, he will cast his sins upon her shoulders too; they shall be more and more till she come to him again. Also this woe of his can array itself in stately imagery. He can count separately how many of his soul's affections the knife she stabbed it with has slain, how many yet mourn over the tombs which he has built for these: he can tell, too, of some that still watch around his bed, bright sometimes with ecstatic passion of melancholy, and crowning his mournful head with vine. All these living forgive her transgressions: when will she look upon them, that the dead may live again? Has she not pity to give for pardon? nay, does he not need her pardon too? He cannot seek her, but oh! if she would return! Surely her place is ready for her, and bread and wine of forgiveness of sins.

I have dwelt on the meaning of this poem, because it is one which, from the figurative form given to it, might be accounted specially obscure. But in reality, it is perhaps the only instance in which Blake has dealt with any of the deeper phases of human passion; and though the way of dealing with it is all his own, the result is as startlingly true as

it is grand and impressive, and gives rise to regret that this poet did not oftener elect to walk in the ways, not of spirits or children, but of living men.

The *Crystal Cabinet* and the *Mental Traveller* belong to a more truly mystical order of poetry. The former is a lovely piece of lyrical writing, but certainly has not the clearness of crystal. Yet the meaning of such among Blake's compositions as this is, may sometimes be missed chiefly through seeking for a sense more recondite than was really meant. This enigmatic-looking poem probably does no more than symbolize in a new way the world-old phenomena of a lover's transfiguration of his mistress and of all things through her, and the reaction when the dream is broken by a too ardent effort to embody it. The most absolutely puzzling stanza is the last, where the disenchanted couple become a weeping woman and *babe;* perhaps meant to express the greater natural maturity of the love-element in women.

The *Mental Traveller* seemed at first a hopeless riddle; and the editor of these selections must confess to having been on the point of omitting it, in spite of its high poetic beauty, as incomprehensible. He is indebted to his brother for the clear-sighted, and no doubt correct, exposition which is now printed with it, and brings its full value to light.

The poem of *Mary* appears to be, on one side, an allegory of the poetic or spiritual mind moving unrecognised and reviled among its fellows; and this view of it is corroborated when we find Blake applying to himself two lines almost identically taken from it, in the last of the Letters printed towards the close of this volume. But the literal meaning may be accepted, too, as a hardly extreme expression of the rancour and envy so constantly attending pre-eminent beauty in women.

A most noble, though surpassingly quaint example of Blake's loving sympathy with all forms of created life, as well as of the kind of oracular power which he possessed of giving vigorous expression to abstract or social truths, will be found in the *Auguries of Innocence.* It is a somewhat tangled skein of thought, but stored throughout with the riches of simple wisdom.

Quaintness reaches its climax in *William Bond,* which may be regarded as a kind of glorified street-ballad. One point that requires to be noted, if the reader would arrive at such moderate comprehension as seems possible here, is that the term 'fairies' is evidently used to indicate passionate emotions, while 'angels' are spirits of coldness and repulsion. The close of the ballad is very beautiful in its two last stanzas, but the upshot of the story is wonderfully hazy. It would appear most probably to imply a reconciliation, resulting from the hero's pity for the heroine, whom he has been trying to get rid of. If so, it must be admitted that Mr. Bond is no great prize, nor Miss Green a very enviable dramatic personage. I have inserted this ballad because it certainly has beauties as well as peculiarities, and also because it is one of only two such examples among Blake's poetry. The other is called *Long John Brown and Little Mary Bell,* and perhaps the reader may be sufficiently surprised without it.

The shorter poems, and even the fragments, afford many instances of that exquisite metrical gift and rightness in point of form which constitute Blake's special glory among his contemporaries, even more eminently perhaps than the grander command of mental resources which is also his. Such qualities of pure perfection in *writing verse,* as he perpetually without effort displayed, are to be met with among those elder poets whom he loved, and such again are now looked upon as the peculiar trophies of a school which has arisen since his time; but he alone (let it be repeated and remembered) possessed them *then,* and possessed them in clear completeness. Colour and metre, these are the true patents of nobility in painting and poetry, taking precedence of all intellectual claims; and it is by virtue of these, first of all, that Blake holds in both arts a rank which cannot be taken from him.

Of the *Epigrams on Art,* which conclude this section, a few are really pointed, others

amusingly irascible,—all more or less a sort of nonsense verses, and not even pretending to be much else. To enter into their reckless spirit of doggrel, it is almost necessary to see the original note-book in which they occur, which continually testifies, by sudden exclamatory entries, to the curious degree of boyish impulse which was one of Blake's characteristics. It is not improbable that such names as Rembrandt, Rubens, Correggio, Reynolds, may have met the reader's eye before in a very different sort of context from that which surrounds them in the surprising poetry of this their brother artist; and certainly they are made to do service here as scarecrows to the crops of a rather jealous husbandman. And for all that, I have my strong suspicions that the same amount of disparagement of them uttered *to* instead of *by* our good Blake, would have elicited on his side a somewhat different estimate. These phials of his wrath, however, have no poison but merely some laughing gas in them; so now that we are setting the laboratory a little in order, let these too come down from their dusty upper shelf.]

THE BIRDS.

He. WHERE thou dwellest, in what grove,
Tell me, fair one, tell me, love,
Where thou thy charming nest dost build,
O thou pride of every field!

She. Yonder stands a lonely tree,
There I live and mourn for thee;
Morning drinks my silent tear,
And evening winds my sorrow bear.

He. O thou summer's harmony,
I have lived and mourned for thee;
Each day I mourn along the wood,
And night hath heard my sorrows loud.

She. Dost thou truly long for me?
And am I thus sweet to thee?
Sorrow now is at an end,
O my lover and my friend!

He. Come! on wings of joy we'll fly
To where my bower is hung on high;
Come, and make thy calm retreat
Among green leaves and blossoms sweet.

BROKEN LOVE.

My Spectre around me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way;
My Emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

A fathomless and boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep;
On the hungry craving wind
My Spectre follows thee behind.

He scents thy footsteps in the snow,
Wheresoever thou dost go;
Through the wintry hail and rain
When wilt thou return again?

Poor pale pitiable form
That I follow in a storm,
From sin I never shall be free
Till thou forgive and come to me.

A deep winter dark and cold
Within my heart thou dost unfold;
Iron tears and groans of lead
Thou bind'st around my aching head.

Dost thou not in pride and scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies and fears?—
And fill my pleasant nights with tears?

O'er my sins thou dost sit and moan:
Hast thou no sins of thine own?
O'er my sins thou dost sit and weep
And lull thine own sins fast asleep.

Thy weeping thou shalt ne'er give o'er;
I sin against thee more and more,
And never will from sin be free
Till thou forgive and come to me,

What transgressions I commit
Are for thy transgressions fit,—
They thy harlots, thou their slave;
And my bed becomes their grave.

Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Hath bereaved of their life:
Their marble tombs I built, with tears
And with cold and shadowy fears.

Seven more loves weep night and day
Round the tombs where my loves lay,
And seven more loves attend at night
Around my couch with torches bright.

And seven more loves in my bed
Crown with vine my mournful head;
Pitying and forgiving all
Thy transgressions, great and small.

When wilt thou return, and view
My loves, and them in life renew?
When wilt thou return and live?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive?

Throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me.
As our dear Redeemer said:
'This the wine, and this the bread.'

THE TWO SONGS.

I HEARD an Angel singing
When the day was springing:
'Mercy, Pity, and Peace
Are the world's release.'

So he sang all day
Over the new-mown hay,
Till the sun went down,
And haycocks looked brown.

I heard a Devil curse
Over the heath and the furze:
'Mercy could be no more
If there were nobody poor,
And Pity no more could be
If all were happy as ye:
And mutual fear brings Peace.
Misery's increase
Are Mercy, Pity, Peace.'

At his curse the sun went down,
And the heavens gave a frown.

THE DEFILED SANCTUARY.

I saw a chapel all of gold
That none did dare to enter in,
And many weeping stood without,
Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

I saw a serpent rise between
The white pillars of the door,
And he forced and forced and forced
Till he the golden hinges tore:

And along the pavement sweet,
Set with pearls and rubies bright,
All his shining length he drew,
Till upon the altar white

He vomited his poison out
On the bread and on the wine.
So I turned into a sty,
And laid me down among the swine.

CUPID.

WHY was Cupid a boy,
And why a boy was he?
He should have been a girl,
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye,
And they both are merry and glad
And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy
Was surely a woman's plan,
For a boy never learns so much
Till he has become a man:

And then he's so pierced with cares
And wounded with arrowy smarts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

(Extracted from a Fragmentary Poem, entitled, 'The Everlasting Gospel.')

THE vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.
Thine is the fare of all mankind,—
Mine speaks in parables to the blind;
Thine loves the same world that mine hates;
Thy Heaven-doors are my Hell-gates.
Socrates taught what Meletus
Loathed as a nation's bitterest curse,
And Caiaphas was in his own mind
A benefactor to mankind.
Both read the Bible day and night;
But thou read'st black where I read white.

* * *

Jesus sat in Moses' chair;
They brought the trembling woman there;
Moses commands she be stoned to death;
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid his hand on Moses' law:
The ancient heavens in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll.
The earth trembling and naked lay,
In secret bed of mortal clay,
And she heard the breath of God
As she heard it by Eden's flood:—
'To be good only, is to be
'A God, or else a Pharisee.
'Thou Angel of the Presence Divine,
'That didst create this body of mine,

'Wherefore hast thou writ these laws
'And created Hell's dark jaws?
'Though thou didst all to chaos roll
'With the serpent for its soul,
'Still the breath Divine doth move,
'And the breath Divine is Love.
'Woman, fear not; let me see
'The seven devils that trouble thee;
'Hide not from my sight thy sin,
'That full forgiveness thou may'st win.
'Hath no man condemnèd thee?'

'No man, Lord.'

'Then what is he
'Who shall accuse thee? Come ye forth,
'Ye fallen fiends of heavenly birth!
'Ye shall bow before her feet,
'Ye shall lick the dust for meat;
'And though ye cannot love, but hate,
'Ye shall be beggars at love's gate.
'What was thy love? Let me see't!
'Was it love, or dark deceit?'

'Love too long from me hath fled;
'Twas dark deceit, to earn my bread;
'Twas covet, or 'twas custom, or
'Some trifle not worth caring for.
'But these would call a shame and sin
'Love's temple that God dwelleth in.'

LOVE'S SECRET.

NEVER seek to tell thy love,
  Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
  Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
  I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
  Ah! she did depart.

Soon after she was gone from me,
  A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
  He took her with a sigh.

THE WILD FLOWER'S SONG.

As I wandered in the forest
The green leaves among,
I heard a wild-flower
Singing a song.

'I slept in the earth
'In the silent night,
'I murmured my fears
'And I felt delight.

'In the morning I went,
'As rosy as morn,
'To seek for new joy,
'But I met with scorn.'

THE CRYSTAL CABINET.

THE maiden caught me in the wild,
Where I was dancing merrily;
She put me into her cabinet,
And locked me up with a golden key.

This cabinet is formed of gold,
And pearl and crystal shining bright,
And within it opens into a world
And a little lovely moony night.

Another England there I saw,
Another London with its tower,
Another Thames and other hills,
And another pleasant Surrey bower.

Another maiden like herself,
Translucent, lovely, shining clear,
Threefold, each in the other closed,
O what a pleasant trembling fear!

O what a smile! a threefold smile
Filled me that like a flame I burned;
I bent to kiss the lovely maid,
And found a threefold kiss returned.

I strove to seize the inmost form
With ardour fierce and hands of flame,
But burst the crystal cabinet,
And like a weeping babe became.

A weeping babe upon the wild,
And weeping woman pale reclined,
And in the outward air again
I filled with woes the passing wind.

SMILE AND FROWN.

THERE is a smile of Love,
And there is a smile of Deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which the two smiles meet.

And there is a frown of Hate,
And there is a frown of Disdain,
And there is a frown of frowns
Which you strive to forget in vain,

For it sticks in the heart's deep core
And it sticks in the deep backbone.
And no smile ever was smiled
But only one smile alone

(And betwixt the cradle and grave
It only once smiled can be),
That when it once is smiled
There's an end to all misery.

THE GOLDEN NET.

BENEATH a white thorn's lovely May,
Three virgins at the break of day:—
'Whither, young man, whither away?
Alas for woe! alas for woe!'
They cry, and tears for ever flow.
The first was clothed in flames of fire,
The second clothed in iron wire;
The third was clothed in tears and sighs,
Dazzling bright before my eyes.
They bore a net of golden twine
To hang upon the branches fine.
Pitying I wept to see the woe
That love and beauty undergo—
To be clothed in burning fires
And in ungratified desires,
And in tears clothed night and day;
It melted all my soul away.
When they saw my tears, a smile
That might heaven itself beguile
Bore the golden net aloft,
As on downy pinions soft,
Over the morning of my day.
Underneath the net I stray,
Now intreating Flaming-fire,
Now intreating Iron-wire,
Now intreating Tears-and-sighs.—
O when will the morning rise!

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

'AWAKE, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
O wake! thy father doth thee keep.

'O what land is the land of dreams?
What are its mountains and what are its streams?'
'O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

'Among the lambs clothèd in white,
She walked with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn—
O when shall I again return!'

'Dear child! I also by pleasant streams
Have wandered all night in the land of dreams,
But, though calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.'

'Father, O father! what do we here,
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.'

MARY.

SWEET Mary, the first time she ever was there,
Came into the ball-room among the fair;
The young men and maidens around her throng,
And these are the words upon every tongue:

'An angel is here from the heavenly climes,
Or again return the golden times;
Her eyes outshine every brilliant ray,
She opens her lips—'tis the month of May.'

Mary moves in soft beauty and conscious delight,
To augment with sweet smiles all the joys of the night,
Nor once blushes to own to the rest of the fair
That sweet love and beauty are worthy our care.

In the morning the villagers rose with delight,
And repeated with pleasure the joys of the night,
And Mary arose among friends to be free,
But no friend from henceforward thou, Mary, shalt see.

Some said she was proud, some reviled her still more,
And some when she passed by shut-to the door;
A damp cold came o'er her, her blushes all fled,
Her lilies and roses are blighted and shed.

'O why was I born with a different face,
Why was I not born like this envious race?
Why did heaven adorn me with bountiful hand,
And then set me down in an envious land?

'To be weak as a lamb and smooth as a dove,
And not to raise envy, is called Christian love;
But if you raise envy your merit's to blame
For planting such spite in the weak and the tame.

'I will humble my beauty, I will not dress fine,
I will keep from the ball, and my eyes shall not shine;
And if any girl's lover forsakes her for me,
I'll refuse him my hand and from envy be free.'

She went out in the morning attired plain and neat;
'Proud Mary's gone mad,' said the child in the street;
She went out in the morning in plain neat attire,
And came home in the evening bespattered with mire.

She trembled and wept, sitting on the bed-side,
She forgot it was night, and she trembled and cried;
She forgot it was night, she forgot it was morn,
Her soft memory imprinted with faces of scorn.

With faces of scorn and with eyes of disdain,
Like foul fiends inhabiting Mary's mild brain;
She remembers no face like the human divine;
All faces have envy, sweet Mary, but thine.

And thine is a face of sweet love in despair,
And thine is a face of mild sorrow and care,
And thine is a face of wild terror and fear
That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE.

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

A ROBIN redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage;
A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell through all its regions;
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State;
A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright;
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood;
Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from Hell a human soul;
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men;
He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved;
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the Polar Bar;
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity;
He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.
The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief:

The wild deer wandering here and there
Keep the human soul from care:
The lamb misused breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh;
The beggar's dog, and widow's cat,
Feed them, and thou shalt grow fat.
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in Eternity;
The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar,
Are waves, that beat on Heaven's shore.

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe;
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright;
The gnat that sings his summer's song
Poison gets from slander's tongue;
The poison of the snake and newt
Is the sweat of envy's foot;
The poison of the honey bee
Is the artist's jealousy;
The strongest poison ever known
Came from Cæsar's laurel-crown.

Naught can deform the human race
Like to the armourer's iron brace;
The soldier armed with sword and gun
Palsied strikes the summer's sun;
When gold and gems adorn the plough,
To peaceful arts shall envy bow;
The beggar's rags fluttering in air
Do to rags the heavens tear;
The prince's robes and beggar's rags
Are toadstools on the miser's bags;
One mite wrung from the labourer's hands
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands,
Or, if protected from on high,
Shall that whole nation sell and buy;

The poor man's farthing is worth more
Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate;
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding-sheet;
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
Shall dance before dead England's hearse.

He who mocks the infant's faith
Shall be mocked in age and death;
He who shall teach the child to doubt
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out;
He who respects the infant's faith
Triumphs over hell and death;
The babe is more than swaddling bands
Throughout all these human lands;
Tools were made and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.
The questioner who sits so sly
Shall never know how to reply;
He who replies to words of doubt
Doth put the light of knowledge out;
A puddle, or the cricket's cry,
Is to doubt a fit reply;
The child's toys and the old man's reasons
Are the fruits of the two seasons;
The emmet's inch and eagle's mile
Make lame philosophy to smile;
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent.
He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please;
If the sun and moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out.

Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born;
Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight;

Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go.

We are led to believe a lie
When we see *with*, not *through* the eye
Which was born in a night to perish in a night
When the soul slept in beams of light.
God appears and God is light
To those poor souls who dwell in night;
But doth a human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day.

THE MENTAL TRAVELLER.

The 'Mental Traveller' indicates an explorer of mental phænomena. The mental phænomenon here symbolized seems to be the career of any great Idea or intellectual movement—as, for instance, Christianity, chivalry, art, &c.—represented as going through the stages of—1. birth, 2. adversity and persecution, 3. triumph and maturity, 4. decadence through over-ripeness, 5. gradual transformation, under new conditions, into another renovated Idea, which again has to pass through all the same stages. In other words, the poem represents the action and re-action of Ideas upon society, and of society upon Ideas.

Argument of the stanzas: 2. The Idea, conceived with pain, is born amid enthusiasm. 3. If of masculine, enduring nature, it falls under the control and ban of the already existing state of society (the woman old). 5. As the Idea developes, the old society becomes moulded into a new society (the old woman grows young). 6. The Idea, now free and dominant, is united to society, as it were in wedlock. 8. It gradually grows old and effete, living now only upon the spiritual treasures laid up in the days of its early energy. 10. These still subserve many purposes of practical good, and outwardly the Idea is in its most flourishing estate, even when sapped at its roots. 11. The halo of authority and tradition, or prestige, gathering round the Idea, is symbolized in the resplendent babe born on his hearth. 13. This prestige deserts the Idea itself, and attaches to some individual, who usurps the honour due only to the Idea (as we may see in the case of papacy, royalty, &c.); and the Idea is eclipsed by its own very prestige, and assumed living representative. 14. The Idea wanders homeless till it can find a new community to mould ('until he can a maiden win'). 15 to 17. Finding whom, the Idea finds itself also living under strangely different conditions. 18. The Idea is now "beguiled to infancy"—becomes a *new* Idea, in working upon a fresh community, and under altered conditions. 20. Nor are they yet thoroughly at one; she flees away while he pursues. 22. Here we return to the first state of the case. The Idea starts upon a new course—is a babe; the society it works upon has become an old society—no longer a fair virgin, but an aged woman. 24. The Idea seems so new and unwonted that, the nearer it is seen, the more consternation it excites. 26. None can deal with the Idea so as to develope it to the full, except the old society with which it comes into contact; and this can deal with it only by misusing it at first, whereby (as in the previous stage, at the opening of the poem) it is to be again disciplined into ultimate triumph.

1.

I TRAVELLED through a land of men,
A land of men and women too;
And heard and saw such dreadful things
As cold earth-wanderers never knew.

2.

For there the babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe;
Just as we reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow.

3.

And if the babe is born a boy,
He's given to a woman old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

4.

She binds strong thorns around his head,
She pierces both his hands and feet,
She cuts his heart out at his side,
To make it feel both cold and heat.

5.

Her fingers number every nerve
Just as a miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,
And she grows young as he grows old.

6.

Till he becomes a bleeding youth,
And she becomes a virgin bright;
Then he rends up his manacles
And binds her down for his delight.

7.

He plants himself in all her nerves
Just as a husbandman his mould,
And she becomes his dwelling-place
And garden fruitful seventyfold.

8.

An aged shadow soon he fades,
Wandering round an earthly cot,
Full filled all with gems and gold
Which he by industry had got.

9.

And these are the gems of the human soul,
The rubies and pearls of a lovesick eye,
The countless gold of the aching heart,
The martyr's groan and the lover's sigh.

10.

They are his meat, they are his drink;
He feeds the beggar and the poor;
To the wayfaring traveller
For ever open is his door.

11.

His grief is their eternal joy,
They make the roofs and walls to ring;
Till from the fire upon the hearth
A little female babe doth spring.

12.

And she is all of solid fire
And gems and gold, that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her baby form
Or wrap her in his swaddling band.

13.

But she comes to the man she loves,
If young or old or rich or poor;
They soon drive out the aged host,
A beggar at another's door.

14.

He wanders weeping far away,
Until some other take him in;
Oft blind and age-bent, sore distress'd,
Until he can a maiden win.

15.

And to allay his freezing age,
The poor man takes her in his arms;
The cottage fades before his sight,
The garden and its lovely charms.

16.

The guests are scattered through the land;
For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat earth becomes a ball.

17.

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
A desert vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desert all around:

18.

The honey of her infant lips,
The bread and wine of her sweet smile,
The wild game of her roving eye,
Do him to infancy beguile.

19.

For as he eats and drinks he grows
Younger and younger every day,
And on the desert wild they both
Wander in terror and dismay.

20.

Like the wild stag she flees away;
Her fear plants many a thicket wild,
While he pursues her night and day,
By various arts of love beguiled.

21.

By various arts of love and hate,
Till the wild desert's planted o'er
With labyrinths of wayward love,
Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar.

22.

Till he becomes a wayward babe,
And she a weeping woman old;
Then many a lover wanders here,
The sun and stars are nearer rolled;

20020

23.

The trees bring forth sweet ecstacy
To all who in the desert roam;
Till many a city there is built,
And many a pleasant shepherd's home.

24.

But when they find the frowning babe,
Terror strikes through the region wide:
They cry—'the babe—the babe is born!'
And flee away on every side.

25.

For who dare touch the frowning form,
His arm is withered to its root:
Bears, lions, wolves, all howling flee,
And every tree doth shed its fruit.

26.

And none can touch that frowning form
Except it be a woman old;
She nails it down upon the rock,
And all is done as I have told.

WILLIAM BOND.

I WONDER whether the girls are mad,
  And I wonder whether they mean to kill,
And I wonder if William Bond will die,
  For assuredly he is very ill.

He went to church on a May morning,
  Attended by fairies, one, two, and three,
But the angels of Providence drove them away,
  And he returned home in misery.

He went not out to the field nor fold,
  He went not out to the village nor town,
But he came home in a black black cloud,
  And took to his bed, and there lay down.

And an angel of Providence at his feet,
  And an angel of Providence at his head,
And in the midst a black black cloud,
  And in the midst the sick man on his bed.

And on his right hand was Mary Green,
  And on his left hand was his sister Jane,
And their tears fell through the black black cloud
  To drive away the sick man's pain.

'O William, if thou dost another love,
  Dost another love better than poor Mary,
Go and take that other to be thy wife,
  And Mary Green shall her servant be.'

'Yes, Mary, I do another love,
  Another I love far better than thee,
And another I will have for my wife:
  Then what have I to do with thee?

'For thou art melancholy pale,
And on thy head is the cold moon's shine,
But she is ruddy and bright as day,
And the sunbeams dazzle from her eyne.'

Mary trembled, and Mary chilled,
And Mary fell down on the right-hand floor,
That William Bond and his sister Jane
Scarce could recover Mary more.

When Mary woke and found her laid
On the right-hand of her William dear,
On the right-hand of his loved bed,
And saw her William Bond so near;

The fairies that fled from William Bond
Danced around her shining head;
They danced over the pillow white,
And the angels of Providence left the bed.

'I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine,
But oh, he lives in the moony light;
I thought to find Love in the heat of day,
But sweet Love is the comforter of night.

'Seek Love in the pity of others' woe,
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,
With the naked and outcast,—seek Love there.'

SCOFFERS.

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain;
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back, they blind the mocking eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The atoms of Democritus
And Newton's particles of light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

THE AGONY OF FAITH.

'I SEE, I see,' the mother said,
'My children will die for lack of bread!
What more has the merciless tyrant said?'
The monk sat him down on her stony bed.

His eye was dry, no tear could flow,
A hollow groan bespoke his woe;
He trembled and shuddered upon the bed;
At length with a feeble cry he said:—

'When God commanded this hand to write
In the shadowy hours of deep midnight,
He told me that all I wrote should prove
The bane of all that on earth I love.

'My brother starved between two walls,
Thy children's crying my soul appals;
I mocked at the rack and the griding chain,—
My bent body mocks at their torturing pain.

'Thy father drew his sword in the north,
With his thousands strong he is marched forth;
Thy brother hath armed himself in steel,
To revenge the wrongs thy children feel.

'But vain the sword, and vain the bow,—
They never can work war's overthrow;
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

'For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king;
And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

'The hand of vengeance found the bed
To which the purple tyrant fled;
The iron hand crushed the tyrant's head,
And became a tyrant in his stead.'

DAYBREAK.

To find the western path,
Right through the gates of wrath
I urge my way;
Sweet morning leads me on;
With soft repentant moan
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
Melted by dewy tears,
Exhales on high;
The sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky.

THAMES AND OHIO.

Why should I care for the men of Thames
And the cheating waters of chartered streams;
Or shrink at the little blasts of fear
That the hireling blows into mine ear?

Though born on the cheating banks of Thames—
Though his waters bathed my infant limbs—
The Ohio shall wash his stains from me;
I was born a slave, but I go to be free.

YOUNG LOVE.

ARE not the joys of morning sweeter
  Than the joys of night?
And are the vigorous joys of youth
  Ashamed of the light?

Let age and sickness silent rob
  The vineyard in the night;
But those who burn with vigorous youth
  Pluck fruits before the light.

RICHES.

SINCE all the riches of this world
  May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipped the devil
  If I thanked my God for worldly things.

The countless gold of a merry heart,
  The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The idle man never can bring to the mart
  Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.

OPPORTUNITY.

He who bends to himself a joy
Does the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

If you trap the moment before it's ripe,
The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe;
But if once you let the ripe moment go
You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

SEED SOWING.

'Thou hast a lapful of seed
And this is a fair country:
Why dost thou not cast thy seed
And live in it merrily?'

'Shall I cast it on the sand
And turn it into fruitful land?
For on no other ground can I sow my seed
Without tearing up some stinking weed.'

BARREN BLOSSOM.

I FEARED the fury of my wind
  Would blight all blossoms fair and true;
And my sun it shined and shined,
  And my wind it never blew.

But a blossom fair or true
  Was not found on any tree;
For all blossoms grew and grew
  Fruitless, false, though fair to see.

NIGHT AND DAY.

SILENT, silent Night,
Quench the holy light
Of thy torches bright;

For, possessed of Day,
Thousand spirits stray
That sweet joys betray.

Why should joys be sweet
Used with deceit,
Nor with sorrows meet?

But an honest joy
Doth itself destroy
For a harlot coy.

IN A MYRTLE SHADE.

To a lovely myrtle bound,
Blossoms showering all around,
O how weak and weary I
Underneath my myrtle lie!

Why should I be bound to thee,
O my lovely myrtle tree?
Love, free love, cannot be bound
To any tree that grows on ground.

COUPLETS AND FRAGMENTS.

I.

I WALKED abroad on a snowy day,
I asked the soft snow with me to play;
She played and she melted in all her prime;
And the winter called it a dreadful crime.

II.

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair;
But desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

III.

The look of love alarms,
Because 'tis filled with fire,
But the look of soft deceit
Shall win the lover's hire:
Soft deceit and idleness,
These are beauty's sweetest dress.

IV.

To Chloe's breast young Cupid slily stole,
But he crept in at Myra's pocket-hole.

V.

Great things are done when men and mountains meet;
These are not done by jostling in the street.

VI.

The errors of a wise man make your rule,
Rather than the perfections of a fool.

VII.

Some people admire the work of a fool,
For it's sure to keep your judgment cool:
It does not reproach you with want of wit;
It is not like a lawyer serving a writ.

VIII.

He's a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't perceive,
And he's a fool who tries to make such a blockhead believe.

IX.

If e'er I grow to man's estate,
O give to me a woman's fate.
May I govern all both great and small,
Have the last word, and take the wall!

X.

Her whole life is an epigram—smack, smooth, and nobly penn'd,
Plaited quite neat to catch applause, with a strong noose at the end.

XI.

To forgive enemies Hayley does pretend,
Who never in his life forgave a friend.

XII.

You say reserve and modesty *he* has,
Whose heart is iron, his head wood, and his face brass.
The fox, the owl, the spider, and the bat
By sweet reserve and modesty grow fat.

XIII.

An Answer to the Parson.

Why of the sheep do you not learn peace?
Because I don't want you to shear my fleece.

XIV.

Epitaph.

Here lies John Trot, the friend of all mankind;
He has not left one enemy behind.
Friends were quite hard to find, old authors say;
But now they stand in everybody's way.

EPIGRAMS AND SATIRICAL PIECES ON ART AND ARTISTS.

1

I asked of my dear friend orator Prig:
'What's the first part of oratory?' He said: 'a great wig.'
'And what is the second?' Then, dancing a jig
And bowing profoundly, he said: 'a great wig.'
'And what is the third?' Then he snored like a pig,
And, puffing his cheeks out, replied: 'A great wig.'
So if to a painter the question you push,
'What's the first part of painting?' he'll say: 'A paint-brush.'
'And what is the second?' with most modest blush,
He'll smile like a cherub, and say: "A paint-brush."
'And what is the third?' he'll bow like a rush,
With a leer in his eye, and reply: "A paint-brush."
Perhaps this is all a painter can want:
But look yonder,—that house is the house of Rembrandt.

2

'O dear mother Outline, of wisdom most sage,
What's the first part of painting?' She said: 'Patronage.
'And what is the second to please and engage?'
She frowned like a fury, and said: 'Patronage.'
'And what is the third?' She put off old age,
And smiled like a syren, and said: 'Patronage.'

3

On the great encouragement given by English Nobility and Gentry to Correggio, Rubens, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Catalani, and Dilberry Doodle.

Give pensions to the learned pig,
Or the hare playing on a tabor;
Anglus can never see perfection
But in the journeyman's labour.

As the ignorant savage will sell his own wife
For a button, a bauble, a bead, or a knife,—
So the taught savage Englishman spends his whole fortune
On a smear or a squall to destroy picture or tune:
And I call upon Colonel Wardle
To give these rascals a dose of caudle.

All pictures that's painted with sense or with thought
Are painted by madmen, as sure as a groat;
For the greater the fool, in the Art the more blest,
And when they are drunk they always paint best.
They never can Raphael it, Fuseli it, nor Blake it:
If they can't see an outline, pray how can they make it?
All men have drawn outlines whenever they saw them;
Madmen see outlines, and therefore they draw them.

4

Seeing a Rembrandt or Correggio,
Of crippled Harry I think and slobbering Joe;
And then I question thus: Are artists' rules
To be drawn from the works of two manifest fools?
Then God defend us from the Arts, I say;
For battle, murder, sudden death, let's pray.
Rather than be such a blind human fool,
I'd be an ass, a hog, a worm, a chair, a stool.

5

To English Connoisseurs.

You must agree that Rubens was a fool,
And yet you make him master of your school,
And give more money for his slobberings
Than you will give for Raphael's finest things.
I understood Christ was a carpenter,
And not a brewer's servant, my good Sir.

6

Sir Joshua praises Michael Angelo;
'Tis Christian meekness thus to praise a foe:—
But 'twould be madness, all the world would say,
Should Michael Angelo praise Sir Joshua.
Christ used the Pharisees in a rougher way.

7

To Flaxman.

You call me mad; 'tis folly to do so,—
To seek to turn a madman to a foe.
If you think as you speak, you are an ass;
If you do not, you are but what you was.

8

To the same.

I mock thee not, though I by thee am mockèd;
Thou call'st me madman, but I call thee blockhead.

9

Thank God, I never was sent to school
To be flogged into following the style of a fool!

PROSE WRITINGS.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

PUBLIC ADDRESS.

SYBILLINE LEAVES.

A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

[Of the prose writings which now follow, the only ones already in print are the *Descriptive Catalogue* and the *Sybilline Leaves*. To the former of these, the *Public Address* which here succeeds it forms a fitting and most interesting pendant. It has been compiled from a very confused mass of MS. notes; but its purpose is unmistakeable as having been intended for an accompaniment to the engraving of *Chaucer's Pilgrims*. Both the *Catalogue* and *Address* abound in critical passages on painting and poetry, which must be ranked without reserve among the very best things ever said on either subject. Such inestimable qualities afford quite sufficient ground whereon to claim indulgence for eccentricities which are here and there laughably excessive, but which never fail to have a personal, even where they have no critical, value. As evidence of the writer's many moods, these pieces of prose are much best left unmutilated. Let us, therefore, risk misconstruction in some quarters; there are others where even the whimsical onslaughts on names no less great than those which the writer most highly honoured, and assertions as to this or that component quality of art being everything or nothing as it served the fiery plea in hand, will be discerned as the impatient extremes of a man who had his own work to do, which was of one kind as he thought against another, and who mainly did it too, in spite of that injustice without which no extremes might ever have been chargeable against him. And let us remember that, after all, having greatness in him, his *practice* of art included *all* great aims, whether they were such as his antagonistic moods railed against or no.

The *Vision* is almost as much a manifesto of opinion as either the *Catalogue* or *Address*. But its work is in a wider field, and one which, where it stretches beyond our own clear view, may not necessarily therefore have been a lost road to Blake himself. Certainly its grandeur and the sudden great things greatly said in it, as in all Blake's prose, constitute it an addition to our opportunities of communing with him, and one which we may prize highly.

The constant decisive words in which Blake alludes, throughout these writings, to the plagiarisms of his contemporaries, are painful to read, and will be wished away; but still it will be worth thinking whether their being said, or the need of their being said, is the greater cause for complaint. Justice, looking through surface accomplishments, greater nicety and even greater occasional judiciousness of execution, in the men whom Blake compares with himself, still perceives these words of his to be true. In each style of the art of a period, and more especially in the poetic style, there is often some one central derivative man, to whom personally, if not to the care of the world, it is important that his creative power should be held to be his own, and that his ideas and slowly perfected materials should not be caught up before he has them ready for his own use. Yet, consciously or unconsciously, such an one's treasures and possessions are time after time, while he still lives and needs them, sent forth to the world by others in forms from which he cannot perhaps again clearly claim what is his own, but which render the material useless to him henceforward. Hardly wonderful, after all, if for once an impetuous man of this kind is found raising the hue and cry, careless whether people heed him or no. It is no small provocation, be sure, when the gazers hoot you as outstripped in your race, and you know all the time that the man ahead, whom they shout for, is only a flying thief.]

A DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES,

POETICAL AND HISTORICAL INVENTIONS,

PAINTED BY WILLIAM BLAKE IN WATER-COLOURS,

Being the ancient method of FRESCO PAINTING *revived:*

and DRAWINGS *for* PUBLIC INSPECTION, *and for* SALE *by* PRIVATE CONTRACT.

London: Printed by D. N. SHURY, 7, Berwick Street, Soho, for J. BLAKE, 28, Broad Street, Golden Square. 1809.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

I. One-third of the Price to be paid at the time of Purchase, and the remainder on Delivery.

II. The Pictures and Drawings to remain in the Exhibition till its close, which will be the 29th of September, 1809; *and the Picture of The Canterbury Pilgrims, which is to be engraved, will be sold only on condition of its remaining in the Artist's hands twelve months, when it will be delivered to the Buyer.*

NUMBER I.

The Spiritual Form of Nelson guiding Leviathan, in whose wreathings are infolded the Nations of the Earth.

CLEARNESS and precision have been the chief objects in painting these Pictures. Clear colours unmudded by oil, and firm and determinate lineaments unbroken by shadows, which ought to display and not to hide form, as is the practice of the latter Schools of Italy and Flanders.

NUMBER II:—ITS COMPANION.

The Spiritual Form of Pitt guiding Behemoth; he is that Angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind, directing the storms of war: He is ordering the Reaper to reap the Vine of the Earth, and the Ploughman to plough up the Cities and Towers.

This Picture also is a proof of the power of colours unsullied with oil or with any cloggy vehicle. Oil has falsely been supposed to give strength to colours: but a little consideration must show the fallacy of this opinion. Oil will not drink or absorb colour enough to stand the test of very little time and of the air. It deadens every colour it is mixed with, at its first mixture, and in a little time becomes a yellow mask over all that it touches. Let the works of modern Artists since Rubens' time witness the villany of some one at that time, who first brought Oil Painting into general opinion and practice: since which we have never had a Picture painted, that could show itself by the side of an earlier production. Whether Rubens or Vandyke, or both, were guilty of this villany, is to be inquired in another work on Painting, and who first forged the silly story and known falsehood about John of Bruges inventing oil-colours: in the meantime let it be observed, that before Vandyke's time and in his time all the genuine Pictures are on Plaster or Whiting grounds, and none since.

The two Pictures of Nelson and Pitt are compositions of a mythological cast, similar to those Apotheoses of Persian, Hindoo, and Egyptian Antiquity, which are still preserved on rude monuments, being copies from some stupendous originals now lost, or perhaps buried till some happier age. The Artist having been taken in vision into the ancient republics, monarchies, and patriarchates of Asia, has seen those wonderful originals, called in the Sacred Scriptures the Cherubim, which were sculptured and painted on walls of Temples, Towers, Cities, Palaces, and erected in the highly cultivated States of Egypt, Moab, Edom, Aram, among the Rivers of Paradise—being originals from which the Greeks and Hetrurians copied Hercules Farnese, Venus of Medicis, Apollo Belvedere, and all the grand works of ancient art. They were executed in a very superior style to those justly admired copies, being with their accompaniments terrific and grand in the highest degree. The Artist has endeavoured to emulate the

grandeur of those seen in his vision, and to apply it to modern Heroes, on a smaller scale.

No man can believe that either Homer's Mythology, or Ovid's, was the production of Greece, or of Latium; neither will any one believe that the Greek statues, as they are called, were the invention of Greek Artists; perhaps the Torso is the only original work remaining; all the rest are evidently copies, though fine ones, from greater works of the Asiatic Patriarchs. The Greek Muses are daughters of Mnemosyne or Memory, and not of Inspiration or Imagination, therefore not authors of such sublime conceptions. Those wonderful originals seen in my visions were some of them one hundred feet in height; some were painted as pictures, and some carved as basso-rilievos, and some as groups of statues, all containing mythological and recondite meaning, where more is meant than meets the eye. The Artist wishes it was now the fashion to make such monuments, and then he should not doubt of having a national commission to execute these two Pictures on a scale that is suitable to the grandeur of the nation, who is the parent of his heroes, in high-finished fresco, where the colours would be as pure and as permanent as precious stones though the figures were one hundred feet in height.

All Frescoes are as high-finished as miniatures or enamels, and they are known to be unchangeable; but oil, being a body itself, will drink or absorb very little colour, and, changing yellow, and at length brown, destroys every colour it is mixed with, especially every delicate colour. It turns every permanent white to a yellow and brown putty, and has compelled the use of that destroyer of colour, white-lead, which, when its protecting oil is evaporated, will become lead again. This is an awful thing to say to Oil Painters; they may call it madness, but it is true. All the genuine old little Pictures, called Cabinet Pictures, are in fresco and not in oil. Oil was not used, except by blundering ignorance, till after Vandyke's time; but the art of fresco-painting being lost, oil became a fetter to genius and a dungeon to art. But one convincing proof among many others that these assertions are true is, that real gold and silver cannot be used with oil, as they are in all the old pictures and in Mr. B.'s frescoes.

NUMBER III.

Sir Jeffery Chaucer and the Nine-and-twenty Pilgrims on their journey to Canterbury.

THE time chosen is early morning, before sunrise, when the jolly company are just quitting the Tabarde Inn. The Knight and Squire with the Squire's Yeoman lead the Procession; next follow the youthful Abbess, her nun, and three priests; her greyhounds attend her:

> 'Of small hounds had she that she fed
> With roast flesh, milk, and wastel bread.'

Next follow the Friar and Monk; then the Tapiser, the Pardoner, and the Sompnour and Manciple. After these 'Our Host,' who occupies the centre of the cavalcade, directs them to the Knight as the person who would be likely to commence their task of each telling a tale in their order. After the Host follow the Shipman, the Haberdasher, the Dyer, the Franklin, the Physician, the Ploughman, the Lawyer, the Poor Parson, the Merchant, the Wife of Bath, the Miller, the Cook, the Oxford Scholar, Chaucer himself; and the Reeve comes as Chaucer has described,—

> 'And ever he rode hinderest of the rout.'

These last are issuing from the gateway of the Inn; the Cook and the Wife of Bath are both taking their morning's draught of comfort. Spectators stand at the gateway of the Inn, and are composed of an old Man, a Woman, and Children.

The Landscape is an eastward view of the country, from the Tabarde Inn in Southwark, as it may be supposed to have appeared in Chaucer's time; interspersed with cottages and villages. The first beams of the Sun are seen above the horizon; some buildings and spires indicate the situation of the Great City. The Inn is a gothic building, which Thynne in his Glossary says was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde, by Winchester. On the Inn is inscribed its title, and a proper advantage is taken of this circumstance to describe the subject of the Picture. The words written over the gateway of the Inn are as follow: 'The Tabarde Inn, by Henry Baillie, the lodgynge-house for Pilgrims who journey to Saint Thomas's Shrine at Canterbury.'

The characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims are the characters which compose all ages and nations. As one age falls, another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals, and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existence; Accident ever varies, Substance can never suffer change nor decay.

. Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his Canterbury Tales, some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves for ever remain unaltered; and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, who in this deistical age are deists. As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linnæus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men.

The Painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his personages into all Nature's varieties; the Horses he has also varied to accord to their Riders: the Costume is correct according to authentic monuments.

The Knight and Squire with the Squire's Yeoman lead the procession, as Chaucer has also placed them first in his prologue. The Knight is a true Hero, a good, great, and wise man; his whole-length portrait on horseback, as written by Chaucer, cannot be surpassed. He has spent his life in the field, has ever been a conqueror, and is that species of character which in every age stands as the guardian of man against the oppressor. His son is like him, with the germ of perhaps greater perfection still, as he blends literature and the arts with his warlike studies. Their dress and their horses are of the first rate, without ostentation, and with all the true grandeur that unaffected simplicity when in high rank always displays. The Squire's Yeoman is also a great character, a man perfectly knowing in his profession:

'And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.'

Chaucer describes here a mighty man, one who in war is the worthy attendant on noble heroes.

The Prioress follows these with her female chaplain:

'Another Nonne also with her had she,
That was her Chapelaine, and Priestes three.'

This Lady is described also as of the first rank, rich and honoured. She has certain peculiarities and little delicate affectations, not unbecoming

in her, being accompanied with what is truly grand and really polite; her person and face Chaucer has described with minuteness; it is very elegant, and was the beauty of our ancestors till after Elizabeth's time, when voluptuousness and folly began to be accounted beautiful.

Her companion and her three priests were no doubt all perfectly delineated in those parts of Chaucer's work which are now lost; we ought to suppose them suitable attendants on rank and fashion.

The Monk follows these with the Friar. The Painter has also grouped with these the Pardoner and the Sompnour and the Manciple, and has here also introduced one of the rich citizens of London;—characters likely to ride in company, all being above the common rank in life, or attendants on those who were so.

For the Monk is described by Chaucer, as a man of the first rank in society, noble, rich, and expensively attended: he is a leader of the age, with certain humorous accompaniments in his character, that do not degrade, but render him an object of dignified mirth, but also with other accompaniments not so respectable.

The Friar is a character also of a mixed kind:

> 'A friar there was, a wanton and a merry;'

but in his office he is said to be a 'full solemn man:' eloquent, amorous, witty, and satirical; young, handsome, and rich; he is a complete rogue; with constitutional gaiety enough to make him a master of all the pleasures of the world:

> 'His neck was whitè as the flour de lis,
> Thereto strong he was as a champioun.'

It is necessary here to speak of Chaucer's own character, that I may set certain mistaken critics right in their conception of the humour and fun that occur on the journey. Chaucer is himself the great poetical observer of men, who in every age is born to record and eternize its acts. This he does as a master, as a father and superior, who looks down on their little follies from the Emperor to the Miller: sometimes with severity, oftener with joke and sport.

Accordingly Chaucer has made his Monk a great tragedian, one who studied poetical art. So much so that the generous Knight is, in the compassionate dictates of his soul, compelled to cry out:

> 'Ho,' quoth the Knyght, 'good Sir, no more of this;
> That ye have said is right ynough, I wis,

And mokell more ; for little heaviness
Is right enough for much folk, as I guess.
I say, for me, it is a great disease,
Whereas men havè been in wealth and ease,
To heare of their sudden fall, alas!
And the contrary is joy and solas.'

The Monk's definition of tragedy in the proem to his tale is worth repeating :

'Tragedy is to tell a certain story,
As olde books us maken memory,
Of hem that stood in great prosperity,
And be fallen out of high degree,
Into misery, and ended wretchedly.'

Though a man of luxury, pride, and pleasure, he is a master of art and learning, though affecting to despise it. Those who can think that the proud Huntsman and noble Housekeeper, Chaucer's Monk, is intended for a buffoon or burlesque character, know little of Chaucer.

For the Host who follows this group, and holds the centre of the cavalcade, is a first-rate character, and his jokes are no trifles ; they are always, though uttered with audacity, equally free with the Lord and the Peasant ; they are always substantially and weightily expressive of knowledge and experience ; Henry Baillie, the keeper of the greatest Inn of the greatest City ; for such was the Tabarde Inn in Southwark, near London : our Host was also a leader of the age.

By way of illustration, I instance Shakspeare's Witches in Macbeth. Those who dress them for the stage, consider them as wretched old women, and not, as Shakspeare intended, the Goddesses of Destiny ; this shows how Chaucer has been misunderstood in *his* sublime work. Shakspeare's Fairies also are the rulers of the vegetable world, and so are Chaucer's ; let them be so considered, and then the poet will be understood, and not else.

But I have omitted to speak of a very prominent character, the Pardoner, the Age's Knave, who always commands and domineers over the high and low vulgar. This man is sent in every age for a rod and scourge and for a blight, for a trial of men, to divide the classes of men ; he is in the most holy sanctuary, and he is suffered by Providence for wise ends, and has also his great use, and his grand leading destiny.

His companion the Sompnour is also a Devil of the first magnitude, grand, terrific, rich, and honoured in the rank of which he holds the

destiny. The uses to society are perhaps equal of the Devil and of the Angel; their sublimity who can dispute?

> 'In daunger had he at his owne gise,
> The younge girles of his diocese,
> And he knew well their counsel, &c.'

The principal figure in the next group is the Good Parson: an Apostle, a real Messenger of Heaven, sent in every age for its light and its warmth. This man is beloved and venerated by all, and neglected by all: he serves all, and is served by none. He is, according to Christ's definition, the greatest of his age: yet he is a Poor Parson of a town. Read Chaucer's description of the Good Parson, and bow the head and the knee to Him, Who, in every age, sends us such a burning and a shining light. Search, O ye rich and powerful, for these men and obey their counsel; then shall the golden age return. But alas! you will not easily distinguish him from the Friar or the Pardoner; they also are 'full solemn men,' and *their* counsel you will continue to follow.

I have placed by his side the Sergeant-at-Lawe, who appears delighted to ride in his company, and between him and his brother the Ploughman; as I wish men of Law would always ride with them, and take their counsel, especially in all difficult points. Chaucer's Lawyer is a character of great venerableness, a Judge, and a real master of the jurisprudence of his age.

The Doctor of Physic is in this group, and the Franklin, the voluptuous country gentleman; contrasted with the Physician, and, on his other hand, with two Citizens of London. Chaucer's characters live age after age. Every age is a Canterbury Pilgrimage; we all pass on, each sustaining one or other of these characters; nor can a child be born who is not one of these characters of Chaucer. The Doctor of Physic is described as the first of his profession: perfect, learned, completely Master and Doctor in his art. Thus the reader will observe that Chaucer makes every one of his characters perfect in his kind; every one is an Antique Statue, the image of a class, and not of an imperfect individual.

This group also would furnish substantial matter, on which volumes might be written. The Franklin is one who keeps open table, who is the genius of eating and drinking, the Bacchus; as the Doctor of Physic is the Æsculapius, the Host is the Silenus, the Squire is the Apollo, the Miller is the Hercules, &c. Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal Principles that exist in all ages. The Franklin is voluptuousness itself most nobly portrayed:

> 'It snewèd in his house of meat and drink.'

The Ploughman is simplicity itself, with wisdom and strength for its stamina. Chaucer has divided the ancient character of Hercules between his Miller and his Ploughman. Benevolence is the Ploughman's great characteristic; he is thin with excessive labour, and not with old age, as some have supposed:

'He woulde thresh, and thereto dike and delve,
For Christe's sake, for every poore wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.'

Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human life appear to poets in all ages; the Grecian gods were the ancient Cherubim of Phœnicia; but the Greeks, and since them the Moderns, have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These Gods are visions of the eternal attributes, or divine names, which, when erected into gods, become destructive to humanity. They ought to be the servants, and not the masters, of man or of society. They ought to be made to sacrifice to Man, and not man compelled to sacrifice to them; for, when separated from man or humanity, who is Jesus the Saviour, the vine of eternity? They are thieves and rebels, they are destroyers.

The Ploughman of Chaucer is Hercules in his supreme eternal state, divested of his spectrous shadow; which is the Miller, a terrible fellow, such as exists in all times and places, for the trial of men, to astonish every neighbourhood with brutal strength and courage, to get rich and powerful, to curb the pride of Man.

The Reeve and the Manciple are two characters of the most consummate worldly wisdom. The Shipman, or Sailor, is a similar genius of Ulyssean art, but with the highest courage superadded.

The Citizens and their Cook are each leaders of a class. Chaucer has been somehow made to number four citizens, which would make his whole company, himself included, thirty-one. But he says there were but nine-and-twenty in his company:

'Full nine-and-twenty in a company.'

The Webbe, or Weaver, and the Tapiser, or Tapestry Weaver, appear to me to be the same person; but this is only an opinion, for full nine-and-twenty may signify one more or less. But I daresay that Chaucer wrote 'A Webbe Dyer,' that is a Cloth Dyer:

'A Webbe Dyer and a Tapiser.'

The Merchant cannot be one of the Three Citizens, as his dress is different, and his character is more marked, whereas Chaucer says of his rich citizens:

'All were yclothèd in o liverie.'

The characters of Women Chaucer has divided into two classes, the Lady Prioress and the Wife of Bath. Are not these leaders of the ages of men? The Lady Prioress in some ages predominates, and in some the Wife of Bath, in whose character Chaucer has been equally minute and exact; because she is also a scourge and a blight. I shall say no more of her, nor expose what Chaucer has left hidden; let the young reader study what he has said of her: it is useful as a scarecrow. There are of such characters born too many for the peace of the world.

I come at length to the Clerk of Oxenford. This character varies from that of Chaucer, as the contemplative philosopher varies from the poetical genius. There are always these two classes of learned sages, the poetical and the philosophical. The Painter has put them side by side, as if the youthful clerk had put himself under the tuition of the mature poet. Let the Philosopher always be the servant and scholar of Inspiration, and all will be happy.

Such are the characters that compose this Picture, which was painted in self-defence against the insolent and envious imputation of unfitness for finished and scientific art, and this imputation most artfully and industriously endeavoured to be propagated among the public by ignorant hirelings. The Painter courts comparison with his competitors, who, having received fourteen hundred guineas and more from the profits of *his* designs in that well-known work, Designs for Blair's Grave, have left him to shift for himself; while others, more obedient to an employer's opinions and directions, are employed, at a great expense, to produce works in succession to his by which they acquired public patronage. This has hitherto been his lot—to get patronage for others and then to be left and neglected, and his work, which gained that patronage, cried down as eccentricity and madness—as unfinished and neglected by the artist's violent temper: he is sure the works now exhibited will give the lie to such aspersions.

Those who say that men are led by interest are knaves. A knavish character will often say, Of what interest is it to me to do so and so? I answer, of none at all, but the contrary, as you well know. It is of malice and envy that you have done this; hence I am aware of you, because I know that you act not from interest but from malice, even to your

own destruction. It is therefore become a duty which Mr. B. owes to the Public, who have always recognised him and patronized him, however hidden by artifices, that he should not suffer such things to be done, or be hindered from the public Exhibition of his finished productions by any calumnies in future.

The character and expression in this Picture could never have been produced with Rubens' light and shadow, or with Rembrandt's, or anything Venetian or Flemish. The Venetian and Flemish practice is broken lines, broken masses, and broken colours: Mr. B.'s practice is unbroken lines, unbroken masses, and unbroken colours. Their art is to lose form; his art is to find form, and to keep it. His arts are opposite to theirs in all things.

As there is a class of men whose whole delight is in the destruction of men, so there is a class of artists whose whole art and science is fabricated for the purpose of destroying Art. Who these are is soon known: 'by their works ye shall know them.' All who endeavour to raise up a style against Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the Antique; those who separate Painting from Drawing; who look if a picture is well Drawn, and, if it is, immediately cry out that it cannot be well Coloured—those are the men.

But to show the stupidity of this class of men, nothing need be done but to examine my rival's prospectus.

The two first characters in Chaucer, the Knight and the Squire, he has put among his rabble; and indeed his prospectus calls the Squire 'the fop of Chaucer's age.' Now hear Chaucer:

> 'Of his Stature, he was of even length,
> And wonderly deliver, and of great strength;
> And he had be sometime in Chivauchy,
> In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy,
> And borne him well as of so litele space.'

Was this a fop?

> 'Well could he sit a horse, and faire ride,
> He could songs make, and eke well indite,
> Joust, and eke dance, portray, and well write.'

Was this a fop?

> 'Curteis he was, and meek, and serviceable;
> And kerft before his fader at the table.'

Was *this* a fop?

It is the same with all his characters; he has done all by chance, or perhaps his fortune, money, money. According to his prospectus he has Three Monks; these he cannot find in Chaucer, who has only One Monk, and that no vulgar character, as he has endeavoured to make him. When men cannot read, they should not pretend to paint. To be sure Chaucer is a little difficult to him who has only blundered over novels and catchpenny trifles of booksellers; yet a little pains ought to be taken, even by the ignorant and weak. He has put the Reeve, a vulgar fellow, between his Knight and Squire, as if he was resolved to go contrary in everything to Chaucer, who says of the Reeve—

'And ever he rode hinderest of the rout.'

In this manner he has jumbled his dumb dollies together, and is praised by his equals for it; for both himself and his friend are equally masters of Chaucer's language. They both think that the Wife of Bath is a young beautiful blooming damsel; and H—— says, that she is the 'Fair Wife of Bath,' and that 'the Spring appears in her cheeks.' Now hear what Chaucer has made her say of herself, who is no modest one:

'But Lord! when it remembereth me
Upon my youth and on my jollity,
It tickleth me about the hearte root.
Unto this day it doth my hearte boot
That I have had my world as in my time;
But age, alas, that all will envenime,
Hath me bireft, my beauty and my pith
Let go; farewell! the devil go therewith!
The flour is gone, there is no more to tell:
The bran, as best I can, I now mote sell;
And yet, to be right merry, will I fond
Now forth to telle of my fourth husbond.'

She has had four husbands, a fit subject for this painter; yet the painter ought to be very much offended with his friend H——, who has called his 'a common scene,' 'and very ordinary forms;' which is the truest part of all, for it is so, and very wretchedly so indeed. What merit can there be in a picture of which such words are spoken with truth?

But the prospectus says that the Painter has represented Chaucer himself as a knave who thrusts himself among honest people to make game of and laugh at them; though I must do justice to the Painter,

and say that he has made him look more like a fool than a knave. But it appears in all the writings of Chaucer, and particularly in his Canterbury Tales, that he was very devout, and paid respect to true enthusiastic superstition. He has laughed at his knaves and fools as I do now. But he has respected his True Pilgrims, who are a majority of his company, and are not thrown together in the random manner that Mr. S—— has done. Chaucer has nowhere called the Ploughman old, worn out with 'age and labour,' as the prospectus has represented him, and says that the picture has done so too. He is worn down with labour, but not with age. How spots of brown and yellow, smeared about at random, can be either young or old, I cannot see. It may be an old man; it may be a young one; it may be anything that a prospectus pleases. But I know that where there are no lineaments there can be no character. And what connoisseurs call touch, I know by experience, must be the destruction of all character and expression, as it is of every lineament.

The scene of Mr. S——'s Picture is by Dulwich Hills, which was not the way to Canterbury; but perhaps the Painter thought he would give them a ride round about, because they were a burlesque set of scarecrows, not worth any man's respect or care.

But the Painter's thoughts being always upon gold, he has introduced a character that Chaucer has not—namely, a Goldsmith, for so the prospectus tells us. Why he has introduced a Goldsmith, and what is the wit of it, the prospectus does not explain. But it takes care to mention the reserve and modesty of the Painter; this makes a good epigram enough:

> 'The fox, the mole, the beetle, and the bat,
> By sweet reserve and modesty get fat.'

But the prospectus tells us that the Painter has introduced a 'Sea Captain;' Chaucer has a Shipman, a Sailor, a Trading Master of a Vessel, called by courtesy Captain, as every master of a boat is; but this does not make him a Sea Captain. Chaucer has purposely omitted such a personage, as it only exists in certain periods: it is the soldier by sea. He who would be a soldier in inland nations is a sea-captain in commercial nations.

All is misconceived, and its mis-execution is equal to its misconception. I have no objection to Rubens and Rembrandt being employed, or even to their living in a palace; but it shall not be at the expense of Raphael and Michael Angelo living in a cottage, and in contempt and derision

I have been scorned long enough by these fellows, who owe to me all that they have; it shall be so no longer:

> I found them blind, I taught them how to see;
> And now they know neither themselves nor me.

NUMBER IV.

The Bard, from Gray.

> On a rock, whose haughty brow
> Frown'd o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
> Robed in the sable garb of woe,
> With haggard eyes the Poet stood:
> Loose his beard and hoary hair
> Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.
>
> Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
> The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

Weaving the winding-sheet of Edward's race by means of sounds of spiritual music, and its accompanying expressions of articulate speech, is a bold, and daring, and most masterly conception, that the public have embraced and approved with avidity. Poetry consists in these conceptions; and shall Painting be confined to the sordid drudgery of facsimile representations of merely mortal and perishing substances, and not be, as poetry and music are, elevated into its own proper sphere of invention and visionary conception? No, it shall not be so! Painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thoughts. If Mr. B.'s Canterbury Pilgrims had been done by any other power than that of the poetic visionary, it would have been as dull as his adversary's.

The Spirits of the murdered bards assist in weaving the deadly woof:

> With me in dreadful harmony they join,
> And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.

The connoisseurs and artists who have made objections to Mr. B.'s mode of representing spirits with real bodies would do well to consider that the Venus, the Minerva, the Jupiter, the Apollo, which they admire in Greek statues, are all of them representations of spiritual existences, of Gods immortal, to the mortal perishing organ of sight; and yet they

are embodied and organized in solid marble. Mr. B. requires the same latitude, and all is well. The Prophets describe what they saw in Vision as real and existing men whom they saw with their imaginative and immortal organs; the Apostles the same; the clearer the organ the more distinct the object. A Spirit and a Vision are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour or a nothing: they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organized than anything seen by his mortal eye. Spirits are organized men: Moderns wish to draw figures without lines, and with great and heavy shadows; are not shadows more unmeaning than lines, and more heavy? Oh, who can doubt this!

King Edward and his Queen Eleanor are prostrated, with their horses, at the foot of a rock on which the Bard stands; prostrated by the terrors of his harp, on the margin of the River Conway, whose waves bear up a corse of a slaughtered bard at the foot of the rock. The armies of Edward are seen winding among the mountains:

'He wound with toilsome march his long array.'

Mortimer and Gloucester lie spell-bound behind their king.

The execution of this Picture is also in Water-colours, or Fresco.

NUMBER V.

The Ancient Britons.

In the last Battle of King Arthur only Three Britons escaped; these were the Strongest Man, the Beautifullest Man, and the Ugliest Man: these three marched through the field unsubdued, as Gods, and the Sun of Britain set, but shall arise again with tenfold splendour when Arthur shall awake from sleep, and resume his dominion over earth and ocean.

The three general classes of men who are represented by the most Beautiful, the most Strong, and the most Ugly, could not be represented by any historical facts but those of our own country, the Ancient Britons, without violating costume. The Britons (say historians) were naked

civilized men, learned, studious, abstruse in thought and contemplation; naked, simple, plain, in their acts and manners; wiser than after-ages. They were overwhelmed by brutal arms, all but a small remnant; Strength, Beauty, and Ugliness escaped the wreck, and remain for ever unsubdued, age after age.

The British Antiquities are now in the Artist's hands; all his visionary contemplations relating to his own country and its ancient glory, when it was, as it again shall be, the source of learning and inspiration—(Arthur was a name for the Constellation Arcturus, or Boötes, the Keeper of the North Pole); and all the fables of Arthur and his Round Table; of the warlike naked Britons; of Merlin; of Arthur's conquest of the whole world; of his death, or sleep, and promise to return again; of the Druid monuments, or temples; of the pavement of Watling-street; of London stone; of the caverns in Cornwall, Wales, Derbyshire, and Scotland; of the Giants of Ireland and Britain; of the elemental beings, called by us by the general name of Fairies; and of these three who escaped, namely, Beauty, Strength, and Ugliness. Mr. B. has in his hands poems of the highest antiquity. Adam was a Druid, and Noah; also Abraham was called to succeed the Druidical age, which began to turn allegoric and mental signification into corporeal command, whereby human sacrifice would have depopulated the earth. All these things are written in Eden. The Artist is an inhabitant of that happy country; and if everything goes on as it has begun, the world of vegetation and generation may expect to be opened again to Heaven, through Eden, as it was in the beginning.

The Strong Man represents the human sublime; the Beautiful Man represents the human pathetic, which was in the wars of Eden divided into male and female; the Ugly Man represents the human reason. They were originally one man, who was fourfold; he was self-divided, and his real humanity slain on the stems of generation, and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God. How he became divided is a subject of great sublimity and pathos. The Artist has written it under inspiration, and will, if God please, publish it; it is voluminous, and contains the ancient history of Britain, and the world of Satan and of Adam.

In the meantime he has painted this Picture, which supposes that in the reign of that British Prince, who lived in the fifth century, there were remains of those naked Heroes in the Welch Mountains; they are there now—Gray saw them in the person of his Bard on Snowdon; there they

dwell in naked simplicity; happy is he who can see and converse with them above the shadows of generation and death. The Giant Albion was Patriarch of the Atlantic; he is the Atlas of the Greeks, one of those the Greeks called Titans. The stories of Arthur are the acts of Albion, applied to a Prince of the fifth century, who conquered Europe, and held the Empire of the world in the dark age, which the Romans never again recovered. In this Picture, believing with Milton the ancient British History, Mr. B. has done as all the ancients did, and as all the moderns who are worthy of fame—given the historical fact in its poetical vigour, so as it always happens, and not in that dull way that some Historians pretend, who, being weakly organized themselves, cannot see either miracle or prodigy: all is to them a dull round of probabilities and possibilities; but the history of all times and places is nothing else but improbabilities and impossibilities—what we should say was impossible if we did not see it always before our eyes.

The antiquities of every Nation under Heaven are no less sacred than those of the Jews. They are the same thing; as Jacob Bryant and all antiquaries have proved. How other antiquities came to be neglected and disbelieved, while those of the Jews are collected and arranged, is an inquiry worthy of both the Antiquarian and the Divine. All had originally one language, and one religion; this was the religion of Jesus, the everlasting Gospel. Antiquity preaches the Gospel of Jesus. The reasoning historian, turner and twister of causes and consequences—such as Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire—cannot, with all his artifice, turn or twist one fact or disarrange self-evident action and reality. Reasons and opinions concerning acts are not history; acts themselves alone are history, and these are not the exclusive property of either Hume, Gibbon, or Voltaire, Echard, Rapin, Plutarch, or Herodotus. Tell me the Acts, O historian, and leave me to reason upon them as I please; away with your reasoning and your rubbish! All that is not action is not worth reading. Tell me the What; I do not want you to tell me the Why, and the How; I can find that out myself, as well as you can, and I will not be fooled by you into opinions, that you please to impose, to disbelieve what you think improbable or impossible. His opinion who does not see spiritual agency is not worth any man's reading; he who rejects a fact because it is improbable must reject all History, and retain doubts only.

It has been said to the Artist, Take the Apollo for the model of your Beautiful Man, and the Hercules for your Strong Man, and the Dancing Faun for your Ugly Man. Now he comes to his trial. He knows that

what he does is not inferior to the grandest Antiques. Superior it cannot be, for human power cannot go beyond either what he does, or what they have done; it is the gift of God, it is inspiration and vision. He had resolved to emulate those precious remains of antiquity; he has done so, and the result you behold; his ideas of strength and beauty have not been greatly different. Poetry as it exists now on earth, in the various remains of ancient authors, Music as it exists in old tunes or melodies, Painting and Sculpture as they exist in the remains of Antiquity and in the works of more modern genius—each is Inspiration, and cannot be surpassed; it is perfect and eternal. Milton, Shakspeare, Michael Angelo, Raphael, the finest specimens of Ancient Sculpture and Painting and Architecture, Gothic, Grecian, Hindoo, and Egyptian, are the extent of the human mind. The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that Art can go beyond the finest specimens of Art that are now in the world is not knowing what Art is; it is being blind to the gifts of the Spirit.

It will be necessary for the Painter to say something concerning his ideas of Beauty, Strength, and Ugliness.

The Beauty that is annexed and appended to folly, is a lamentable accident and error of the mortal and perishing life; it does but seldom happen; but with this unnatural mixture the sublime Artist can have nothing to do; it is fit for the burlesque. The Beauty proper for sublime art is lineaments, or forms and features, that are capable of being the receptacles of intellect; accordingly the Painter has given, in his Beautiful Man, his own idea of intellectual Beauty. The face and limbs that deviate or alter least, from infancy to old age, are the face and limbs of greatest Beauty and perfection.

The Ugly likewise, when accompanied and annexed to imbecility and disease, is a subject for burlesque and not for historical grandeur; the Artist has imagined his Ugly Man;—one approaching to the beast in features and form, his forehead small without frontals, his jaws large, his nose high on the ridge, and narrow, his chest and the stamina of his make comparatively little, and his joints and his extremities large; his eyes with scarce any whites, narrow and cunning, and everything tending toward what is truly Ugly—the incapability of intellect.

The Artist has considered his Strong Man as a receptacle of Wisdom, a sublime energizer; his features and limbs do not spindle out into length without strength, nor are they too large and unwieldy for his brain and

bosom. Strength consists in accumulation of power to the principal seat, and from thence a regular gradation and subordination; strength is compactness, not extent nor bulk.

The Strong Man acts from conscious superiority, and marches on in fearless dependence on the divine decrees, raging with the inspirations of a prophetic mind. The Beautiful Man acts from duty, and anxious solicitude for the fates of those for whom he combats. The Ugly Man acts from love of carnage, and delight in the savage barbarities of war, rushing with sportive precipitation into the very teeth of the affrighted enemy.

The Roman Soldiers, rolled together in a heap before them, 'like the rolling thing before the whirlwind,' show each a different character, and a different expression of fear, or revenge, or envy, or blank horror or amazement, or devout wonder and unresisting awe.

The dead and the dying, Britons naked, mingled with armed Romans, strew the field beneath. Among these, the last of the Bards who was capable of attending warlike deeds is seen falling, outstretched among the dead and the dying, singing to his harp in the pains of death.

Distant among the mountains are Druid Temples, similar to Stonehenge. The Sun sets behind the mountains, bloody with the day of battle.

The flush of health in flesh, exposed to the open air, nourished by the spirits of forests and floods, in that ancient happy period which history has recorded, cannot be like the sickly daubs of Titian or Rubens. Where will the copier of nature, as it now is, find a civilized man who has been accustomed to go naked? Imagination only can furnish us with colouring appropriate, such as is found in the Frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo: the disposition of forms always directs colouring in works of true art. As to a modern Man stripped from his load of clothing, he is like a dead corpse. Hence Rubens, Titian, Correggio, and all of that class, are like leather and chalk; their men are like leather and their women like chalk, for the disposition of their forms will not admit of grand colouring; in Mr. B.'s Britons, the blood is seen to circulate in their limbs; he defies competition in colouring.

NUMBER VI.

'*A Spirit vaulting from a Cloud to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus*'—*Shakspeare. The Horse of Intellect is leaping from the Cliffs of Memory and Reasoning; it is a barren Rock: it is also called the Barren Waste of Locke and Newton.*

THIS Picture was done many years ago, and was one of the first Mr. B. ever did in Fresco; fortunately, or rather providentially, he left it unblotted and unblurred, although molested continually by blotting and blurring demons; but he was also compelled to leave it unfinished for reasons that will be shown in the following.

NUMBER VII.

The Goats, an experiment Picture.

THE subject is taken from the Missionary Voyage, and varied from the literal fact for the sake of picturesque scenery. The savage girls had dressed themselves with vine-leaves, and some goats on board the missionary ship stripped them off presently. This Picture was painted at intervals, for experiment with the colours, and is laboured to a superabundant blackness; it has however that about it which may be worthy the attention of the Artist and Connoisseur for reasons that follow.

NUMBER VIII.

The spiritual Preceptor, an experiment Picture.

THIS subject is taken from the Visions of Emanuel Swedenborg (Universal Theology, No. 623). The Learned, who strive to ascend into Heaven by means of learning, appear to Children like dead horses, when repelled by the celestial spheres. The works of this visionary are well worthy the attention of Painters and Poets; they are foundations for grand things; the reason they have not been more attended to is, because corporeal demons have gained a predominance; who the leaders of these are, will be shown below. Unworthy Men, who gain fame among Men, continue to govern mankind after death, and, in their spiritual bodies, oppose the

spirits of those who worthily are famous; and, as Swedenborg observes, by entering into disease and excrement, drunkenness and concupiscence, they possess themselves of the bodies of mortal men, and shut the doors of mind and of thought, by placing Learning above Inspiration. O Artist! you may disbelieve all this, but it shall be at your own peril.

NUMBER IX.

Satan calling up his Legions, from Milton's Paradise Lost; a composition for a more perfect Picture, afterward executed for a Lady of high rank. An experiment Picture.

This Picture was likewise painted at intervals, for experiment on colours, without any oily vehicle; it may be worthy of attention, not only on account of its composition, but of the great labour which has been bestowed on it, that is, three or four times as much as would have finished a more perfect Picture. The labour has destroyed the lineaments: it was with difficulty brought back again to a certain effect, which it had at first, when all the lineaments were perfect.

These Pictures, among numerous others painted for experiment, were the result of temptations and perturbations, labouring to destroy Imaginative power, by means of that infernal machine, called Chiaro Oscuro, in the hands of Venetian and Flemish Demons; whose enmity to the Painter himself, and to all Artists who study in the Florentine and Roman Schools, may be removed by an exhibition and exposure of their vile tricks. They cause that everything in art shall become a Machine. They cause that the execution shall be all blocked up with brown shadows. They put the original Artist in fear and doubt of his own original conception. The spirit of Titian was particularly active in raising doubts concerning the possibility of executing without a model; and, when once he had raised the doubt, it became easy for him to snatch away the vision time after time; for when the Artist took his pencil, to execute his ideas, his power of imagination weakened so much, and darkened, that memory of nature and of Pictures of the various Schools possessed his mind, instead of appropriate execution, resulting from the inventions; like walking in another man's style, or speaking or looking in another man's style and manner, unappropriate and repugnant to your own individual character; tormenting the true Artist, till he leaves the Florentine, and adopts the

Venetian practice, or does as Mr. B. has done — has the courage to suffer poverty and disgrace, till he ultimately conquers.

Rubens is a most outrageous demon, and by infusing the remembrances of his Pictures, and style of execution, hinders all power of individual thought: so that the man who is possessed by this demon loses all admiration of any other Artist but Rubens, and those who were his imitators and journeymen. He causes to the Florentine and Roman Artist fear to execute; and, though the original conception was all fire and animation, he loads it with hellish brownness, and blocks up all its gates of light, except one, and that one he closes with iron bars, till the victim is obliged to give up the Florentine and Roman practice, and adopt the Venetian and Flemish.

Correggio is a soft and effeminate and consequently a most cruel demon, whose whole delight is to cause endless labour to whoever suffers him to enter his mind. The story that is told in all Lives of the Painters, about Correggio being poor and but badly paid for his Pictures, is altogether false; he was a petty Prince, in Italy, and employed numerous Journeymen in manufacturing (as Rubens and Titian did) the Pictures that go under his name. The manual labour in these Pictures of Correggio is immense, and was paid for originally at the immense prices that those who keep manufactories of art always charge to their employers, while they themselves pay their journeymen little enough. But, though Correggio was not poor, he will make any true artist so, who permits him to enter his mind, and take possession of his affections; he infuses a love of soft and even tints without boundaries, and of endless reflected lights, that confuse one another, and hinder all correct drawing from appearing to be correct; for if one of Raphael's or Michael Angelo's figures was to be traced, and Correggio's reflections and refractions to be added to it, there would soon be an end of proportion and strength, and it would be weak, and pappy, and lumbering, and thick-headed, like his own works; but then it would have softness and evenness, by a twelvemonth's labour, where a month would with judgment have finished it better and higher; and the poor wretch who executed it would be the Correggio that the life-writers have written of—a drudge and a miserable man, compelled to softness by poverty. I say again, O Artist! you may disbelieve all this, but it shall be at your own peril.

Note.—These experiment Pictures have been bruised and knocked about, without mercy, to try all experiments.

NUMBER X.

The Bramins.—A Drawing.

THE subject is, Mr. Wilkin translating the Geeta; an ideal design, suggested by the first publication of that part of the Hindoo Scriptures, translated by Mr. Wilkin. I understand that my Costume is incorrect; but in this I plead the authority of the ancients, who often deviated from the Habits, to preserve the Manners, as in the instance of Laocoön, who, though a priest, is represented naked.

NUMBER XI.

The Body of Abel found by Adam and Eve; Cain, who was about to bury it, fleeing from the face of his Parents.—A Drawing.

NUMBER XII.

The Soldiers casting Lots for Christ's Garment.—A Drawing.

NUMBER XIII.

Jacob's Ladder.—A Drawing.

NUMBER XIV.

The Angels hovering over the Body of Jesus in the Sepulchre.—A Drawing.

THE above four drawings the Artist wishes were in Fresco, on an enlarged scale, to ornament the altars of churches, and to make England, like Italy, respected by respectable men of other countries on account of Art. It is not the want of genius that can hereafter be laid to our charge; the Artist who has done these Pictures and Drawings will take care of that; let those who govern the Nation take care of the other. The times require that every one should speak out boldly; England expects that every man should do his duty, in Arts, as well as in Arms or in the Senate.

NUMBER XV.

Ruth.—A Drawing.

This Design is taken from that most pathetic passage in the Book of Ruth, where, Naomi having taken leave of her daughters-in-law, with intent to return to her own country, Ruth cannot leave her, but says, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'

The distinction that is made in modern times between a Painting and a Drawing proceeds from ignorance of art. The merit of a Picture is the same as the merit of a Drawing. The dauber daubs his Drawings; he who draws his Drawings draws his Pictures. There is no difference between Raphael's Cartoons and his Frescoes, or Pictures, except that the Frescoes, or Pictures, are more finished. When Mr. B. formerly painted in oil colours, his Pictures were shown to certain painters and connoisseurs, who said that they were very admirable Drawings on canvas, but not Pictures; but they said the same of Raphael's Pictures. Mr. B. thought this the greatest of compliments, though it was meant otherwise. If losing and obliterating the outline constitutes a Picture, Mr. B. will never be so foolish as to do one. Such art of losing the outlines is the art of Venice and Flanders; it loses all character, and leaves what some people call expression: but this is a false notion of expression; expression cannot exist without character as its stamina; and neither character nor expression can exist without firm and determinate outline. Fresco Painting is susceptible of higher finishing than Drawing on Paper, or than any other method of Painting. But he must have a strange organization of sight who does not prefer a Drawing on Paper to a Daubing in Oil by the same master, supposing both to be done with equal care.

The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this: That the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism, and bungling. Great inventors, in all ages, knew this: Protogenes and Apelles knew each other by this line. Raphael and Michael Angelo, and Albert Dürer, are known by this and this alone. The want of this determinate and bounding form evidences the idea of want in the artist's mind, and the pretence of the plagiary in all its branches.

How do we distinguish the oak from the beech, the horse from the ox, but by the bounding outline? How do we distinguish one face or countenance from another, but by the bounding line and its infinite inflexions and movements? What is it that builds a house and plants a garden, but the definite and determinate? What is it that distinguishes honesty from knavery, but the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty in the actions and intentions? Leave out this line and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again, and the line of the Almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist. Talk no more then of Correggio or Rembrandt, or any other of those plagiaries of Venice or Flanders. They were but the lame imitators of lines drawn by their predecessors, and their works prove themselves contemptible disarranged imitations, and blundering misapplied copies.

NUMBER XVI.

The Penance of Jane Shore in Saint Paul's Church.—A Drawing.

This Drawing was done above Thirty Years ago, and proves to the Author, and he thinks will prove to any discerning eye, that the productions of our youth and of our maturer age are equal in all essential points. If a man is master of his profession, he cannot be ignorant that he is so; and, if he is not employed by those who pretend to encourage art, he will employ himself, and laugh in secret at the pretences of the ignorant, while he has every night dropped into his shoe—as soon as he puts it off, and puts out the candle, and gets into bed—a reward for the labours of the day, such as the world cannot give; and patience and time await to give him all that the world can give.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Intended to accompany Blake's Engraving of the Canterbury Pilgrimage.

THE originality of this production makes it necessary to say a few words.

In this plate Mr. Blake has resumed the style with which he set out in life, of which Heath and Stothard were the awkward imitators at that time. It is the style of Albert Dürer and the old engravers, which cannot be imitated by any one who does not understand drawing, and which, according to Heath, and Stothard, Flaxman, and even Romney, spoils an engraver; for each of these men has repeatedly asserted this absurdity to me, in condemnation of my work, and approbation of Heath's lame imitation; Stothard being such a fool as to suppose that his blundering blurs can be made out and delineated by any engraver who knows how to cut dots and lozenges, equally well with those little prints which I engraved after him four-and-twenty years ago, and by which he got his reputation as a draughtsman.

If men of weak capacities have alone the power of execution in art, Mr. Blake has now put to the test. If to invent and to draw well hinders the executive power in art, and his strokes are still to be condemned because they are unlike those of artists who are unacquainted with drawing, is now to be decided by the public. Mr. Blake's inventive powers, and his scientific knowledge of drawing, are on all hands acknowledged; it only remains to be certified whether physiognomic strength and power are to give place to imbecility. In a work of art it is not fine tints that are required,

but fine forms; fine tints without fine forms are always the subterfuge of the blockhead.

I account it a public duty respectfully to address myself to the Chalcographic Society, and to express to them my opinion, (the result of the expert practice and experience of many years) that engraving as an art is lost to England, owing to an artfully propagated opinion that drawing spoils an engraver. I request the Society to inspect my print, of which drawing is the foundation, and indeed the superstructure: it is drawing on copper, as painting ought to be drawing on canvas or any other surface, and nothing else. I request likewise that the Society will compare the prints of Bartolozzi, Woolett, Strange, &c., with the old English portraits, that is, compare the modern art with the art as it existed previous to the entrance of Vandyck and Rubens into the country, since which event engraving is lost; and I am sure the result of the comparison will be that the Society must be of my opinion, that engraving, by losing drawing, has lost all character and all expression, without which the art is lost.

There is not, because there cannot be, any difference of effect in the pictures of Rubens and Rembrandt: when you have seen one of their pictures, you have seen all. It is not so with Raphael, Giulio Romano, Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo; every picture of theirs has a different and appropriate effect. What man of sense will lay out his money upon the life's labours of imbecility and imbecility's journeymen, or think to educate a fool how to build a universe with farthing balls? The contemptible idiots who have been called great men of late years ought to rouse the public indignation of men of sense in all professions. Yet I do not shrink from the comparison in either relief or strength of colour with either Rembrandt or Rubens; on the contrary, I court the comparison, and fear not the result,—but not in a dark corner. Their effects are in every picture the same; mine are in every picture different.

That vulgar epigram in art, Rembrandt's 'Hundred Guelders,' has entirely put an end to all genuine and appropriate effect: all, both morning and night, is now a dark cavern; it is the fashion.

I hope my countrymen will excuse me if I tell them a wholesome truth. Most Englishmen, when they look at pictures, immediately set about searching for points of light, and clap the picture into a dark corner. This, when done by grand works, is like looking for epigrams in Homer. A point of light is a witticism: many are destructive of all art; one is an epigram only, and no good work can have them. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Albert Dürer, Giulio Romano, are accounted ignorant of that epigrammatic wit in art, because they avoid it as a destructive machine, as it is.

Mr. Blake repeats that there is not one character or expression in this print which could be produced with the execution of Titian, Rubens, Correggio, Rembrandt, or any of that class. Character and expression can only be expressed by those who feel them. Even Hogarth's execution cannot be copied or improved. Gentlemen of fortune, who give great prices for pictures, should consider the following: When you view a collection of pictures, painted since Venetian art was the fashion, or go into a modern exhibition, with a very few exceptions every picture has the same effect—a piece of machinery of points of light to be put into a dark hole.

Rubens's 'Luxembourg Gallery' is confessed on all hands to be the work of a blockhead; it bears this evidence in its face. How can its execution be any other than the work of a blockhead? Bloated gods, Mercury, Juno, Venus, and the rattletraps of mythology, and the lumber of an awkward French palace, are thrown together around clumsy and rickety princes and princesses, higgledy-piggledy. On the contrary, Giulio Romano's 'Palace of T. at Mantua' is allowed on all hands to be the production of a man of the most profound sense and genius; and yet his execution is pro-

nounced by English connoisseurs (and Reynolds their doll) to be unfit for the study of the painter. Can I speak with too great contempt of such contemptible fellows? If all the princes in Europe, like Louis XIV. and Charles I., were to patronize such blockheads, I, William Blake, a mental prince, would decollate and hang their souls as guilty of mental high-treason. He who could represent Christ uniformly like a drayman must have queer conceptions—consequently his execution must have been as queer: and those must be queer fellows who give great sums for such nonsense, and think it fine art. Who that has eyes cannot see that Rubens and Correggio must have been very weak and vulgar fellows? And we are to imitate their execution! This is like what Sir Francis Bacon says: that a healthy child should be taught and compelled to walk like a cripple, while the cripple must be taught to walk like healthy people. Oh rare wisdom!

The wretched state of the arts in this country and in Europe, originating in the wretched state of political science (which is the science of sciences), demands a firm and determinate conduct on the part of artists, to resist the contemptible counter-arts, established by such contemptible politicians as Louis XIV., and originally set on foot by Venetian picture-traders, music-traders, and rhyme-traders, to the destruction of all true art, as it is this day. To recover art has been the business of my life to the Florentine original, and if possible, to go beyond that original: this I thought the only pursuit worthy of a man. To imitate I abhor: I obstinately adhere to the true style of art, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Giulio Romano, Albert Dürer, left it. I demand therefore of the amateurs of art the encouragement which is my due; if they continue to refuse, theirs is the loss, not mine, and theirs is the contempt of posterity. I have enough in the approbation of fellow-labourers: this is my glory and exceeding great reward. I go on and nothing can hinder my course.

While the works of Pope and Dryden are looked upon as the same art with those of Shakespeare and Milton, while the works of Strange and Woolett are looked upon as the same art with those of Raphael and Albert Dürer, there can be no art in a nation but such as is subservient to the interest of the monopolising trader. Englishmen! rouse yourselves from the fatal slumber into which booksellers and trading dealers have thrown you, under the artfully propagated pretence that a translation or a copy of any kind can be as honourable to a nation as an original, belieing the English character in that well-known saying, Englishmen improve what others invent. This even Hogarth's works prove a detestable falsehood. No man can improve an original invention, nor can an original invention exist without execution organised, delineated, and articulated either by God or man: I do not mean smoothed up and niggled and poco-pen'd, and all the beauties paled out, blurred, and blotted; but drawn with a firm and decided hand at once, like Michael Angelo, Shakespeare and Milton. I have heard many people say: 'Give me the ideas—it is no matter what words you put them into;' and others say: 'Give me the design, it is no matter for the execution.' These people knew enough of artifice, but nothing of art. Ideas cannot be given but in their minutely appropriate words, nor can a design be made without its minutely appropriate execution. The unorganized blots and blurs of Rubens and Titian are not art, nor can their method ever express ideas or imaginations, any more than Pope's metaphysical jargon of rhyming. Unappropriate execution is the most nauseous of all affectation and foppery. He who copies does not execute—he only imitates what is already executed. Execution is only the result of invention.

I do not condemn Rubens, Rembrandt, or Titian, because they did not understand drawing, but because they did not understand colouring; how long shall I be forced to beat this into men's ears? I do not condemn Strange or Woolett because they did not understand

drawing, but because they did not understand engraving. I do not condemn Pope or Dryden because they did not understand imagination, but because they did not understand verse. Their colouring, graving, and verse, can never be applied to art: that is not either colouring, graving, or verse, which is unappropriate to the subject. He who makes a design must know the effect and colouring proper to be put to that design, and will never take that of Rubens, Rembrandt, or Titian, to turn that which is soul and life into a mill or machine.

They say, there is no straight line in nature. This is a lie, like all that they say, for there is every line in nature. But I will tell them what there is not in nature. An even tint is not in nature—it produces heaviness. Nature's shadows are ever varying, and a ruled sky that is quite even never can produce a natural sky. The same with every object in a picture—its spots are its beauties. Now, gentlemen critics, how do you like this? You may rage; but what I say I will prove by such practice (and have already done so) that you will rage to your own destruction. Woolett I knew very intimately by his intimacy with Basire, and I knew him to be one of the most ignorant fellows that I ever knew. A machine is not a man nor a work of art; it is destructive of humanity and of art. Woolett, I know, did not know how to grind his graver; I know this. He has often proved his ignorance before me at Basire's, by laughing at Basire's knife-tools, and ridiculing the forms of Basire's other gravers, till Basire was quite dashed and out of conceit with what he himself knew. But his impudence had a contrary effect on me.

A certain portrait-painter said to me in a boasting way: 'Since I have practised painting, I have lost all idea of drawing.' Such a man must know that I looked upon him with contempt. He did not care for this any more than West did, who hesitated and equivocated with me upon the same subject, at which time he

asserted that Woolett's prints were superior to Basire's, because they had more labour and care. Now this is contrary to the truth. Woolett did not know how to put so much labour into a head or a foot as Basire did; he did not know how to draw the leaf of a tree. All his study was clean strokes and mossy tints; how then should he be able to make use of either labour or care, unless the labour and care of imbecility? The life's labour of mental weakness scarcely equals one hour of the labour of ordinary capacity, like the full gallop of the gouty man to the ordinary walk of youth and health. I allow that there is such a thing as high-finished ignorance, as there may be a fool or a knave in an embroidered coat; but I say that the embroidery of the ignorant finisher is not like a coat made by another, but is an emanation from ignorance itself, and its finishing is like its master—the life's labour of five hundred idiots, for he never does the work himself.

What is called the English style of engraving, such as it proceeded from the toilets of Woolett and Strange (for their's were Fribble's toilets) can never produce character and expression. I knew the men intimately from their intimacy with Basire, my master, and knew them both to be heavy lumps of cunning and ignorance, as their works show to all the Continent, who laugh at the contemptible pretences of Englishmen to improve art before they even know the first beginnings of art. I hope this print will redeem my country from this coxcomb situation, and show that it is only *some* Englishmen, and not all, who are thus ridiculous in their pretences. Advertisements in newspapers are no proofs of popular approbation, but often the contrary. A man who pretends to improve fine art does not know what fine art is. Ye English engravers must come down from your high flights; ye must condescend to study Marc Antonio and Albert Dürer; ye must begin before you attempt to finish or improve: and when you have begun, you will know better than to think of improving what cannot be improved. It is very

true what you have said for these thirty-two years: I am mad, or else you are so. Both of us cannot be in our right senses. Posterity will judge by our works. Woolett's and Strange's works are like those of Titian and Correggio, the life's labour of ignorant journeymen, suited to the purposes of commerce, no doubt, for commerce cannot endure individual merit; its insatiable maw must be fed by what all can do equally well; at least it is so in England, as I have found to my cost these forty years. Commerce is so far from being beneficial to arts or to empires that it is destructive of both, as all their history shows, for the above reason of individual merit being its great hatred. Empires flourish till they become commercial, and then they are scattered abroad to the four winds.

Woolett's best works were etched by Jack Browne; Woolett etched very ill himself. 'The Cottagers,' and 'Jocund Peasants,' the 'Views in Kew Garden,' 'Foot's-Cray,' and 'Diana and Actæon,' and, in short, all that are called Woolett's, were etched by Jack Browne; and in Woolett's works the etching is all, though even in these a single leaf of a tree is never correct. Strange's prints were, when I knew him, all done by Aliamet and his French journeymen, whose names I forget. I also knew something of John Cooke, who engraved after Hogarth. Cooke wished to give Hogarth what he could take from Raphael, that is, outline, and mass, and colour; but he could not. Such prints as Woolett and Strange produce will do for those who choose to purchase the life's labour of ignorance and imbecility in preference to the inspired monuments of genius and inspiration.

In this manner the English public have been imposed upon for many years, under the impression that engraving and painting are somewhat else besides drawing. Painting is drawing on canvas, and engraving is drawing on copper, and nothing else; and he who pretends to be either painter or engraver without being a master of

drawing is an impostor. We may be clever as pugilists, but as artists, we are, and have long been, the contempt of the continent. Gravelot once said to my master Basire: 'De English may be very clever in deir own opinions, but dey do not draw de draw.'

Whoever looks at any of the great and expensive works of engraving that have been published by English traders must feel a loathing and disgust; and accordingly most Englishmen have a contempt for art, which is the greatest curse that can fall upon a nation.

The modern chalcographic connoisseurs and amateurs admire only the work of the journeyman picking out of whites and blacks in what are called tints. They despise drawing, which despises them in return. They see only whether everything is toned down but one spot of light. Mr. Blake submits to a more severe tribunal: he invites the admirers of old English portraits to look at his print.

An example of these contrary arts is given us in the characters of Milton and Dryden, as they are written in a poem signed with the name of Nat Lee, which perhaps he never wrote and perhaps he wrote in a paroxysm of insanity; in which it is said that Milton's poem is a rough unfinished piece, and that Dryden has finished it. Now let Dryden's Fall and Milton's Paradise be read, and I will assert that everybody of understanding must cry out shame on such niggling and poco-pen as Dryden has degraded Milton with. But at the same time I will allow that stupidity will prefer Dryden, because it is in rhyme and monotonous sing-song sing-song from beginning to end. Such are Bartolozzi, Woolett, and Strange.

Men think that they can copy nature as correctly as I copy imagination. This they will find impossible: and all the copies, or pretended copies, of nature, from Rembrandt to Reynolds, prove that nature becomes to its victim nothing but blots and blurs. Why are copies of nature incorrect, while copies of imagination

are correct? This is manifest to all. The English artist may be assured that he is doing an injury and injustice to his country while he studies and imitates the effects of nature. England will never rival Italy while we servilely copy what the wise Italians, Raphael and Michael Angelo, scorned, nay abhorred, as Vasari tells us. What kind of intellects must he have who sees only the colours of things, and not the forms of things? No man of sense can think that an imitation of the objects of nature is the art of painting, or that such imitation (which any one may easily perform) is worthy of notice—much less that such an art should be the glory and pride of a nation. The Italians laugh at the English connoisseurs, who are (most of them) such silly fellows as to believe this.

A man sets himself down with colours, and with all the articles of painting; he puts a model before him, and he copies that so neat as to make it a deception. Now, let any man of sense ask himself one question: Is this art? Can it be worthy of admiration to anybody of understanding? Who could not do this? What man, who has eyes and an ordinary share of patience, cannot do this neatly? Is this art, or is it glorious to a nation to produce such contemptible copies? Countrymen, countrymen, do not suffer yourselves to be disgraced!

No man of sense ever supposes that copying from nature is the art of painting; if the art is no more than this, it is no better than any other manual labour: anybody may do it, and the fool often will do it best, as it is a work of no mind. A jockey, that is anything of a jockey, will never buy a horse by the colour; and a man who has got any brains will never buy a picture by the colour.

When I tell any truth, it is not for the sake of convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of defending those who do.

It is nonsense for noblemen and gentlemen to offer premiums for

the encouragement of art, when such pictures as these can be done without premiums. Let them encourage what exists already, and not endeavour to counteract by tricks. Let it no more be said that empires encourage arts, for it is arts that encourage empires. Arts and artists are spiritual, and laugh at mortal contingencies. Let us teach Buonaparte, and whomsoever else it may concern, that it is not arts that follow and attend upon empire, but empire that attends upon and follows the arts. It is in their power to hinder instruction, but not to instruct; just as it is in their power to murder a man, but not to make a man.

I do not pretend to paint better than Raphael or Michael Angelo, or Giulio Romano, or Albert Dürer; but I do pretend to paint finer than Rubens, or Rembrandt, or Correggio, or Titian. I do not pretend to engrave finer than Albert Dürer; but I do pretend to engrave finer than Strange, Woolett, Hall, or Bartolozzi; and all because I understand drawing, which they understood not. Englishmen have been so used to journeymen's undecided bungling, that they cannot bear the firmness of a master's touch. Every line is the line of beauty; it is only fumble and bungle which cannot draw a line. This only is ugliness. That is not a line which doubts and hesitates in the midst of its course.

I know my execution is not like anybody else's. I do not intend it should be so. None but blockheads copy one another. My conception and invention are on all hands allowed to be superior; my execution will be found so too. To what is it that gentlemen of the first rank both in genius and fortune have subscribed their names? To my inventions. The executive part they never disputed.

The painters of England are unemployed in public works, while the sculptors have continual and superabundant employment. Our churches and our abbeys are treasures of their producing for ages back, while painting is excluded. Painting, the principal art, has no place among our almost only public works. Yet it is more

adapted to solemn ornament than marble can be, as it is capable of being placed in any height; and, indeed, would make a noble finish, placed above the great public monuments in Westminster, St. Paul's, and other cathedrals. To the Society for the Encouragement of Art I address myself with respectful duty, requesting their consideration of my plan as a great public means of advancing fine art in Protestant communities. Monuments to the dead painters by historical and poetical artists, like Barry and Mortimer (I forbear to name living artists, though equally worthy)—I say, monuments to painters—must make England what Italy is, an envied storehouse of intellectual riches.

It has been said of late years, the English public have no taste for painting. This is a falsehood. The English are as good judges of painting as of poetry, and they prove it in their contempt for great collections of all the rubbish of the Continent, brought here by ignorant picture-dealers. An Englishman may well say 'I am no judge of painting,' when he is shown these smears and daubs, at an immense price, and told that such is the art of painting. I say the English public are true encouragers of real art, while they discourage and look with contempt on false art.

Resentment for personal injuries has had some share in this public address, but love for my art, and zeal for my country, a much greater.

I do not know whether Homer is a liar and that there is no such thing as generous contention. I know that all those with whom I have contended in art have striven, not to excel, but to starve me out by calumny and the arts of trading competition. The manner in which my character has been blasted these thirty years both as an artist and a man may be seen particularly in a Sunday paper called *The Examiner*, published in Beaufort's Buildings (we all know that editors of newspapers trouble their heads very little about art and science, and that they are always paid for what they put in

upon these ungracious subjects): and the manner in which I have rooted out the nest of villains will be seen in a poem concerning my three years' herculean labours at Felpham, which I shall soon publish. Secret calumny and open professions of friendship are common enough all the world over, but have never been so good an occasion of poetic imagery. When a base man means to be your enemy, he always begins with being your friend. Flaxman cannot deny that one of the very first monuments he did I gratuitously designed for him; at the same time he was blasting my character as an artist to Macklin, my employer, as Macklin told me at the time, and posterity will know. Many people are so foolish as to think they can wound Mr. Fuseli over my shoulder; they will find themselves mistaken; they could not wound even Mr. Barry so.

In a commercial nation, impostors are abroad in all professions; these are the greatest enemies of genius. In the art of painting these impostors sedulously propagate an opinion that great inventors cannot execute. This opinion is as destructive of the true artist as it is false by all experience. Even Hogarth cannot be either copied or improved. Can Anglus never discern perfection but in a journeyman labourer?

P.S.—I do not believe that this absurd opinion ever was set on foot till, in my outset into life, it was artfully published, both in whispers and in print, by certain persons whose robberies from me made it necessary to them that I should be hid in a corner. It never was supposed that a copy could be better than an original, or near so good, till, a few years ago, it became the interest of certain knaves. The lavish praise I have received from all quarters for invention and drawing has generally been accompanied by this: 'He can conceive, but he cannot execute.' This absurd assertion has done me, and may still do me, the greatest mischief. I call for public protection against these villains. I am, like others, just equal in invention and in execution, as my works show. I, in my

own defence, challenge a competition with the finest engravings, and defy the most critical judge to make the comparison honestly: asserting, in my own defence, that this print is the finest that has been done, or is likely to be done, in England, where drawing, the foundation, is condemned, and absurd nonsense about dots and lozenges and clean strokes made to occupy the attention to the neglect of all real art. I defy any man to cut cleaner strokes than I do, or rougher, when I please; and assert, that he who thinks he can engrave or paint either, without being a master of drawing, is a fool. Painting is drawing on canvas, and engraving is drawing on copper, and nothing else. Drawing is execution and nothing else; and he who draws best must be the best artist. And to this I subscribe my name as a public duty.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

NOTE.

[In an early part of the same book from which has been gathered the foregoing *Public Address*, occur three memoranda having reference to the methods by which Blake engraved some of his designs.

These receipts are written immediately under two very curious entries :— Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1807, Between two and seven in the evening. Despair.' And—'I say I shan't live five years; and if I live one, it will be a wonder. June 1793.' The last-quoted entry is in pencil, and pretty evidently made *before* the subjoined.]

Memorandum.

To engrave on pewter: Let there be first a drawing made correctly with black-lead pencil; let nothing be to seek. Then rub it off on the plate, covered with white wax; or perhaps pass it through press. This will produce certain and determined forms on the plate, and time will not be wasted in seeking them afterwards.

Memorandum.

To wood-cut on pewter: Lay a ground on the plate, and smoke it as for etching. Then trace your outlines, and, beginning with the spots of light on each object, with an oval-pointed needle scrape off the ground, as a direction for your graver. Then proceed to graving, with the ground on the plate; being as careful as possible not to hurt the ground, because it, being black, will show perfectly what is wanted.

Memorandum.

To wood-cut on copper: Lay a ground as for etching; trace, &c., and, instead of etching the blacks, etch the whites, and bite it in.'

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

On Homer's Poetry.

EVERY poem must necessarily be a perfect Unity, but why Homer's is peculiarly so I cannot tell: he has told the story of Bellerophon, and omitted the Judgment of Paris, which is not only a part, but a principal part, of Homer's subject. But when a work has unity, it is as much so in a part as in the whole. The torso is as much a unity as the Laocöon. As unity is the cloak of folly, so goodness is the cloak of knavery. Those who will have unity exclusively in Homer come out with a moral like a sting in the tail. Aristotle says characters are either good or bad: now, goodness or badness has nothing to do with character. An apple-tree, a pear-tree, a horse, a lion, are characters; but a good apple-tree or a bad is an apple-tree still. A horse is not more a lion for being a bad horse—that is its character: its goodness or badness is another consideration.

It is the same with the moral of a whole poem as with the moral goodness of its parts. Unity and morality are secondary considerations, and belong to Philosophy, and not to Poetry—to exception, and not to rule—to accident, and not to substance. The ancients called it eating of the Tree of Good and Evil.

The Classics it is, the Classics, and not Goths or monks, that desolate Europe with wars.

On Virgil.

SACRED truth has pronounced that Greece and Rome, as Babylon and Egypt, so far from being parents of Arts and Sciences, as they pretend, were destroyers of all Art. Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, confirm this, and make us reverence the Word of God, the only light of Antiquity that remains unperverted by war. Virgil, in the *Eneid, Book VI.* line 848, says: 'Let others study Art. Rome has somewhat better to do—namely, War and Dominion.'

Rome and Greece swept art into their maw, and destroyed it. A warlike State never can produce art. It will rob and plunder, and accumulate into one place, and translate, and copy, and buy and sell, and criticise, but not make. Grecian is mathematic form. Mathematic form is eternal in the reasoning memory. Living form is eternal existence. Gothic is living form.

A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

THE Last Judgment is not fable, or allegory, but vision. Fable, or allegory, is a totally distinct and inferior kind of poetry. Vision, or imagination, is a representation of what actually exists, really and unchangeably. Fable, or allegory, is formed by the daughters of Memory. Imagination is surrounded by the daughters of inspiration, who, in the aggregate, are called Jerusalem. Fable is allegory, but what critics call *the fable* is vision itself. The Hebrew Bible and the Gospel of Jesus are not allegory, but eternal vision, or imagination, of all that exists. Note here that fable, or allegory, is seldom without some vision. "Pilgrim's Progress" is full of it; the Greek poets the same. But allegory and vision ought to be known as two distinct things, and so called for the sake of eternal life. The [ancients produce fable] when they assert that Jupiter usurped the throne of his father, Saturn, and brought on an iron age, and begot on Mnemosyne, or memory, the great Muses, which are not inspiration, as the Bible is. Reality was forgot, and the varieties of time and space only remembered, and called reality. The Greeks represent Chronos, or Time, as a very aged man. This is fable, but the real vision of Time is an eternal youth. I have, however, somewhat accommodated my figure of Time to the common opinion; as I myself am also infected with it, and my vision is also infected, and I see Time aged—alas! too much so. Allegories are things that relate to moral virtues. Moral virtues do not exist: they are allegories and dissimulations. But Time and Space are real beings, a male and a female; Time is a man, Space is a woman, and her masculine portion is Death. Such is

the mighty difference between allegoric fable and spiritual mystery. Let it here be noted that the Greek fables originated in spiritual mystery and real vision, which are lost and clouded in fable and allegory; while the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Gospel are genuine, preserved by the Saviour's mercy. The nature of my work is visionary, or imaginative; it is an endeavour to restore what the ancients called the Golden Age.

Plato has made Socrates say that poets and prophets do not know or understand what they write or utter. This is a most pernicious falsehood. If they do not, pray, is an inferior kind to be called 'knowing?' Plato confutes himself.

The Last Judgment is one of these stupendous visions. I have represented it as I saw it. To different people it appears differently; as everything else does.

In eternity one thing never changes into another thing: each identity is eternal. Consequently, Apuleius's Golden Ass, and Ovid's Metamorphoses, and others of the like kind, are fable; yet they contain vision in a sublime degree, being derived from real vision in more ancient writings. Lot's wife being changed into a pillar of salt alludes to the mortal body being rendered a permanent statue, but not changed or transformed into another identity, while it retains its own individuality. A man can never become ass nor horse; some are born with shapes of men who are both; but eternal identity is one thing, and corporeal vegetation is another thing. Changing water into wine by Jesus, and into blood by Moses, relates to vegetable nature also.

The nature of visionary fancy, or imagination, is very little known, and the eternal nature and permanence of its ever-existent images are considered as less permanent than the things of vegetable and generative nature. Yet the oak dies as well as the lettuce; but its eternal image or individuality never dies, but renews by its seed. Just so the imaginative image returns by the seed of

contemplative thought. The writings of the prophets illustrate these conceptions of the visionary fancy by their various sublime and divine images as seen in the worlds of vision.

The world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. This world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation, or vegetation, is finite and temporal. There exist in that eternal world the permanent realities of every thing which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature.

All things are comprehended in these eternal forms in the divine body of the Saviour, the true vine of eternity . . . who appeared to me as coming to judgment among His saints, and throwing off the temporal, that the eternal might be established. Around Him were seen the images of existences according to a certain order, suited to my imaginative eye, as follows:—

Jesus seated between the two pillars, Jachin and Boaz, with the word divine of revelation on His knee, and on each side the four-and-twenty elders sitting in judgment; the heavens opening around Him by unfolding the clouds around His throne. The old heavens and the old earth are passing away, and the new heavens and the new earth descending: a sea of fire issues from before the throne. Adam and Eve appear first before the judgment-seat, in humiliation; Abel surrounded by innocents; and Cain, with the flint in his hand with which he slew his brother, falling with the head downwards. From the cloud on which Eve stands Satan is seen falling headlong, wound round by the tail of the serpent, whose bulk, nailed to the cross round which he wreathes, is falling into the abyss. Sin is also represented as a female bound in one of the serpent's folds, surrounded by her fiends. Death is chained to the cross, and Time falls together with Death, dragged down by a demon crowned with laurel. Another demon, with a key, has the charge of Sin, and is dragging her down by the hair

Beside them a figure is seen, scaled with iron scales from head to feet, precipitating himself into the abyss with the sword and balances: he is Og, king of Bashan.

On the right, beneath the cloud on which Abel kneels, is Abraham, with Sarah and Isaac, also with Hagar and Ishmael on the left. Abel kneels on a bloody cloud, descriptive of those Churches before the Flood, that they were filled with blood and fire and vapour of smoke. Even till Abraham's time the vapour and heat were not extinguished. These states exist now. Man passes on, but states remain for ever: he passes through them like a traveller, who may as well suppose that the places he has passed through exist no more, as a man may suppose that the states he has passed through exist no more: everything is eternal.

Beneath Ishmael is Mahomed: and beneath the falling figure of Cain is Moses, casting his tables of stone into the deeps. It ought to be understood that the persons, Moses and Abraham, are not here meant, but the states signified by those names; the individuals being representatives, or visions, of those states, as they were revealed to mortal man in the series of divine revelations, as they are written in the Bible. These various states I have seen in my imagination. When distant, they appear as one man; but, as you approach, they appear multitudes of nations. Abraham hovers above his posterity, which appear as multitudes of children ascending from the earth, surrounded by stars, as it was said: 'As the stars of heaven for multitude.' Jacob and his twelve sons hover beneath the feet of Abraham, and receive their children from the earth. I have seen, when at a distance, multitudes of men in harmony appear like a single infant, sometimes in the arms of a female. This represented the Church.

But to proceed with the description of those on the left hand. Beneath the cloud on which Moses kneels are two figures, a male and a female, chained together by the feet. They represent those

who perished by the Flood. Beneath them a multitude of their associates are seen falling headlong. By the side of them is a mighty fiend with a book in his hand, which is shut: he represents the person named in Isaiah xxii. c. and 20 v., Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah. He drags Satan down headlong. He is crowned with oak. By the side of the scaled figure, representing Og, king of Bashan, is a figure with a basket, emptying out the varieties of riches and worldly honours. He is Araunah, the Jebusite, master of the threshing-floor. Above him are two figures elevated on a cloud, representing the Pharisees, who plead their own righteousness before the throne: they are weighed down by two fiends. Beneath the man with the basket are three fiery fiends, with grey beards, and scourges of fire: they represent cruel laws. They scourge a group of figures down into the deeps. Beneath them are various figures in attitudes of contention, representing various states of misery, which, alas! every one on earth is liable to enter into, and against which we should all watch. The ladies will be pleased to see that I have represented the Furies by three men, and not by three women. It is not because I think the ancients wrong; but they will be pleased to remember that mine is vision, and not fable. The spectator may suppose them clergymen in the pulpit, scourging sin, instead of forgiving it.

The earth beneath these falling groups of figures is rocky and burning, and seems as if convulsed by earthquakes. A great city, on fire, is seen in the distance. The armies (?) are fleeing upon the mountains. On the foreground Hell is opened, and many figures are descending into it down stone steps, and beside a gate beneath a rock, where Sin and Death are to be closed eternally by that fiend who carries the key in one hand, and drags them down with the other. On the rock, and above the gate, a fiend with wings urges the wicked onward with fiery darts. He is Hazael, the Syrian, who drives abroad all those who rebel against their Saviour. Beneath the steps is Babylon, represented by a king crowned, grasping his

sword and his sceptre. He is just awakened out of his grave. Around him are other kingdoms arising to judgment, represented in this picture by single personages, according to the descriptions in the Prophets. The figure dragging up a woman by her hair represents the Inquisition, as do those contending on the sides of the pit; and, in particular, the man strangling a woman represents a cruel Church.

Two persons, one in purple, the other in scarlet, are descending down the steps into the pit. These are Caiaphas and Pilate; two states where all those reside who calumniate and murder under pretence of holiness and justice. Caiaphas has a blue flame, like a mitre, on his head: Pilate has bloody hands, that can never be cleansed. The females behind them represent the females belonging to such states, who are under perpetual terrors and vain dreams plots, and secret deceit. Those figures that descend into the flames before Caiaphas and Pilate are Judas and those of his class. Achitophel is also here, with the cord in his hand.

Between the figures of Adam and Eve appears a fiery gulph descending from the sea of fire before the throne. In this cataract four angels descend headlong with four trumpets to awake the dead. Beneath these is the seat of the harlot, named Mystery in the Revelations. She is seized by two beings, each with three heads: they represent vegetative existence. As it is written in Revelations, they strip her naked, and burn her with fire. It represents the eternal consumption of vegetable life and death, with its lusts. The wreathed torches in their hands represent eternal fire, which is the fire of generation or vegetation: it is an eternal consummation. Those who are blessed with imaginative vision see this eternal female, and tremble at what others fear not; while they despise and laugh at what others fear. Beneath her feet is a flaming cavern, in which are seen her kings, and councillors, and warriors, descending in flames, lamenting, and looking upon her in astonish-

ment and terror, and Hell is opened beneath her seat; on the left hand, the great Red Dragon with seven heads and ten horns. He has a book of accusations, lying on the rock, open before him. He is bound in chains by two strong demons: they are Gog and Magog, who have been compelled to subdue their master (Ezekiel xxxviii. c. 8 v.) with their hammer and tongs, about to new-create the seven-headed kingdoms. The graves beneath are opened, and the dead awake and obey the call of the trumpet: those on the right hand awake in joy, those on the left in horror. Beneath the Dragon's cavern a skeleton begins to animate, starting into life at the trumpet's sound, while the wicked contend with each other on the brink of perdition. On the right, a youthful couple are awaked by their children; an aged patriarch is awaked by his aged wife: he is Albion, our ancestor, patriarch of the Atlantic Continent, whose history preceded that of the Hebrews, and in whose sleep, or chaos, creation began. The good woman is Britannica, the wife of Albion. Jerusalem is their daughter. Little infants creep out of the flowery mould into the green fields of the blessed, who, in various joyful companies, embrace and ascend to meet eternity.

The persons who ascend to meet the Lord, coming in the clouds with power and great glory, are representations of those states described in the Bible under the names of the Fathers before and after the Flood. Noah is seen in the midst of these, canopied by a rainbow. On his right hand Shem, and on his left Japhet. These three persons represent Poetry, Painting, and Music, the three powers in man of conversing with Paradise, which the Flood did not sweep away. Above Noah is the Church Universal, represented by a woman surrounded by infants. There is such a state in eternity: it is composed of the innocent civilized heathen and the uncivilized savage, who, having not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law. This state appears like a female crowned with stars, driven into the wilderness: she has the moon under her feet. The aged

figure with wings, having a writing tablet, and taking account of the numbers who arise, is that Angel of the Divine Presence mentioned in Exodus xiv. c. 19 v.

Around Noah, and beneath him, are various figures risen into the air. Among these are three females, representing those who are not of the dead, but of those found alive at the Last Judgment. They appear to be innocently gay and thoughtless, not being among the condemned, because ignorant of crime in the midst of a corrupted age. The Virgin Mary was of this class. A mother meets her numerous family in the arms of their father: these are representations of the Greek learned and wise, as also of those of other nations, such as Egypt and Babylon, in which were multitudes who shall meet the Lord coming in the clouds.

The children of Abraham, or Hebrew Church, are represented as a stream of figures, on which are seen stars, somewhat like the Milky Way. They ascend from the earth, where figures kneel, embracing above the graves, and represent religion, or civilized life, such as it is in the Christian Church, which is the offspring of the Hebrew. Just above the graves, and above the spot where the infants creep out of the ground (?) stand two—a man and woman: these are the primitive Christians. The two figures in purifying flames, by the side of the Dragon's cavern, represent the latter state of the Church, when on the verge of perdition, yet protected by a flaming sword. Multitudes are seen ascending from the green fields of the blessed, in which a Gothic church is representative of true art (called 'Gothic' in all ages, by those who follow the fashion, as that is called which is without shape or fashion). By the right hand of Noah, a woman with children represents the state called Laban the Syrian: it is the remains of civilization in the state from whence Adam was taken. Also, on the right hand of Noah, a female descends to meet her lover or husband, representative of that love called friendship, which looks for no

other heaven than the beloved, and in him sees all reflected as in a glass of eternal diamond.

On the right hand of these rise the diffident and humble, and on their left a solitary woman with her infant. These are caught up by three aged men, who appear as suddenly emerging from the blue sky for their help. These three aged men represent divine providence, as opposed to and distinct from divine vengeance, represented by three aged men, on the side of the picture among the wicked, with scourges of fire.

If the spectator could enter into these images in his imagination, approaching them on the fiery chariot of his contemplative thought; if he could enter into Noah's rainbow, could make a friend and companion of one of these images of wonder, which always entreat him to leave mortal things (as he must know), then would he arise from the grave, then would he meet the Lord in the air, and then he would be happy. General knowledge is remote knowledge: it is in particulars that wisdom consists, and happiness too. Both in art and in life general masses are as much art as a pasteboard man is human. Every man has eyes, nose, and mouth; this every idiot knows; but he who enters into and discriminates most minutely the manners and intentions, the characters in all their branches, is the alone wise or sensible man; and on this discrimination all art is founded. I entreat, then, that the spectator will attend to the hands and feet; to the lineaments of the countenance: they are all descriptive of character, and not a line is drawn without intention, and that most discriminate and particular. As poetry admits not a letter that is insignificant, so painting admits not a grain of sand, or a blade of grass insignificant—much less an insignificant blur or mark.

Above the head of Noah is Seth. This state, called Seth, is male and female, in a higher state of happiness than Noah, being nearer the state of innocence. Beneath the feet of Seth two figures represent

the two seasons of Spring and Autumn, while, beneath the feet of Noah, four seasons represent the changed state made by the Flood.

By the side of Seth is Elijah: he comprehends all the prophetic characters. He is seen on his fiery chariot, bowing before the throne of the Saviour. In like manner the figures of Seth and his wife comprehend the Fathers before the Flood, and their generations: when seen remote, they appear as one man. A little below Seth, on his right, are two figures, a male and a female, with numerous children. These represent those who were not in the line of the Church, and yet were saved from among the antediluvians who perished. Between Seth and these, a female figure represents the solitary state of those who, previous to the Flood, walked with God.

All these rise towards the opening cloud before the throne, led onward by triumphant groups of infants. Between Seth and Elijah three female figures, crowned with garlands, represent Learning and Science, which accompanied Adam out of Eden.

The cloud that opens, rolling apart from before the throne, and before the new heaven and the new earth, is composed of various groups of figures, particularly the four living creatures mentioned in Revelations as surrounding the throne. These I suppose to have the chief agency in removing the old heavens and the old earth, to make way for the new heaven and the new earth, to descend from the throne of God and of the Lamb. That living creature on the left of the throne gives to the seven Angels the seven vials of the wrath of God, with which they, hovering over the deeps beneath, pour out upon the wicked their plagues. The other living creatures are descending with a shout, and with the sound of the trumpet, and directing the combats in the upper elements. In the two corners of the picture: on the left hand, Apollyon is foiled before the sword of Michael; and, on the right, the two witnesses are subduing their enemies.

On the cloud are opened the books of remembrance of life and of death: before that of life, on the right, some figures bow in

lamentation; before that of death, on the left, the Pharisees are pleading their own righteousness. The one shines with beams of light, the other utters lightnings and tempests.

A Last Judgment is necessary because fools flourish. Nations flourish under wise rulers, and are depressed under foolish rulers; it is the same with individuals as with nations. Works of art can only be produced in perfection where the man is either in affluence or is above the care of it. Poverty is the fool's rod, which at last is turned on his own back. That is a Last Judgment, when men of real art govern, and pretenders fall. Some people, and not a few artists, have asserted that the painter of this picture would not have done so well if he had been properly encouraged. Let those who think so reflect on the state of nations under poverty, and their incapability of art. Though art is above either, the argument is better for affluence than poverty; and, though he would not have been a greater artist, yet he would have produced greater works of art, in proportion to his means. A Last Judgment is not for the purpose of making bad men better, but for the purpose of hindering them from oppressing the good.

Around the throne heaven is opened, and the nature of eternal things displayed, all springing from the Divine Humanity. All beams from Him: He is the bread and the wine; He is the water of life. Accordingly, on each side of the opening heaven appears an Apostle: that on the right represents Baptism; that on the left represents the Lord's Supper.

All life consists of these two: throwing off error and knaves from our company continually, and receiving truth or wise men into our company continually. He who is out of the Church and opposes it is no less an agent of religion than he who is in it: to be an error, and to be cast out, is a part of God's design. No man can embrace true art till he has explored and cast out false art (such is the nature of mortal things); or he will be himself cast out by those who have

already embraced true art. Thus, my picture is a history of art and science, the foundation of society, which is humanity itself. What are all the gifts of the Spirit but mental gifts? Whenever any individual rejects error, and embraces truth, a Last Judgment passes upon that individual.

Over the head of the Saviour and Redeemer, the Holy Spirit, like a dove, is surrounded by a blue heaven, in which are the two cherubim that bowed over the ark; for here the temple is open in heaven, and the ark of the covenant is a dove of peace. The curtains are drawn apart, Christ having rent the veil: the candlestick and the table of shew-bread appear on each side: a glorification of angels with harps surrounds the dove.

The Temple stands on the mount of God. From it flows on each side a river of life, on whose banks grows the Tree of Life, among whose branches temples and pinnacles, tents and pavilions, gardens and groves, display Paradise, with its inhabitants, walking up and down, in conversations concerning mental delights. Here they are no longer talking of what is good and evil, or of what is right or wrong, and puzzling themselves in Satan's labyrinth; but are conversing with eternal realities, as they exist in the human imagination.

We are in a world of generation and death, and this world we must cast off if we would be artists (?) such as Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the ancient sculptors. If we do not cast off this world, we shall be only Venetian painters, who will be cast off and lost from art.

Jesus is surrounded by beams of glory, in which are seen all around Him infants emanating from Him: these represent the eternal births of intellect from the divine humanity. A rainbow surrounds the throne and the glory, in which youthful nuptials receive the infants in their hands. In eternity woman is the emanation of man; she has no will of her own; there is no such thing in eternity as a female will.

On the side next Baptism are seen those called in the Bible Nursing Fathers and Nursing Mothers: they represent Education. On the side next the Lord's Supper, the Holy Family, consisting of Mary, Joseph, John the Baptist, Zacharias, and Elizabeth, receiving the bread and wine, among other spirits of the Just made perfect. Beneath these, a cloud of women and children are taken up, fleeing from the rolling cloud which separates the wicked from the seats of bliss. These represent those who, though willing, were too weak to reject error without the assistance and countenance of those already in the truth: for a man can only reject error by the advice of a friend, or by the immediate inspiration of God. It is for this reason, among many others, that I have put the Lord's Supper on the left hand of the throne, for it appears so at the Last Judgment for a protection.

The painter hopes that his friends, Anytus, Melitus, and Lycon, will perceive that they are not now in ancient Greece; and, though they can use the poison of calumny, the English public will be convinced that such a picture as this could never be painted by a madman, or by one in a state of outrageous manners; as these bad men both print and publish by all the means in their power. The painter begs public protection, and all will be well.

Men are admitted into heaven, not because they have curbed and governed their passions, or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings. The treasures of heaven are not negations of passion, but realities of intellect, from which all the passions emanate, uncurbed in their eternal glory. The fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy: holiness is not the price of entrance into heaven. Those who are cast out are all those who, having no passions of their own, because no intellect, have spent their lives in curbing and governing other people's by the various arts of poverty, and cruelty of all kinds. The modern Church crucifies Christ with the head downwards. Woe, woe, woe to

you, hypocrites! 'Even murder, which the Courts of Justice (more merciful than the Church) are whispered to allow, is not done in passion, but in cool-blooded design and intention.

Many suppose that before the Creation all was solitude and chaos. This is the most pernicious idea that can enter the mind, as it takes away all sublimity from the Bible, and limits all existence to creation and chaos—to the time and space fixed by the corporeal vegetative eye, and leaves the man who entertains such an idea the habitation of unbelieving demons. Eternity exists, and all things in eternity, independent of creation, which was an act of mercy. I have represented those who are in eternity by some in a cloud, within the rainbow that surrounds the throne. They merely appear as in a cloud when anything of creation, redemption, or judgment, is the subject of contemplation, though their whole contemplation is concerning these things. The reason they so appear is the humiliation of the reason and doubting selfhood, and the giving all up to inspiration. By this it will be seen that I do not consider either the just, or the wicked, to be in a supreme state, but to be, every one of them, states of the sleep which the soul may fall into in its deadly dreams of good and evil, when it leaves Paradise following the Serpent.

Many persons, such as Paine and Voltaire, with some of the ancient Greeks, say: 'We will not converse concerning good and evil; we will live in Paradise and Liberty.' You may do so in spirit, but not in the mortal body, as you pretend, till after a Last Judgment. For in Paradise they have no corporeal and mortal body: *that* originated with the Fall and was called Death, and cannot be removed but by a Last Judgment. While we are in the world of mortality, we must suffer—the whole Creation groans to be delivered.

There will always be as many hypocrites born as honest men, and they will always have superior power in mortal things. You cannot have liberty in this world without what you call moral virtue,

and you cannot have moral virtue without the subjection of that half of the human race who hate what you call moral virtue.

The nature of hatred and envy, and of all the mischiefs in the world, is here depicted. No one envies or hates one of his own party; even the devils love one another in their own way. They torment one another for other reasons than hate or envy: these are only employed against the just. Neither can Seth envy Noah, or Elijah envy Abraham; but they may both of them envy the success of Satan, or of Og, or Moloch. The horse never envies the peacock, nor the sheep the goat; but they envy a rival in life and existence, whose ways and means exceed their own. Let him be of what class of animals he will, a dog will envy a cat who is pampered at the expense of his own comfort, as I have often seen. The Bible never tells us that devils torment one another through envy; it is through this that they torment the just. But for what do they torment one another? I answer: For the coercive laws of hell, moral hypocrisy. They torment a hypocrite when he is discovered—they punish a failure in the tormentor who has suffered the subject of his torture to escape. In Hell, all is self-righteousness; there is no such thing there as forgiveness of sin. He who does forgive sin is crucified as an abetter of criminals, and he who performs works of mercy, in any shape whatever, is punished and, if possible, destroyed—not through envy, or hatred, or malice, but through self-righteousness, that thinks it does God service, which god is Satan. They do not envy one another: they contemn or despise one another. Forgiveness of sin is only at the judgment-seat of Jesus the Saviour, where the accuser is cast out, not because he sins, but because he torments the just, and makes them do what he condemns as sin, and what he knows is opposite to their own identity.

It is not because angels are holier than men or devils that makes them angels, but because they do not expect holiness from one another, but from God only.

The player is a liar when he says: 'Angels are happier than men, because they are better.' Angels are happier than men and devils, because they are not always prying after good and evil in one another, and eating the tree of knowledge for Satan's gratification.

The Last Judgment is an overwhelming of bad art and science. Mental things are alone real: what is called corporeal nobody knows of; its dwelling-place is a fallacy, and its existence an imposture. Where is the existence out of mind, or thought?—where is it but in the mind of a fool. Some people flatter themselves that there will be no Last Judgment, and that bad art will be adopted and mixed with good art—that error or experiment will make a part of truth; and they boast that it is its foundation. These people flatter themselves; I will not flatter them. Error is created, truth is eternal. Error or creation will be burned up, and then, and not till then, truth or eternity will appear. It is burned up the moment men cease to behold it. I assert, for myself, that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned; 'when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying: 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it.

The Last Judgment [will be] when all those are cast away who trouble religion with questioning concerning good and evil, or eating of the tree of those knowledges or reasonings which hinder the vision of God, turning all into a consuming fire. When imagination, art, and science, and all intellectual gifts, all the gifts of the Holy Ghost, are looked upon as of no use, and only contention remains to man; then the Last Judgment begins, and its vision is seen by the eye of every one according to the situation he holds.

APPENDIX.

LETTERS FROM BLAKE.

ANNOTATED CATALOGUE OF BLAKE'S PICTURES AND DRAWINGS.

LIST, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES, OF BLAKE'S ENGRAVINGS AND WRITINGS.

MINOR ITEMS.

[The ten following *Letters* were written by Blake, during his residence at Felpham, to his friend and patron Mr. Butts, whose grandson, Captain Butts, kindly permits their publication here. They did not come to hand until after the foregoing Biography was in type, and they could not, therefore, be inserted in their natural place, where they would have so incalculably enhanced the interest of the narrative: a narrative,—the reader will forgive me for pointing out,—which, drawn as it was from the scantiest materials, will yet be found to harmonize, both in letter and spirit, with the tenor of these new-found documents, though the broad daylight they *let in* upon the undercurrents of Blake's life at that period never greeted the eyes to which it would have been so precious. The first of these letters is almost word for word the same as one addressed to Flaxman, already quoted; but, being brief, to mar the completeness of the series by withdrawing it seemed a pity.—Ed. *Life*.]

LETTERS.

[Date of Post-mark, Sept. 23, 1800.]

DEAR FRIEND OF MY ANGELS,

We are safe arrived at our cottage, without accident or hindrance, though it was between eleven and twelve o'clock at night before we could get home, owing to the necessary shifting of our boxes and portfolios from one chaise to another. We had seven different chaises and as many different drivers. All upon the road was cheerfulness and welcome. Though our luggage was very heavy, there was no grumbling at all. We travelled through a most beautiful country on a most glorious day. Our cottage is more beautiful than I thought it, and also more convenient; for though small it is well proportioned, and if I should ever build a palace, it would be only my cottage enlarged. Please to tell Mrs. Butts that we have dedicated a chamber to her service, and that it has a very fine view of the sea. Mr. Hayley received us with his usual brotherly affection. My wife and sister are both very well, and courting Neptune for an embrace, whose terrors this morning made them afraid, but whose mildness is often equal to his terrors. The villagers of Felpham are not mere rustics; they are polite and modest. Meat is cheaper than in London; but the sweet air and the voices of winds, trees, and birds, and the odours of the happy ground, make it a dwelling for immortals. Work will go on here with God-speed. A roller and two harrows lie before my window. I met a plough on my first going out at my gate the first morning after my arrival, and the ploughboy said to the ploughman, 'Father, the gate is open.' I have begun to work, and find that I can work with greater pleasure than ever, hoping soon to give you a proof that Felpham is propitious to the arts.

God bless you! I shall wish for you on Tuesday evening as usual. Pray, give my and my wife and sister's love and respects to Mrs. Butts. Accept them yourself, and believe me for ever

Your affectionate and obliged friend,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

My sister will be in town in a week, and bring with her your account, and whatever else I can finish.

Direct to me—

Blake, Felpham, near Chichester,
Sussex.

Felpham, Oct. 2, 1800.

Friend of Religion and Order,

I thank you for your very beautiful and encouraging verses, which I account a crown of laurels, and I also thank you for your reprehension of follies by me fostered. Your prediction will, I hope, be fulfilled in me, and in future I am the determined advocate of religion and humility—the two bands of society. Having been so full of the business of settling the sticks and feathers of my nest, I have not got any forwarder with the Three Maries, or with any other of your commissions; but hope, now I have commenced a new life of industry, to do credit to that new life by improved works. Receive from me a return of verses, such as Felpham produces by me, though not such as she produces by her eldest son. However, such as they are, I cannot resist the temptation to send them to you :—

To my friend Butts I write
My first vision of light,
On the yellow sands sitting.
The sun was emitting
His glorious beams
From Heaven's high streams.
Over sea, over land,
My eyes did expand
Into regions of air,
Away from all care;
Into regions of fire,
Remote from desire:
The light of the morning,
Heaven's mountains adorning.
In particles bright,
The jewels of light
Distinct shone and clear.
Amaz'd, and in fear,
I each particle gazed,
Astonish'd, amazed;
For each was a man
Human-formed. Swift I ran,
For they beckon'd to me,
Remote by the sea,
Saying: 'Each grain of sand,
Every stone on the land,
Each rock and each hill,
Each fountain and rill,
Each herb and each tree,
Mountain, hill, earth, and sea,
Cloud, meteor, and star,
Are men seen afar.'
I stood in the streams
Of heaven's bright beams,
And saw Felpham sweet
Beneath my bright feet,
In soft female charms;
And in her fair arms
My shadow I knew,
And my wife's shadow too,
And my sister and friend.
We like infants descend
In our shadows on earth,
Like a weak mortal birth.
My eyes more and more,
Like a sea without shore,
Continue expanding,
The heavens commanding,

Till the jewels of light,
Heavenly men beaming bright,
Appeared as one man,
Who complacent began
My limbs to infold
In his beams of bright gold;
Like dross purged away,
All my mire and my clay.
Soft consumed in delight,
In his bosom sun-bright
I remain'd. Soft he smil'd,
And I heard his voice mild,
Saying: 'This is my fold,
O thou ram, horn'd with gold,
Who awakest from sleep
On the sides of the deep.
On the mountains around
The roarings resound
Of the lion and wolf,
The loud sea and deep gulph.
These are guards of my fold,
O thou ram, horn'd with gold!'
And the voice faded mild,
I remain'd as a child;
All I ever had known,
Before me bright shone:
I saw you and your wife
By the fountains of life.
Such the vision to me
Appear'd on the sea.

Mrs. Butts will, I hope, excuse my not having finished the portrait. I wait for less hurried moments. Our cottage looks more and more beautiful. And though the weather is wet, the air is very mild, much milder than it was in London when we came away. Chichester is a very handsome city, seven miles from us. We can get most conveniences there. The country is not so destitute of accommodations to our wants as I expected it would be. We have had but little time for viewing the country, but what we have seen is most beautiful; and the people are genuine Saxons, handsomer than the people about London. Mrs. Butts will excuse the following lines:—

TO MRS. BUTTS.

Wife of the friend of those I most revere,
Receive this tribute from a harp sincere;
Go on in virtuous seed-sowing on mould
Of human vegetation, and behold
Your harvest springing to eternal life,
Parent of youthful minds, and happy wife!

W. B.

I am for ever yours,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Felpham, May 10, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

The necessary application to my duty as well to my old as new friends has prevented me from that respect I owe in particular to you. And your accustomed forgiveness of my want of dexterity in certain points emboldens me to hope that forgiveness to be continued to me a little longer, when I shall be enabled to throw off all obstructions to success.

Mr. Hayley acts like a prince. I am at complete ease. But I wish to do my duty especially to you, who were the precursor of my present fortune. I never will send you a picture unworthy of my present proficiency. I soon shall send you several. My present engagements are in miniature-painting. Miniature is become a goddess in my eyes, and my friends in Sussex say that I excel in the pursuit. I have a great many orders, and they multiply.

Now, let me entreat you to give me orders to furnish every accommodation in my power to receive you and Mrs. Butts. I know, my cottage is too narrow for your ease and comfort. We have one room in which we could make a bed to lodge you both; and if this is sufficient, it is at your service. But as beds and rooms and accommodations are easily procured by one on the spot, permit me to offer my service in either way; either in my cottage, or in a lodging in the village, as is most agreeable to you, if you and Mrs. Butts should think Bognor a pleasant relief from business in the summer. It will give me the utmost delight to do my best.

Sussex is certainly a happy place, and Felpham in particular is the sweetest spot on earth; at least it is so to me and my good wife, who desires her kindest love to Mrs. Butts and yourself. Accept mine also, and believe me to remain

Your devoted

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Sept. 11, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope you will continue to excuse my want of steady perseverance, by which want I am still your debtor, and you so much my creditor; but such as I can be, I will: I can be grateful, and I can soon send you some of your designs which I have nearly completed. In the meantime, by my sister's hands, I transmit to Mrs. Butts an attempt at your likeness, which, I hope, she who is the best judge will think like. Time flies faster (as seems to me here) than in London. I labour incessantly, and accomplish not one-half of what I intend, because my abstract folly hurries me often away while I am at work, carrying me over mountains and valleys which are not real, in a land of abstraction where spectres of the dead wander. This I endeavour to prevent, and with my whole might chain my feet to the world of duty and reality. But in vain! the faster I bind, the better is the ballast; for I, so far from being bound down, take the world with me in my flights, and often it seems lighter than a ball of wool rolled by the wind. Bacon and Newton would prescribe ways of making the world heavier to me, and Pitt would prescribe distress for a medicinal potion.

But as none on earth can give me mental distress, and I know that all distress inflicted by Heaven is a mercy, a fig for all corporeal! Such distress is my mock and scorn. Alas! wretched, happy, ineffectual labourer of Time's moments that I am! who shall deliver me from this spirit of abstraction and improvidence? Such, my dear Sir, is the truth of my state, and I tell it you in palliation of my seeming neglect of your most pleasant orders. But I have not neglected them; and yet a year is rolled over, and only now I approach the prospect of sending you some, which you may expect soon. I should have sent them by my sister; but, as the coach goes three times a week to London, and they will arrive as safe as with her, I shall have an opportunity of enclosing several together which are not yet completed. I thank you again and again for your generous forbearance, of which I have need; and now I must express my wishes to see you at Felpham, and to show you Mr. Hayley's library, which is still unfinished, but is in a finishing way and looks well. I ought also to mention my extreme disappointment at Mr. Johnson's forgetfulness, who appointed to call on you but did not. He is also a happy abstract, known by all his friends as the most innocent forgetter of his own interests. He is nephew to the late Mr. Cowper, the poet. You would like him much. I continue painting miniatures, and I improve more and more as all my friends tell me. But my principal labour at this time is engraving plates for *Cowper's Life*, a work of magnitude, which Mr. Hayley is now labouring with all his matchless industry, and which will be a most valuable acquisition to literature, not only on account of Mr. Hayley's composition, but also as it will contain letters of Cowper to his friends—perhaps, or rather certainly, the very best letters that ever were published.

My wife joins with me in love to you and Mrs. Butts, hoping that her joy is now increased, and yours also, in an increase of family and of health and happiness.

I remain, dear Sir,

Ever yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Felpham Cottage, of cottages the prettiest,
September 11, 1801.

Next time I have the happiness to see you, I am determined to paint another portrait of you from life in my best manner, for memory will not do in such minute operations; for I have now discovered that without nature before the painter's eye, he can never produce anything in the walks of

natural painting. Historical designing is one thing, and portrait-painting another, and they are as distinct as any two arts can be. Happy would that man be who could unite them!

P.S.—Please to remember our best respects to Mr. Birch, and tell him that Felpham men are the mildest of the human race. If it is the will of Providence, they shall be the wisest. We hope that he will next summer joke us face to face.

God bless you all!

Felpham, January 10, 1802.

Dear Sir,

Your very kind and affectionate letter, and the many kind things you have said in it, called upon me for an immediate answer. But it found my wife and myself so ill, and my wife so very ill, that till now I have not been able to do this duty. The ague and rheumatism have been almost her constant enemies, which she has combated in vain almost ever since we have been here, and her sickness is always my sorrow of course. But what you tell me about your sight afflicted me not a little, and that about your health, in another part of your letter, makes me entreat you to take due care of both. It is a part of our duty to God and man to take due care of His gifts; and though we ought not think *more* highly of ourselves, yet we ought to think *as* highly of ourselves as immortals ought to think.

When I came down here, I was more sanguine than I am at present; but it was because I was ignorant of many things which have since occurred, and chiefly the unhealthiness of the place. Yet I do not repent of coming on a thousand accounts; and Mr. H., I doubt not, will do ultimately all that both he and I wish—that is, to lift me out of difficulty. But this is no easy matter to a man who, having spiritual enemies of such formidable magnitude, cannot expect to want natural hidden ones.

Your approbation of my pictures is a multitude to me, and I doubt not that all your kind wishes in my behalf shall in due time be fulfilled. Your kind offer of pecuniary assistance I can only thank you for at present, because I have enough to serve my present purpose here. Our expenses are small, and our income, from our incessant labour, fully adequate to these at present. I am now engaged in engraving six small plates for a new edition of Mr. Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*, from drawings by Maria Flaxman, sister to my friend the sculptor. And it seems that other things will follow in course, if I do but copy these well. But patience! If great things do not turn out, it is because such things depend on the spiritual and not on the natural world; and if it was fit for me, I doubt not that I should be

employed in greater things; and when it is proper, my talents shall be properly exercised in public, as I hope they are now in private. For till then I leave no stone unturned, and no path unexplored that leads to improvement in my beloved arts. One thing of real consequence I have accomplished by coming into the country, which is to me consolation enough: namely, I have re-collected all my scattered thoughts on art, and resumed my primitive and original ways of execution in both painting and engraving, which in the confusion of London I had very much lost and obliterated from my mind. But whatever becomes of my labours, I would rather that they should be preserved in your greenhouse (not, as you mistakenly call it, dunghill) than in the cold gallery of fashion. The sun may yet shine, and then they will be brought into open air.

But you have so generously and openly desired that I will divide my griefs with you that I cannot hide what it has now become my duty to explain. My unhappiness has arisen from a source which, if explored too narrowly, might hurt my pecuniary circumstances; as my dependence is on engraving at present, and particularly on the engravings I have in hand for Mr. H., and I find on all hands great objections to my doing anything but the mere drudgery of business, and intimations that, if I do not confine myself to this, I shall not live. This has always pursued me. You will understand by this the source of all my uneasiness. This from Johnson and Fuseli brought me down here, and this from Mr. H. will bring me back again. For that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is certain and determined, and to this I have long made up my mind. And why this should be made an objection to me, while drunkenness, lewdness, gluttony, and even idleness itself, does not hurt other men, let Satan himself explain. The thing I have most at heart—more than life, or all that seems to make life comfortable without—is the interest of true religion and science. And whenever anything appears to affect that interest (especially if I myself omit any duty to my station as a soldier of Christ), it gives me the greatest of torments. I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you what ought to be told—that I am under the direction of messengers from heaven, daily and nightly. But the nature of such things is not, as some suppose, without trouble or care. Temptations are on the right hand and on the left. Behind, the sea of time and space roars and follows swiftly. He who keeps not right onwards is lost; and if our footsteps slide in clay, how can we do otherwise than fear and tremble? But I should not have troubled you with this account of my spiritual state, unless it had been necessary in explaining the actual cause of my uneasiness, into which you are so kind as to inquire: for I

never obtrude such things on others unless questioned, and then I never disguise the truth. But if we fear to do the dictates of our angels, and tremble at the tasks set before us; if we refuse to do spiritual acts because of natural fears or natural desires; who can describe the dismal torments of such a state!—I too well remember the threats I heard!—'If you, who are organized 'by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, refuse, and bury your talent 'in the earth, even though you should want natural bread,—sorrow and 'desperation pursue you through life, and after death shame and confusion 'of face to eternity. Every one in eternity will leave you, aghast at the man 'who was crowned with glory and honour by his brethren, and betrayed 'their cause to their enemies. You will be called the base Judas who betrayed 'his friend!'—Such words would make any stout man tremble, and how then could I be at ease? But I am now no longer in that state, and now go on again with my task, fearless though my path is difficult. I have no fear of stumbling while I keep it.

My wife desires her kindest love to Mrs. Butts, and I have permitted her to send it to you also. We often wish that we could unite again in society, and hope that the time is not distant when we shall do so, being determined not to remain another winter here, but to return to London.

> I hear a Voice you cannot hear, that says I must not stay,
> I see a Hand you cannot see, that beckons me away.

Naked we came here—naked of natural things—and naked we shall return: but while clothed with the Divine mercy, we are richly clothed in spiritual, and suffer all the rest gladly. Pray, give my love to Mrs. Butts and your family.

I am yours sincerely,
WILLIAM BLAKE.

P.S.—Your obliging proposal of exhibiting my two pictures likewise calls for my thanks; I will finish the others, and then we shall judge of the matter with certainty.

Felpham, Nov. 22, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

My brother tells me that he fears you are offended with me. I fear so too, because there appears some reason why you might be so. But when you have heard me out, you will not be so.

I have now given two years to the intense study of those parts of the art which relate to light and shade and colour, and am convinced that

either my understanding is incapable of comprehending the beauties of colouring, or the pictures which I painted for you are equal in every part of the art, and superior in one, to anything that has been done since the age of Raphael. All Sir J. Reynolds' *Discourses to the Royal Academy* will show that the Venetian finesse in art can never be united with the majesty of colouring necessary to historical beauty; and in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, author of a work on Picturesque Scenery, he says thus :—'It may be 'worth consideration whether the epithet picturesque is not applicable to 'the excellences of the inferior schools rather than to the higher. The 'works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c. appear to me to have nothing of 'it: whereas Rubens and the Venetian painters may almost be said to have 'nothing else. Perhaps *picturesque* is somewhat synonymous to the word '*taste*, which we should think improperly applied to Homer or Milton, but 'very well to Prior or Pope. I suspect that the application of these words 'is to excellences of an inferior order, and which are incompatible with 'the grand style. You are certainly right in saying that variety of tints 'and forms is picturesque; but it must be remembered, on the other hand, 'that the reverse of this (*uniformity of colour* and a *long continuation of* '*lines*) produces grandeur.' So says Sir Joshua, and so say I; for I have now proved that the parts of the art which I neglected to display, in those little pictures and drawings which I had the pleasure and profit to do for you, are incompatible with the designs. There is nothing in the art which our painters do that I can confess myself ignorant of. I also know and understand, and can assuredly affirm, that the works I have done for you are equal to the Caracci or Raphael (and I am now some years older than Raphael was when he died). I say they are equal to Caracci or Raphael, or else I am blind, stupid, ignorant, and incapable, in two years' study, to understand those things which a boarding-school miss can comprehend in a fortnight. Be assured, my dear friend, that there is not one touch in those drawings and pictures but what came from my head and my heart in unison; that I am proud of being their author, and grateful to you my employer; and that I look upon you as the chief of my friends whom I would endeavour to please, because you, among all men, have enabled me to produce these things. I would not send you a drawing or a picture till I had again reconsidered my notions of art, and had put myself back as if I was a learner. I have proved that I am right, and shall now go on with the vigour I was in my childhood famous for. But I do not pretend to be perfect; yet, if my works have faults, Caracci's, Correggio's, and Raphael's have faults also. Let me observe that the yellow-leather flesh of old men,

the ill-drawn and ugly young women, and above all, the daubed black and yellow shadows that are found in most fine, ay, and the finest pictures, I altogether reject as ruinous to effect, though connoisseurs may think otherwise.

Let me also notice that Caracci's pictures are not like Correggio's, nor Correggio's like Raphael's; and, if neither of them was to be encouraged till he did like any of the others, he must die without encouragement. My pictures are unlike any of these painters, and I would have them to be so. I think the manner I adopt more perfect than any other. No doubt they thought the same of theirs. You will be tempted to think that, as I improve, the pictures, &c. that I did for you are not what I would now wish them to be. On this I beg to say that they are what I intended them, and that I know I never shall do better; for, if I were to do them over again, they would lose as much as they gained, because they were done in the heat of my spirit.

But you will justly inquire why I have not written all this time to you. I answer I have been very unhappy, and could not think of troubling you about it, or any of my real friends (I have written many letters to you which I burned and did not send). And why I have not before now finished the miniature I promised to Mrs. Butts? I answer I have not till now in any degree pleased myself, and now I must entreat you to excuse faults, for portrait-painting is the direct contrary to designing, and historical painting in every respect. If you have not nature before you for every touch, you cannot paint portrait; and if you have nature before you at all, you cannot paint history. It was Michael Angelo's opinion and is mine. Pray give my wife's love with mine to Mrs. Butts. Assure her that it cannot be long before I have the pleasure of painting from you in person, and then that she may expect a likeness. But now I have done all I could, and know she will forgive any failure in consideration of the endeavour. And now let me finish with assuring you that, though I have been very unhappy, I am so no longer. I am again emerged into the light of day; I still and shall to eternity embrace Christianity, and adore Him who is the express image of God; but I have travelled through perils and darkness not unlike a champion. I have conquered and shall go on conquering. Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God and in the abysses of the accuser. My enthusiasm is still what it was, only enlarged and confirmed.

I now send two pictures, and hope you will approve of them. I have inclosed the account of money received and work done, which I ought long

ago to have sent you. Pray forgive errors in omission of this kind. I am incapable of many attentions which it is my duty to observe towards you, through multitude of employment, and through hope of soon seeing you again. I often omit to inquire of you, but pray let me now hear how you do, and of the welfare of your family.

Accept my sincere love and respect.

I remain yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A piece of seaweed serves for barometer, and gets wet and dry as the weather gets so.

DEAR SIR,

After I had finished my letter, I found that I had not said half what I intended to say, and in particular I wish to ask you what subject you choose to be painted on the remaining canvas which I brought down with me (for there were three), and to tell you that several of the drawings were in great forwardness. You will see by the inclosed account that the remaining number of drawings which you gave me orders for is eighteen. I will finish these with all possible expedition, if indeed I have not tired you, or, as it is politely called, *bored* you too much already; or, if you would rather, cry out, Enough, off, off! Tell me in a letter of forgiveness if you were offended, and of accustomed friendship if you were not. But I will bore you more with some verses which my wife desires me to copy out and send you with her kind love and respect. They were composed above a twelvemonth ago, while walking from Felpham to Lavant, to meet my sister:—

With happiness stretched across the hills,
In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils,
With a blue sky spread over with wings,
And a mild sun that mounts and sings;
With trees and fields, full of fairy elves,
And little devils who fight for themselves,
Remembering the verses that Hayley sung
When my heart knock'd against the root of my tongue,
With angels planted in hawthorn bowers,
And God Himself in the passing hours;
With silver angels across my way,
And golden demons that none can stay;
With my father hovering upon the wind,
And my brother Robert just behind,
And my brother John, the evil one,

In a black cloud making his moan;
Though dead, they appear upon my path,
Notwithstanding my terrible wrath:
They beg, they entreat, they drop their tears,
Fill'd full of hopes, fill'd full of fears;
With a thousand angels upon the wind,
Pouring disconsolate from behind
To drive them off, and before my way
A frowning Thistle implores my stay.
What to others a trifle appears
Fills me full of smiles or tears;
For double the vision my eyes do see,
And a double vision is always with me.
With my inward eye, 'tis an old man grey;
With my outward, a thistle across my way.
'If thou goest back,' the Thistle said,
'Thou art to endless woe betray'd;
'For here does Theotormon lower,
'And here is Enitharmon's bower,
'And Los the Terrible thus hath sworn,
'Because thou backward dost return,
'Poverty, envy, old age, and fear,
'Shall bring thy wife upon a bier.
'And Butts shall give what Fuseli gave,
'A dark black rock, and a gloomy cave.'
I struck the thistle with my foot,
And broke him up from his delving root;
'Must the duties of life each other cross?
'Must every joy be dung and dross?
'Must my dear Butts feel cold neglect
'Because I give Hayley his due respect?
'Must Flaxman look upon me as wild,
'And all my friends be with doubts beguil'd?
'Must my wife live in my sister's bane,
'Or my sister survive on my Love's pain?
'The curses of Los, the terrible shade,
'And his dismal terrors make me afraid.'

So I spoke, and struck in my wrath
The old man weltering upon my path
Then Los appeared in all his power:
In the sun he appeared, descending before
My face in fierce flames; in my double sight,
'Twas outward a sun,—inward, Los in his might.
'My hands are labour'd day and night,
'And ease comes never in my sight.
'My wife has no indulgence given,

'Except what comes to her from heaven.
'We eat little, we drink less;
'This earth breeds not our happiness.
'Another sun feeds our life's streams;
'We are not warmèd with thy beams.
'Thou measurest not the time to me,
'Nor yet the space that I do see:
'My mind is not with thy light array'd;
'Thy terrors shall not make me afraid.'

When I had my defiance given,
The sun stood trembling in heaven;
The moon, that glow'd remote below,
Became leprous and white as snow;
And every soul of man on the earth
Felt affliction, and sorrow, and sickness, and dearth.
Los flam'd in my path, and the sun was hot
With the bows of my mind and the arrows of thought:
My bowstring fierce with ardour breathes,
My arrows glow in their golden sheaves;
My brother and father march before,
The heavens drop with human gore.

Now I a fourfold vision seè
And a fourfold vision is given to me;
'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight,
And threefold in soft Beulah's night,
And twofold always. May God us keep
From single vision, and Newton's sleep!

I also enclose you some ballads by Mr. Hayley, with prints to them by your humble servant. I should have sent them before now, but could not get anything done for you to please myself; for I do assure you that I have truly studied the two little pictures I now send, and do not repent of the time I have spent upon them.

God bless you!

Yours,
W. B.

P.S.—I have taken the liberty to trouble you with a letter to my brother, which you will be so kind as to send or give him, and oblige yours, W. B.

April 25, 1803.

My dear Sir,

I write in haste, having received a pressing letter from my Brother I intended to have sent the Picture of the Riposo, which is nearly finished

much to my satisfaction, but not quite. You shall have it soon. I now send the four numbers for Mr. Birch with best respects to him. The reason the Ballads have been suspended is the pressure of other business, but they will go on again soon.

Accept of my thanks for your kind and heartening letter. You have faith in the endeavours of me, your weak brother and fellow-disciple; how great must be your faith in our Divine Master! You are to me a lesson of humility, while you exalt me by such distinguishing commendations. I know that you see certain merits in me, which, by God's grace, shall be made fully apparent and perfect in Eternity. In the meantime I must not bury the talents in the earth, but do my endeavour to live to the glory of our Lord and Saviour; and I am also grateful to the kind hand that endeavours to lift me out of despondency, even if it lifts me too high.

And now, my dear Sir, congratulate me on my return to London with the full approbation of Mr. Hayley and with promise. But alas! now I may say to you—what perhaps I should not dare to say to any one else—that I can alone carry on my visionary studies in London unannoyed, and that I may converse with my friends in Eternity, see visions, dream dreams, and prophecy and speak parables, unobserved, and at liberty from the doubts of other mortals: perhaps doubts proceeding from kindness; but doubts are always pernicious, especially when we doubt our friends. Christ is very decided on this point: 'He who is not with me is against me.' There is no medium or middle state; and if a man is the enemy of my spiritual life while he pretends to be the friend of my corporeal, he is a real enemy; but the man may be the friend of my spiritual life while he seems the enemy of my corporeal, though not *vice versâ*.

What is very pleasant, every one who hears of my going to London again applauds it as the only course for the interest of all concerned in my works; observing that I ought not to be away from the opportunities London affords of seeing fine pictures, and the various improvements in works of art going on in London.

But none can know the spiritual acts of my three years' slumber on the banks of Ocean, unless he has seen them in the spirit, or unless he should read my long Poem* descriptive of those acts; for I have in these years composed an immense number of verses on one grand theme, similar to Homer's *Iliad* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*; the persons and machinery entirely new to the inhabitants of earth (some of the persons excepted). I have written this Poem from immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes

(* The Jerusalem.)

twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation, and even against my will. The time it has taken in writing was thus rendered non-existent, and an immense Poem exists which seems to be the labour of a long life, all produced without labour or study. I mention this to show you what I think the grand reason of my being brought down here.

I have a thousand and ten thousand things to say to you. My heart is full of futurity. I perceive that the sore travail which has been given me these three years leads to glory and honour. I rejoice and tremble: 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' I had been reading the CXXXIX. Psalm a little before your letter arrived. I take your advice. I see the face of my Heavenly Father: He lays His hand upon my head, and gives a blessing to all my work. Why should I be troubled? Why should my heart and flesh cry out? I will go on in the strength of the Lord; through Hell will I sing forth His praises: that the dragons of the deep may praise Him, and that those who dwell in darkness, and in the sea coasts, may be gathered into His kingdom. Excuse my perhaps too great enthusiasm. Please to accept of and give our loves to Mrs. Butts and your amiable family, and believe me Ever yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Felpham, July 6, 1803.

DEAR SIR,

I send you the Riposo, which I hope you will think my best picture in many respects. It represents the Holy Family in Egypt, guarded in their repose from those fiends the Egyptian gods. And though not directly taken from a Poem of Milton's (for till I had designed it Milton's Poem did not come into my thoughts), yet it is very similar to his Hymn on the Nativity, which you will find among his smaller Poems, and will read with great delight. I have given in the background a building, which may be supposed the ruin of a part of Nimrod's Tower, which I conjecture to have spread over many countries; for he ought to be reckoned of the Giant brood.

I have now on the stocks the following drawings for you:—1. Jephthah sacrificing his Daughter; 2. Ruth and her Mother-in-law and Sister; 3. The Three Maries at the Sepulchre; 4. The Death of Joseph; 5. The Death of the Virgin Mary; 6. St. Paul preaching; and 7. The Angel of the Divine Presence clothing Adam and Eve with coats of skins.

These are all in great forwardness, and I am satisfied that I improve very much, and shall continue to do so while I live, which is a blessing I can never be too thankful for both to God and man.

We look forward every day with pleasure toward our meeting again in

London with those whom we have learned to value by absence no less perhaps than we did by presence; for recollection often surpasses everything. Indeed, the prospect of returning to our friends is supremely delightful. Then I am determined that Mrs. Butts shall have a good likeness of you, if I have hands and eyes left; for I am become a likeness-taker, and succeed admirably well. But this is not to be achieved without the original sitting before you for every touch, all likenesses from memory being necessarily very, very defective; but Nature and Fancy are two things, and can never be joined, neither ought any one to attempt it, for it is idolatry, and destroys the Soul.

I ought to tell you that Mr. H. is quite agreeable to our return, and that there is all the appearance in the world of our being fully employed in engraving for his projected works, particularly Cowper's *Milton*—a work now on foot by subscription, and I understand that the subscription goes on briskly. This work is to be a very elegant one, and to consist of all Milton's Poems with Cowper's Notes, and translations by Cowper from Milton's Latin and Italian Poems. These works will be ornamented with engravings from designs by Romney, Flaxman, and your humble servant, and to be engraved also by the last-mentioned. The profits of the work are intended to be appropriated to erect a monument to the memory of Cowper in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. Such is the project; and Mr. Addington and Mr. Pitt are both among the subscribers, which are already numerous and of the first rank. The price of the work is six guineas. Thus I hope that all our three years' trouble ends in good-luck at last, and shall be forgot by my affections, and only remembered by my understanding, to be a memento in time to come, and to speak to future generations by a sublime allegory, which is now perfectly completed into a grand Poem. I may praise it, since I dare not pretend to be any other than the secretary; the authors are in Eternity. I consider it as the grandest Poem that this world contains. Allegory addressed to the intellectual powers, while it is altogether hidden from the corporeal understanding, is my definition of the most sublime Poetry. It is also somewhat in the same manner defined by Plato. This Poem shall, by Divine assistance, be progressively printed and ornamented with prints, and given to the Public. But of this work I take care to say little to Mr. H., since he is as much averse to my Poetry as he is to a chapter in the Bible. He knows that I have writ it, for I have shown it to him, and he has read part by his own desire, and has looked with sufficient contempt to enhance my opinion of it. But I do not wish to imitate by seeming too obstinate in poetic pursuits. But if all the world

should set their faces against this, I have orders to set my face like a flint (Ezekiel iii. 8.) against their faces, and my forehead against their foreheads.

As to Mr. H., I feel myself at liberty to say as follows upon this ticklish subject. I regard fashion in Poetry as little as I do in Painting: so, if both Poets and Painters should alternately dislike (but I know the majority of them will not), I am not to regard it at all. But Mr. H. approves of my Designs as little as he does of my Poems, and I have been forced to insist on his leaving me, in both, to my own self-will; for I am determined to be no longer pestered with his genteel ignorance and polite disapprobation. I know myself both Poet and Painter, and it is not his affected contempt that can move to anything but a more assiduous pursuit of both arts. Indeed, by my late firmness, I have brought down his affected loftiness, and he begins to think I have some genius: as if genius and assurance were the same thing! But his imbecile attempts to depress me only deserve laughter. I say thus much to you, knowing that you will not make a bad use of it. But it is a fact too true that, if I had only depended on mortal things, both myself and my wife must have been lost. I shall leave every one in this country astonished at my patience and forbearance of injuries upon injuries; and I do assure you that, if I could have returned to London a month after my arrival here, I should have done so. But I was commanded by my spiritual friends to bear all and be silent, and to go through all without murmuring, and, in fine, [to] hope till my three years should be almost accomplished; at which time I was set at liberty to remonstrate against former conduct, and to demand justice and truth; which I have done in so effectual a manner that my antagonist is silenced completely, and I have compelled what should have been of freedom—my just right as an artist and as a man. And if any attempt should be made to refuse me this I am inflexible, and will relinquish any engagement of designing at all, unless altogether left to my own judgment, as you, my dear friend, have always left me; for which I shall never cease to honour and respect you.

When we meet, I will perfectly describe to you my conduct and the conduct of others towards me, and you will see that I have laboured hard indeed, and have been borne on angels' wings. Till we meet I beg of God our Saviour to be with you and me, and yours and mine. Pray give my and my wife's love to Mrs. Butts and family, and believe me to remain

Yours in truth and sincerity,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Felpham, August 16, 1803.

DEAR SIR,'

I send seven Drawings, which I hope will please you. This, I believe, about balances our account. Our return to London draws on apace. Our expectation of meeting again with you is one of our greatest pleasures. Pray tell me how your eyes do. I never sit down to work but I think of you, and feel anxious for the sight of that friend whose eyes have done me so much good. I omitted, very unaccountably, to copy out in my last letter that passage in my rough sketch, which related to your kindness in offering to exhibit my two last pictures in the Gallery in Berners-street. It was in these words: 'I sincerely thank you for your kind offer of exhibiting my two 'pictures. The trouble you take on my account, I trust, will be recompensed 'to you by Him who seeth in secret. If you should find it convenient to do 'so, it will be gratefully remembered by me among the other numerous 'kindnesses I have received from you.'

I go on with the remaining subjects which you gave me commission to execute for you; but I shall not be able to send any more before my return, though, perhaps, I may bring some with me finished. I am at present in a bustle to defend myself against a very unwarrantable warrant from a justice of peace in Chichester, which was taken out against me by a private in Captain Leathes' troop of 1st or Royal Dragoons, for an assault and seditious words. The wretched man has terribly perjured himself, as has his comrade; for, as to sedition, not one word relating to the King or Government was spoken by either him or me. His enmity arises from my having turned him out of my garden, into which he was invited as an assistant by a gardener at work therein, without my knowledge that he was so invited. I desired him, as politely as possible, to go out of the garden; he made me an impertinent answer. I insisted on his leaving the garden; he refused. I still persisted in desiring his departure. He then threatened to knock out my eyes, with many abominable imprecations, and with some contempt for my person; it affronted my foolish pride. I therefore took him by the elbows, and pushed him before me till I had got him out. There I intended to have left him; but he, turning about, put himself into a posture of defiance, threatening and swearing at me. I, perhaps foolishly and perhaps not, stepped out at the gate, and, putting aside his blows, took him again by the elbows, and, keeping his back to me, pushed him forward down the road about fifty yards—he all the while endeavouring to turn round and strike me,

and raging and cursing, which drew out several neighbours. At length, when I had got him to where he was quartered, which was very quickly done, we were met at the gate by the master of the house—the Fox Inn—(who is the proprietor of my cottage) and his wife and daughter, and the man's comrade, and several other people. My landlord compelled the soldiers to go indoors, after many abusive threats against me and my wife from the two soldiers; but not one word of threat on account of sedition was uttered at that time. This method of revenge was planned between them after they had got together into the stable. This is the whole outline. I have for witnesses:—the gardener, who is ostler at the Fox, and who evidences that to his knowledge no word of the remotest tendency to Government or sedition was uttered; our next-door neighbour, a miller's wife (who saw me turn him before me down the road, and saw and heard all that happened at the gate of the inn), who evidences that no expression of threatening on account of sedition was uttered in the heat of their fury by either of the dragoons. This was the woman's own remark, and does high honour to her good sense, as she observes that, whenever a quarrel happens, the offence is always repeated. The landlord of the inn and his wife and daughter will evidence the same, and will evidently prove the comrade perjured, who swore that he heard me, while at the gate, utter seditious words, and d——— the K———, without which perjury I could not have been committed, and I had no witnesses with me before the justices who could combat his assertion, as the gardener remained in my garden all the while, and he was the only person I thought necessary to take with me. I have been before a bench of justices at Chichester this morning; but they, as the lawyer who wrote down the accusation told me in private, are compelled by the military to suffer a prosecution to be entered into, although they must know, and it is manifest, that the whole is a fabricated perjury. I have been forced to find bail. Mr. Hayley was kind enough to come forward, and Mr. Seagrave, printer at Chichester; Mr. H. in £100, and Mr. S. in £50, and myself am bound in £100 for my appearance at the quarter-sessions, which is after Michaelmas. So I shall have the satisfaction to see my friends in town before this contemptible business comes on. I say contemptible, for it must be manifest to every one that the whole accusation is a wilful perjury. Thus you see, my dear friend, that I cannot leave this place without some adventure. It has struck a consternation through all the villages round. Every man is now afraid of speaking to, or looking at, a soldier: for the peaceable villagers have always been forward in expressing their kindness for us, and they express their sorrow at our departure as soon as they hear of it. Every one

here is my evidence for peace and good neighbourhood; and yet, such is the present state of things, this foolish accusation must be tried in public. Well, I am content, I murmur not, and doubt not that I shall receive justice, and am only sorry for the trouble and expense. I have heard that my accuser is a disgraced sergeant: his name is John Scholfield. Perhaps it will be in your power to learn somewhat about the man. I am very ignorant of what I am requesting of you; I only suggest what I know you will be kind enough to excuse if you can learn nothing about him, and what I as well know, if it is possible, you will be kind enough to do in this matter.

Dear Sir, this perhaps was suffered to clear up some doubts, and to give opportunity to those whom I doubted to clear themselves of all imputation. If a man offends me ignorantly, and not designedly, surely I ought to consider him with favour and affection. Perhaps the simplicity of myself is the origin of all offences committed against me. If I have found this, I shall have learned a most valuable thing, well worth three years' perseverance. I *have* found it. It is certain that a too passive manner, inconsistent with my active physiognomy, had done me much mischief. I must now express to you my conviction that all is come from the spiritual world for good and not for evil.

Give me your advice in my perilous adventure. Burn what I have peevishly written about any friend. I have been very much degraded and injuriously treated; but if it all arise from my own fault, I ought to blame myself.

O why was I born with a different face?
Why was I not born like the rest of my race?
When I look, each one starts; when I speak, I offend;
Then I'm silent and passive, and lose every friend.

Then my verse I dishonour, my pictures despise;
My person degrade, and my temper chastise;
And the pen is my terror, the pencil my shame;
All my talents I bury, and dead is my fame.
I am either too low or too highly priz'd;
When elate I'm envy'd, when meek I'm despis'd.

This is but too just a picture of my present state. I pray God to keep you and all men from it, and to deliver me in His own good time. Pray write to me, and tell me how you and your family enjoy health. My much-terrified wife joins me in love to you and Mrs. Butts and all your family. I again take the liberty to beg of you to cause the enclosed letter to be delivered to my brother, and remain sincerely and affectionately

Yours, WILLIAM BLAKE.

[The ensuing Descriptive Catalogue—a humble tribute to the soaring genius of the author of *the* 'Descriptive Catalogue'—is a complete list, as far as it has been found practicable to compile one, of all Blake's original works. It takes no count of engravings; though it does include the works issued as separate designs in Blake's peculiar method of colour-printing. The term 'colour-printed' in the Catalogue indicates these works; and enough has been said on this curious question in other parts of the book to absolve me from discussing it here.

The Catalogue has been compiled by me, in the very great majority of instances, from immediate personal inspection of the works referred to; to the owners of which, uniformly courteous and accommodating to the utmost, my thanks are most sincerely tendered. In other instances, I have been indebted to Mr. Gilchrist's notes, or to other sources of information. The works which have not been thus seen, and some which, from one circumstance or another, have been seen hurriedly or imperfectly, are, as an unavoidable consequence, referred to in less detail than their relative importance might be found to deserve. The interest attaching to the great collection of Blake's works formed by his almost solitary purchaser, Mr. Butts, has induced me to specify which were once his, even in the instances where they have passed out of the family. In some cases, the owners have not been traced: in others, the imputed ownership has probably ceased to be correct.

The larger works are roughly indicated in the catalogue; the standard of largeness for a water-colour or pencil-drawing being of course different from that for a tempera-picture. Something over a foot for the former, and towards two feet for the latter, may be assumed as the average minimum to which the sign of considerable size is attached; but this has been roughly, not accurately, and no doubt not always uniformly, estimated.

The reader should also bear in mind that the exact *relative* excellence of the several works cannot be fully expressed work by work. It has already been explained elsewhere that the most complete, solid, and powerful works in colour left by Blake are to be found among his colour-printed designs. His water-colours are all, comparatively speaking, washy and slight: but some have a general character of strength, brilliancy, &c. of execution; and these may be spoken of below, with the needful implied reservation, as strong and brilliant.

W. M. Rossetti.]

ANNOTATED LISTS

OF

BLAKE'S PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND ENGRAVINGS.

LIST No. 1.

WORKS IN COLOUR.

* *Means considerable size. The works not otherwise defined are known or assumed to be water-colours. To designs which have been engraved the dates of the engravings or books are given, unless anything is known to the contrary.*

SECTION A.—DATED WORKS.

ARRANGED IN ORDER OF DATE.

*** *The name of the owner of the picture is printed between brackets* [ ].

1. 1778-9.—The Penance of Jane Shore in St. Paul's Church. *Varnished Water-colour.* See p. 31, Vol. I., and Blake's Descriptive Catalogue.

2. Circa 1779.—King Edward and Queen Eleanor. See pp. 30, 31. Vol. I.

3. 1780.—The Death of Earl Goodwin. See p. 34. Vol. I.

4. 1784.—War unchained by an Angel—Fire, Pestilence, and Famine following. See p. 54. Vol. I.

5. 1784.—A Breach in a City—the Morning after a Battle. See p. 54. Vol. I. [In Mr. Bicknell's Sale, 1863.]

   The colour slight, but the tone strong and full, with the darkness of earliest dawn. Women lie mourning over the heaped dead: a widow bemoaning her knight, and a woman and aged man proceeding upon their search, are the chief figures, the subject being prolonged far into the background. An eagle has settled to the left, watching for the departure of the mourners, impatient till his banquet begins. Able and impressive. (This was called, in the sale Catalogue, 'The Plague:' decidedly a mistake.)

6. 1785.—The Bard, from Gray. *Tempera.* See p. 56. Vol. I.

7. 1785.—Joseph's Brethren bowing before him. [Mr. J. D. Coleridge.] See p. 56. Vol. I.

   The colour does not play any very considerable part in this and the two companion designs. The brothers form a grand, sheaf-like group.

8. 1785.—Joseph ordering Simeon to be bound. [Mr. J. D. Coleridge.] See preceding No. and p. 56. Vol. I.

9. 1785.—Joseph making himself known to his Brethren. [Mr. J. D. Coleridge.]

   Remarkable for its bursting spontaneity of emotion. The figure of Joseph is especially pure and impulsive. (Nos. 7, 8, and 9 appeared in the International Exhibition.)

10. 1790.—'Death and Hell teem with life.' [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]
    Carefully finished: engraved in the 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell,' leaf 10.

11. 1793.—A Young Man gazing remorsefully upon another bound upon a rock. [Mr. Linnell.]

    Similar to the head-piece of the 'America,' but without the female figure, and a good deal larger. Darkish tone of colouring.

12. 1793.—Design for the Frontispiece to the 'Daughters of Albion.' [Mr. Linnell.]

    Excellent in colour.

13. 1793 or 1795.—*Nebuchadnezzar. [Captain Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

    Crawling on all fours in his shaggy insanity. The tawny beard trails across the left hand: the nails are *literally* 'like birds' claws,' and the flesh tints very red and 'beefy.' The glaring eyes, too, have almost lost their human character. The background represents a thick jungle. A fine, wild conception. Mr. Stirling and Mr. Palgrave have other impressions of this print, which (as in similar cases afterwards named) differ in the details and merit of the colour and handling. The figure is almost identical with the one engraved at p. 89. Vol. I.

14. 1794.—Design for the Title Page to the 'Europe.' [Mr. Linnell.]

    Includes a human figure not given in the engraving. The serpent, as usual, is admirable.

15. 1794.—Design from the 'Europe' of a Man at a Forge, with a Woman and a Youth. [Mr. Linnell.]
    Carefully coloured.

16. 1794.—A Young Man rescuing a Woman and Girl from a Conflagration. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

    Identical, or nearly so, with the tail-piece to the 'Europe.' The colour rather harsh.

17. 1795.—The Lazar House, from Milton; called also 'The House of Death,' by Blake. [Capt. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

    Very powerful and awful. Three of the diseased are writhing upon a mat on the ground, two others are behind. Death and Despair are also present, as in Milton. The former, a vast figure, with closed eyes, a prodigious beard like tongues of flame, and arrowlike fire darting around him, appears at the summit of the group, with outstretched arms and scroll, or, perhaps, winding-sheet. The latter is a livid-green man, with a long bolt or goad in his hand, eyeing his victims with stony scrutiny. Mr. Harvey, of Cookspur-street, has a duplicate of this great work, paler in tint.

18. 1795.—Elohim creating Adam. [Capt. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

The Creator is an amazingly grand figure, worthy of a primeval imagination or intuition. He is struggling, as it were, above Adam, who lies distended on the ground, a serpent twined around one leg. The colour has a terrible power in it; and the entire design is truly a mighty one—perhaps on the whole the greatest monument extant of Blake's genius.

19. 1795.—Lamech and his two Wives. [Capt. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

Lamech looks with horrid remorse upon the young man he has slain: his wives, beautifully grouped, cling together in dismay. Extra Blakeian in character and drawing. There is a great effect of dark sky and hills, their edges dimly defined in glimmering light.

20. 1795.—The Good and Evil Angels struggling for possession of a Child. [Capt. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

The Good Angel holds the Child—the Evil one, enveloped in flames, seeks to seize it; his eyes are mere sightless balls. A strong specimen of Blake's solid colour, and energetic form and action.

21. 1795.—Elijah mounted in the Fiery Chariot. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.] *Colour-printed.*

Elijah lays hold of the rein with his right hand: his left is upon a book placed on his knees. He is draped—but Elisha, who stands before him, with joined hands, lost in a flood of beard, is perfectly naked, and looks as ancient as Elijah. The horses seem compact of fire; fire flows out in place of chariot-wheels; behind Elijah, a sphere of rolling red flame; for sky, a blaze of yellow. A magnificent work—awful and preterhuman in its impression, even to the length of the Prophets' beards. The colour very solid, and austerely luminous. Capt. Butts has a duplicate of this, somewhat more positive and less excellent in colour. Another duplicate has black, instead of yellow, behind and upon the rays.

22. 1795.—Newton. [Capt. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

A sitting naked figure among the rocks, stooping with compasses, wherewith he is measuring on the ground. Remarkably grand in action and manner, and full in the colour of the sky and rocky bank, for the peculiar execution of which see p. 376. Vol. I.

23. 1799 (?).—The Last Supper. [Mr. Strange, Highgate, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The group are reclined at table in the antique mode—a point seldom or never introduced in art. Judas is so absorbed in counting over the thirty pieces of silver covertly in the palm of his hand that he remains deaf to what is being said. The effect of the lights scintillates upon a dark ground. A very interesting and, on the whole, fine picture: probably the one exhibited in the Academy (p. 144, Vol. I.).

24. 1799.—Charity. [From Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Charity is embodied in a female figure: there are various other figures in the composition.

25. 1799.—Rachel giving Joseph the Coat of many Colours. (?) [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The aged Israel, the still blooming and lovely Rachel, and the naked boy Joseph, form a fine group of Blake's patriarchal style. Golden, but nearly colourless, in tint, with a blue sky. The supposed 'coat of many colours' is only coloured with a blue arabesque pattern.

26. 1799.—The Adoration of the Kings. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

A pretty, sweet picture, with abundance of rich material.

27. 1799.—'The Sons of God saw the Daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.' (?) [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

An old man, a woman, an angel, and six children, under a fruit-tree; the woman is a charming figure. Interesting in conception, if the subject is as surmised.

28. 1799 (?).—St. Matthew. [Mr. W. M. Rossetti, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Vigorously conceived. The Angel, typically associated with St. Matthew, is showing him a roll, written with blood-red characters of the Hebrew type—the record of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Matthew starts back amazed at the riches of the grace of God.

29. 1799 (?).—St. Mark. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.* (?)

30. 1799.—St. Luke. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

He holds a pen, and is accompanied by the typical bull. Almost destroyed in surface. This picture, being dated, may be presumed to fix the date of the three companion-figures.

31. 1799 (?).—St. John. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.* (?)

32. 1799.—The child Christ taught by the Virgin to read. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

An inferior specimen.

33. Circa 1799 (?).—'A spirit vaulting from a cloud
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus.'—SHAKESPEARE.
Unfinished. See p. 138. Vol. II.

The date is *conjectured*, from the statement (as above) that the work, one of Blake's first 'frescoes,' was painted many years before the date of the Catalogue (1809).

34. Circa 1801.—* EIGHTEEN HEADS of the Poets. [Mr. Wm. Russell.] *Tempera.* See p. 166. Vol. I.

These heads are nearly life-sized, each painted on a separate canvas; the heads themselves almost or quite colourless, with the character of sculptural busts, the accessories mostly coloured, within decorative limits, and illustrative of the author's genius or works. An interesting series. (The statement in the text, p. 166, that the Heads are but ten in number, is inaccurate: Mr. Russell has succeeded in re-uniting the entire series.)

(*a*) Homer.

Younger than he is usually represented, and full of life; one of the finest of the set, the colour well harmonized. Bay-wreath. Curiously enough, the illustrative accessories selected are the Mouse and Frog, very cleverly done, indicating no higher achievement in poetry than the Batrachomyomachia.

(*b*) Euripides, or another of the Greek Tragedians.

A good head. Oak-wreath. Accessories from classic legend.

(*c*) Lucan.

Accessories—Cæsar and the Decapitation of Pompey.

(*d*) Dante.

Vivid and grand: wreath and framing of bay, fine in decorative arrangement Accessory; Ugolino.

(*e*) Chaucer.

Accessories, the Wife of Bath, &c.

(*f*) Spenser.

Accessories from the Faery Queen.

(*g*) Tasso.

Accessories, a figure of a woman in prayer, &c.

(*h*) Shakespeare.

Like the Droeshout portrait, which Blake rated highly. Accessories, Hamlet and the Ghost.

(*i*) Sidney.

A good, portrait-like head, in armour.

(*j*) Camoens.

Undisguisedly one-eyed: good. Accessory, an anchor.

(*k*) Milton.

More than usually worked up. Wreath of bay and oak intertwined. Accessories, the Serpent holding the apple in his mouth, and a harp against a palm-tree.

(*l*) Dryden.

Good; greatly dilapidated at one side. Accessory, Alexander's Feast.

(*m*) Otway.

An able, thoughtful head. Accessories, the City of Venice, unspeakably unlike it, and the appeal of Belvidera to Jaffier.

(*n*) Pope.

Wreath, ivy and other leaves. Accessories, Heloisa praying, and another female figure not easy to identify; both agreeable.

(*o*) Young.

Wreath, bramble and palm. Accessory, a figure which may stand for a Recording Angel.

(*p*) Cowper.

Still more colourless than usual. Wreath of lily-in-the-valley. Accessories, a dog and a schoolboy.

(*q*) Voltaire.

Young and extremely sprightly. The wreath is distinguished from all the others by the variety and brightness of its floral colours—honeysuckle, convolvulus, pimpernel, &c.; a rather curious distinction, as one is not at all accustomed to associate the idea of Voltaire with any special vividness of natural beauty. Accessories, the Pucelle d'Orléans (disappointing) and some knights.

(*r*) Hayley.

A pleasing, youngish face.

35. 1801.—Portrait of Mr. Butts, Sen. [Capt. Butts.] *Miniature.*

Half-length. An unpretending but by no means unsatisfactory example of miniature-painting. The sitter, with powdered hair and dark eyes, in an artillery uniform, holds a book.

36. 1802 (?).—*Adam naming the Beasts. [Mr. Stirling, M.P. from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Bust: front face. See p. 169, Vol. I. as to this subject, as frontispiece to Hayley's Ballads.

37. 1802.—*Eve naming the Birds. [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Bust: front face. The pretty turn of thought evidenced in this as connected with the preceding subject will not be missed.

38. 1802.—Portrait of the Rev. J. Johnson. *Miniature.* See p. 165. Vol. I.

39. 1803.—The Riposo (Repose in the Flight to Egypt). [From Mr. Butts.]

Described in Blake's letter, p. 193. Vol. II. The Riposo now in the possession of Captain Butts, No. 136, does not strictly correspond with the description, nor yet the one belonging to Mr. Milnes, No. 69.

40. 1803.—*St. Paul preaching in Athens. [Mrs. de Putron, Rodmell Rectory, from Mr. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

Mentioned in the account printed at p. 256. Vol. II.

41. 1803.—*The Three Maries, with the Angel at the Sepulchre. [Capt. Butts.]

The Angel is just floating above the ground: the Maries, arrested by the sight, hold together, unknowing what to think. Very fine and mystic-looking.

42. 1803.—*The Death of the Virgin Mary—(inscribed) 'Then saith He to the Disciple, "Behold thy Mother!" And from that hour that Disciple took her unto his own home.' [Capt. Butts.]

Mary has just yielded up her breath: Angels attend her bed, head and foot. Above her, and within a rainbow composed of angel-heads, stands John. Impressive: the figures standing out almost wholly colourless upon a more than usually high-coloured background.

43. 1803.—*The Death of St. Joseph—(inscribed) 'Into Thine hand I commend my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth.'. [Capt. Butts.]

The companion design to the preceding, strictly corresponding with it in such details as the rainbow. The group of Joseph tended by Jesus and Mary is a fine one, and the effect of light and colour very vivid: though the general quality of execution aimed at is not in all respects that most suitable to Blake.

44. 1803.—The Sacrifice of Jephthah's Daughter. [Capt. Butts.]

The loveliness and pathos of innocent girlhood could not be more gloriously expressed than in this figure of the fair young creature, perfectly naked and rose-chapleted, kneeling upon a lofty altar, full-fronting the spectator. Swathes of rushes for burning are behind her: at either side, her tambourine and lyre. Two maidens stand sorrowfully at each angle of the altar. Jephthah kneels in front, his back turned, his arms wide-spread, invoking the divine sanction upon the tremendous deed. To right and to left, clouds, here louring in brown, there blue, droop like heavy folds of curtain. This ranks among Blake's noblest designs.

45. 1803.—'I was naked.' 'Unto Adam and his Wife did the Lord God make coats of skins.' [Capt. Butts.]

'The Angel of the Divine Presence' (so phrased by Blake) encircles with downward arms Adam and Eve, both of whom clasp hands of humble gratitude: the Eve is exquisitely modest. Palm-trees over-canopy the group; an altar burns at each side. Very fine in quality, though the execution, especially in the figures, is not carried far.

46. 1803.—Ruth, the dutiful Daughter-in-law. [Capt. Butts.]

Extremely beautiful: the figures of Ruth herself and Naomi, the former clasping the latter round the waist, could not be designed with a more noble and pure simplicity. Orpah turns back. There is a good deal of landscape material in the background, of a rather primitive kind, yet pleasing. See pp. 142-3. Vol. II.

47. Circa 1803 (?).—Satan calling up his Legions—Paradise Lost. *Tempera.* See p. 139. Vol. II.

Blake terms this and Nos. 81 and 82 'Experiment Pictures.' All of them, it would seem, were free from oil-vehicle. Date conjectured, as in the case of No. 33.

48. Circa 1804 (?).—The same. [Lord Leconfield.] *Tempera.*

Referred to at p. 139, Vol. II. An elaborate, fine, and richly-coloured example, now half-ruined. The Satan, a nude figure standing on a rock, is not like the Fuseli type in such subjects. The composition is full of figures, flames, and rocks.

49. 1804.—A man at an anvil talking to a Spirit. [Mr. Evans, Strand.]

Published in the 'Jerusalem.'

50. 1804.—Three personages, one of them crowned, sunk in despondency. [Mr. Harvey, Cockspur Street.]

Published in the 'Jerusalem,' p. 51; lugubrious in colour. In the water-colour, this very characteristic design has the names 'Vala, Hyle, Skofeld,' written under the figures—Vala being the crowned one. Possibly the name Skofeld is derived from the soldier Scholfield, who laid an information against Blake for seditious words.

51. 1804.—The same design as the preceding. [Mr. Linnell.]

Of larger size, and without the names. Very good.

52. 1805.—'After these things came Jesus and His Disciples into the land of Judæa; and there he tarried with them, and baptized.'—John iii. 22. [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.] *Water-colour with pen outline.*

Evidently treated with a kind of symbolic bearing upon baptism as a part of the Christian scheme; Christ stands as baptizer at a font, as it were in a Church. There are several other figures. The colour is pale and sweet. The account printed at p. 256 seems to show that more than usual pains were bestowed upon this water-colour.

53. 1805.—Moses striking the Rock. [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

Not very impressive at first sight, yet powerful in expression of the subject in the group of thirsting Israelites, some dozen or less in number. The principal male figure is taking measures for helping an infant first.

54. Circa 1805.—Fire. [Capt. Butts.]

Blake, the supreme painter of fire, in this his typical picture of fire, is at his greatest; perhaps it is not in the power of art to transcend this treatment of the subject in its essential features. The water-colour is unusually complete in execution. The conflagration, horrid in glare, horrid in gloom, fills the background; its javelin-like cones surge up amid conical forms of buildings ('Langham Church steeples,' they may be called, as in No. 151). In front, an old man receives from two youths a box and a bundle which they have recovered; two mothers and several children crouch and shudder, overwhelmed; other figures behind are running about, bewildered what to do next.

55. 1805.—*Plague. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Water-colour with pen outline.*

The admirable design engraved to face p. 54, Vol. I.: slight in colour.

56. 1805.—Pestilence—The Death of the First-born. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Water-colour with pen outline.*

A vast scaled demon, green and many-tinted, pours deadly influence from his outstretched arms. The figures rushing together scared, by pale torch-light, to find themselves each bereaved, are powerfully rendered. In the centre, between the demon's legs, is seen a small Israelitish house, with an Angel in the doorway. Dark effect.

57. 1805.—*Famine. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Very terrible and grimly quiet, though not remarkable in executive respects; the colour laid in pale. A child seeks the breast of its dead mother; a young woman paces about objectless and desolate; a man strips with his teeth the flesh off the arm of a naked corpse, while a woman, with famine-wrung features, turns away in horror. For scenery, a gaunt, leafless tree; the entrance to a savagely bare building like a sepulchre; and unclad hills, under an ordinary sky.

58. 1805.—The Whirlwind—Ezekiel's vision of the Cherubim and Eyed Wheels. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Not sightly in execution, but the Eyed Wheels very curious and living. The Deity is above; Ezekiel, very small comparatively to the other figures, lies below.

59. 1805.—*Samson bursting his bonds. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Samson has too much of an operatic aspect, yet the essentials of the subject are fully rendered. Dalilah, behind him, stares in dismay at the upshot of her conspiracy; three mailed Philistines make off to the left, crowding each other in their precipitation—an admirable group for consentaneous motion. The colour is rather neutral.

60. 1805.—*Samson subdued. [Capt. Butts.]

Energetic and fine in the composition and actions. Of Samson the back only is seen; he lies wholly naked, and quite hairless now save towards the nape of the neck, slumbering upon the knees of Dalilah, herself semi-nude, and with an air of triumph. Three Philistine warriors, very carelessly drawn, look in timidly from behind a curtain. Pale in colour.

61. 1805.—Noah and the Rainbow. [From Mr. Butts.]

Mentioned in the account printed at p. 256. Vol. II.

62. 1805.—'Thou art fairer than the children of men. . . . Gird Thee with Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou Most Mighty, according to Thy worship and renown.'—Psalm xlv. [Capt. Butts.] *Water-colour over a strong ground of pencilling.*

Pale, and with a slovenly aspect, through the method of execution, though fine upon inspection. The Son of God is represented seated in heaven, reading in a book; two Angels are beside him, with grounded swords swathed in flame. These figures stand out upon a sky strong in rayed light.

63. 1805.—The Four and Twenty Elders casting their Crowns before the Divine Throne. [Capt. Butts.]

A determined effort on Blake's part is evident here to realize the several features of the transcendent vision; the Divine Being, 'like a jasper and a sardine stone' in hue, the creatures 'full of eyes before and behind,' and the like. A telling success in an almost impracticable attempt.

64. 1805.—The Wise and Foolish Virgins. [From Mr. Butts.]

Mentioned in the account printed at p. 256. Vol. II.

65. 1805.—The King of Babylon. 'Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming.'—Isaiah xiv. 9. [From Mr. Butts.]

Mentioned in the account printed at p. 256. Vol. II.

66. 1805.—God judging Adam. [From Mr. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

Mentioned in the account printed at p. 256. Vol. II.

67. 1805.—'Christ appearing.' [From Mr. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

Mentioned in the account, p. 256, Vol. II. Perhaps connected with the *Tempera* (No. 164) of Christ appearing to the Apostles after the Resurrection.

68. 1805.—War. [From Mr. Butts.]

Mentioned in the account, p. 256. Vol. II.

69. 1806.—*The Repose of the Holy Family in Egypt. [Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P.] *Water-colour, only half-painted.*

The fugitives are reposing under a palm-tree; their donkey drinks of the stream; an animal shaggy and bristly enough to illustrate the 'doctrine of correspondences,' as though he represented so much pabulum of thistles and stubble. The varied landscape background is the most pleasurable feature of this water-colour, a poor one in surface handling.

70. 1806.—Design for the Dedication to Blair's 'Grave.' [British Museum.]

Executed with most special care and completeness in pale semi-neutral tints; a very beautiful work. The subject is the deliverance of the Human Soul from Death, and the Ascension of the Just. Above, are two angels, one sheathing the sword, another holding the unequally-poised balance and a sealed roll; a third descends with a key to unlock the fetters of the grave. A mother with her adolescent and infant family rises to the left; a man and children to the right, their chains riven, clasp their upraised hands in thankfulness for the great deliverance. Between the upper angels a space is left for the inscription. See pp. 205, 207, 217. Vol. I.

71. 1806.—Satan watching the Endearments of Adam and Eve. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Essentially the same as No. 75 *d*, but with differences of detail; the figure of Satan, for instance, being turned towards the left, instead of the right; the flesh here is almost colourless, and the feeling on the whole more softly sensuous. The serpent, with a comb of fire, 'in his own volumes intervolved,' shuffles away from the feet of the First Parents. Very beautifully drawn, rich in form, and charming in impression.

72. 1807.—The Vision of Queen Katharine—Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.' [Mr. Dilke, from Mr. Butts.] *Slight tint of water-colour.*

Treated quite from the ideal, not the historic or dramatic point of view; and a leading example of Blake's *accurate* manner. Katharine, crowned and young-looking, with light hair, 'makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven,' or to the Angels, of whom a considerable number are floating about in all parts of the composition, with wreaths, harps, &c. Their small size gives them rather a fairy-like than a strictly angelic character. The attendants, Griffith and Patience, both dozing, are an ancient bearded man with a book, and a youthful woman. See the following number, for which this appears to be a preparation. It was exhibited in Manchester in 1857.

73. 1807.—The same. [Mr. Strange.]

This is the work painted for Sir Thomas Lawrence (see p. 357, Vol. I.), and is very elaborately executed, with a great glory of light shooting through ragged drifts of darkness. The purity of colour is somewhat affected by the strong effort to get relief and play of light. Katharine is finer here than in the preceding.

74. 1807-8.—The Last Judgment. [Lord Leconfield.] *Tempera.* See pp. 212, &c. Vol. I.

A small picture highly finished in drawing, but slight in colour, the white predominating save on the side of the condemned. Scarcely equal to the impression of the work derivable from Blake's description; though some of the figures of the blessed are of extreme loveliness.

75. 1808.—*Nine Designs from 'Paradise Lost.' [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

This is a marvellously fine series: Blake is here king of all his powers of design, draughtsmanship, conception, spiritual meaning and impression. The colour is throughout good, often splendid; the execution accurate and sustained; the style of form grand, sweeping, and tense. This series would of itself suffice to rank Blake among the heroes of the art.

(*a*) *The Casting of the Rebel Angels into Hell. Book VI.

A great example of energetic design; the devils hurled down with huge velocity, and a Michael-Angelo-like power of action. The Son of God, in a disc of pale crimson flame, draws His bow against them, the shaft of the arrow being imagined, not represented. The central demon is Satan; next him falls one with a mapped-out forehead, the representative of apostate intellect, presumably Beelzebub; the flames of hell reach already above them. The angels around Christ are not equal to the rest of the subject.

(*b*) *The Creation of Eve. Book VIII.

Very spiritual and sculpturesque, without much colour. Adam lies at full length on a natural carpet of leaves, a sort of invented foliaceous form, the like of which, modified according to the purpose, appears in other designs. At the bidding of the Son of God, as Creator, Eve floats up from Adam's side; the crescent moon above her in a deep dusky sky. The evening flowers are shut; the trees seem bound in slumber.

(*c*) *'Father, Thy word is passed, Man shall find grace.' Book III.

The Son stands as intercessor before God the Father; four youthful angels hover with downward sway, bearing crowns. The whole of the celestial group is rather in grisaille than in colour. Satan, armed with shield and spear, floats below, subjugated, but unextinguished in rebellion.

(*d*) *Satan watching the Endearments of Adam and Eve. Book IV.

Very grand in the lines of the seated figures of Adam and Eve. Satan, above the floral bower which over-arches them, holds the serpent—an amazingly subtle, prismatic-hued serpent—which seems in horrid council with him, draining his vitals. Satan has a languid, almost 'sentimental' air, yet very terrible. The sun sets to the right, while the stars and moon are in the opposite space of nightly sky. (See No. 71.)

(*e*) *Satan, as a Toad, haunting the Dreams of Eve. Book IV.

The natural couch upon which Adam and Eve lie (see *b* above) is curious; a mass of rounded forms, simulating shut roses, but unfortunately solid-looking, like peaches. Two angels float above, with small javelins.

(*f*) *Raphael and Adam in conversation, Eve ministering to them. Book V.

A most beautiful Eve (as frequently the case with Blake), exactly realizing the high ideal 'naked and not ashamed.' Raphael, with a grand action of the upraised arms, and his dispread wings meeting at the tips in a noble ogee curve, is cautioning Adam against his impending danger; he listens perturbed. The natural chairs, table, and cups, formed by the vegetation, are ingeniously managed. In the distance is an extensive landscape, with numerous animals; the Tree of Life at the summit, with fruit glowing like illumination-lamps, or the jewel-fruit of Aladdin; the serpent is coiled up its trunk, lying fearfully in wait.

(*g*) *Eve eating the forbidden Fruit. Book IX.

Wonderful exceedingly. Eve, again most beautiful, eats out of the jaws of the serpent the fruit which he presents to her. Other fruits hang from the branches, glowing (as in the preceding design) with ruddy luminousness. The trunk of the tree is cramped with huge parasitic thorn-stems, which reach down along the ground, as it were the roots of the tree itself. Ghastly forked lightning plays round Eve, lurid and menacing. At the other (left) side of the tree stands Adam, as in a distinct plane of the composition. He is yet guiltless and unconscious of the evil; round him, too, play the forked lightnings, chain-like, but less angry in colour. The storm-sky blackens as the doom culminates.

(*h*) * Michael foretelling the Crucifixion to Adam :—

'But to the cross He nails thy enemies,—
The law that is against thee and the sins
Of all mankind, with Him there crucified.'—Book XII.

Christ on the cross is visibly brought before Adam, who stands adoring—very fine in form. At the foot of the cross lie two human figures, one of which is possibly 'the Law,' and some bestial heads symbolizing 'the Sins' or Vices, it may be presumed. The serpent is twined there also, his crest set beneath the foot of Christ. At the bottom of the composition Eve is sleeping; a beautiful, grand, rich form. The Archangel, in this and the succeeding design, is unfortunately a failure; a kind of over-handsome classic warrior. Blake has tried hard to hit the mark, but somehow the inspiration would not come.

(*i*) *Adam and Eve taken by Michael out of Eden.—Book XII.

Adam's first step out of Eden stumbles upon a thorn—admirably thought of: the thistle is beside it. Both he and Eve look with scared revulsion upon the serpent, wondrously treacherous, crawling and accursed, yet with malice gratified. Above this group are seen four red-bearded angels, represented as of the middle age of man, upon blood-red horses, and with flames; while a huge wreath of crimson fire, like a funereal pall wind-shaken, flaps over the head of Michael.

76. 1808.—Jacob's Ladder. [Mr. Milnes, from Mr. Butts.] See pp. 216, Vol. I., and 141, Vol. II.

77. 1808.—The Angels hovering over the Body of Jesus in the Sepulchre. See pp. 216, Vol. I., and 141, Vol. II.

78. 1808.—*The Canterbury Pilgrimage, from Chaucer—'Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty Pilgrims on their Journey to Canterbury.' [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.* See pp. 225, Vol. I., and 122—132, Vol. II.

Sent to the International Exhibition. The colour of this fine work appears to have darkened, making the general impression of the scene a rather sombre one.

79. 1809 or earlier.—The Spiritual Form of Nelson guiding Leviathan, in whose wreathings are enfolded the Nations of the Earth. *Tempera.* See p. 120. Vol. II.

The date given is conjectural; 1809 is the latest possible, that being the date of the "Descriptive Catalogue."

80. 1809 or earlier.—The Ancient Britons—The Three who escaped from King Arthur's last Battle. *Tempera.* See pp. 228, Vol. I., and 133—137, Vol. II.

81. 1809 or earlier.—The Goats (browsing the vine-leaves wherein some savage girls had dressed themselves). *Tempera.* (?) See p. 138, Vol. II., and No. 47.

82. 1809 or earlier.—The Spiritual Preceptor, from Swedenborg. *Tempera.* (?) See p. 138, Vol. II., and No. 47.

83. 1809 or earlier.—The Crucifixion—The Soldiers casting Lots for the Garments. [Mr. Milnes, from Mr. Butts.]

Peculiarly treated—the crucified Saviour, with the two thieves, being seen from behind, and the ground which lies before the cross appearing beyond. Very poetic, pictorial, and solemn in darkling effect. The soldiers form the foreground group, and have plenty of character and varied action. See p. 141, Vol. II.

84. 1809 or earlier.—The Brahmins—Mr. Wilkin translating the Geeta.

See p. 141, Vol. II., where this and the three following are stated to be 'drawings:' it seems clear that 'water-colour drawings' is meant.

85. 1809 or earlier.—The Body of Abel found by Adam and Eve; Cain, who was about to bury it, fleeing from the Face of his Parents. [Capt. Butts.] See p. 141. Vol. II.

Full of grand horror and vigorous action. Adam and Eve wail over their slaughtered son.

86. 1809. The Babylonian Woman on the Seven-headed Beast. [British Museum.]

Her face is of a heavy type (something like that of the Kemble family), her head crowned with a mural diadem. The flesh of the Beast is red, with a smoky tinge; his heads and figure human, though of a Calibanic cast. The woman holds in her right hand a golden serpent-handled cup, whence flows forth a wreath of figures, also bearing cups and trumpets. They swoop down towards small foreground figures of knights fighting. At them points the woman's left hand, as if to claim them as her own; men drunk with her cup of ambition, animosity, and the pride of life. Complete in execution and colour, though the latter partakes rather of the character of 'tinting.' A valuable example of Blake, yet with a less daringly original aspect than might have been expected in such a subject. See p. 242. Vol. I.

87. 1809.—Portrait of Mrs. Butts. [Capt. Butts.] *Miniature.*

The creamy flesh, and the general knack of execution, assimilate closely enough to the style of most miniature-painters.

88. Circa 1810.—Portrait of Mr. Butts, Jun. [Capt. Butts.] *Miniature.*

The son of the Mr. Butts with whom Blake was chiefly connected. There is an elegant quality in the miniature, which conforms fairly to the requirements of portraiture. Some touches of gilt appear in the hair.

89. 1811.—* The Judgment of Paris. [Capt. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

Discord, triple-headed, is flying off; Mercury floating on the air; Cupid exults as he handles his arrows; Paris, languidly seated, seems almost to shrink from the decision which he is in the act of making. His crouched dog has Παρις inscribed on its collar. The three goddesses, as well as the other figures, are splendid in form; and the whole design belongs to the highest order of Blake's work, both in spirit and in treatment.

90. Circa 1820 to 1827.—*The Last Judgment. *Tempera.* See pp. 214, 358. Vol. I.

91. 1822.—* The Creation of Eve. [Mr. Linnell.] See No. 75 *b*.

This design, and the two following, are duplicates, but with some difference in tone of colour, &c., of the three in Mr. Strange's noble series from 'Paradise Lost,' on the whole carried a trifle less far.

92. 1822.—* Satan watching the Endearments of Adam and Eve. [Mr. Linnell.] See No. 75 *d*.

93. 1822.—* Michael foretelling the Crucifixion to Adam. [Mr. Linnell.] See No. 75 *h*.

Great in effect of darting light and darkness.

94. 1822.—* The Wise and Foolish Virgins. [Mr. Linnell.]

Very noble: the composition admirable, both in an artistic sense and in expression of the subject—the effect dark and nightlike. The Wise Virgins are in a serried upright group, departing to the left; the Foolish Virgins distracted and scattered, some upon their knees. Above them an angel, floating in the sky in a horizontal position, blows his trumpet for the coming of the Bridegroom.

95. 1822.—The same.

A smaller version of the same composition, executed for Sir Thomas Lawrence. See p. 357. Vol. I.

96. 1822.—The Rich Man in Purgatory.

Also done for Sir T. Lawrence. 'Purgatory' appears to be an euphuism for 'Hell,' and the subject that of 'Dives and Lazarus.'

97. Circa 1822.—A COMPLETE SET of Water-colour Designs for the Job Engravings. [Mr. Milnes, from Mr. Butts.] See pp. 282-3. Vol. I.

These are much larger than the engravings, and give only the central subjects, without the borderings or mottoes. They are generally pale in colour, with a less full and concentrated effect than the engravings, and by no means equal to them in power and splendid decorative treatment of the light and shade. On the other hand, they are often completer and naturally freer in expression, and do not exhibit a certain tendency, noticeable generally in the engravings, to over-sturdiness of build and physiognomy in the figures. (See also the photolithographs.) As distinguished from the engravings, the following are the most noticeable of the water-colours :—

(*a*) 'Thus did Job continually.'

On the sun is written : 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name : Thy will be.'

(*b*) The Destruction of Job's Sons and Daughters.

The figure of Satan much finer in the water-colour ; and the whole composition of the victims, with their upraised arms, appealing and struggling, more impressive.

(*c*) 'Then went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord.'

Exhibits some considerable difference from the engraving in the arrangement, though not in the general conception, of the heavenly group.

(*d*) The Arrival of Job's Friends.

As a general rule, the friends are less individualized the one from the other in the water-colours. Here the traces of the sun-rays are less distinct : the hills are finely tinged in purple and green. Job's wife has the aspect of old age ; an aspect less discernible in several others of the designs and engravings, especially in those where she is free from sorrow.

(*e*) 'The just upright man is laughed to scorn.'

Very fine, and one of the fullest in colour.

(*f*) Job's terrific Dream.

The serpent is gorgeous in prismatic tints—continually a strong point with Blake.

(*g*) 'When the morning stars sang together.'

The angelic group at the summit consists of only four figures, fully brought into the composition. In the engraving, the effect of sublimity and multitude is centupled by adding the upreared arms of two other angels to right and left, passing out of the composition. This appears to have been an after-thought during the progress of the engraving itself, as two thin wreaths of cloud, which close-in and 'finish off' the group in the design, appear also in the engraving.

(*h*) Leviathan and Behemoth.

Splendidly tinted, and, on the whole, quite as fine in the design as in the engraving. Behemoth is longer-muzzled in the former.

(*i*) 'I have heard Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee.'

In the drawing, the friends do not turn their faces away from the presence of God, but towards Him, though kept buried in their hands. There is a fine aspect of portent in the sky and background to the right.

(*j*) Job's Sacrifice for his Friends.

Job here stands full-fronting the spectator: the friends are more upright than in the engraving.

(*k*) 'Every one also gave him a piece of money.'

The neighbours are three only, instead of four, and the design otherwise somewhat different from the engraving: the latter having the advantage.

(*l*) Job and his Three Daughters.

Very bad in the handling of the colour, which is evidently Mrs. Blake's. Differs considerably from the engraving. The history narrated by Job, as shown forth by way of vision, comes overhead, instead of in rounded side-compartments. The group of Job and his Daughters is surrounded by grazing sheep, with a lamb and a sheep-dog lying in the foreground to right and left.

(*m*) The final Prosperity of Job.

On the sun is written: 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true.'

98. 1823-5.—A SECOND COMPLETE SET of Water-colour Designs for the Job Engravings. [Mr. Linnell.]

See p. 283, Vol. I., and, under the preceding No., the observations on the set belonging to Mr. Milnes. The two sets correspond closely enough, Mr. Linnell's being somewhat higher in colour, and more developed in style generally. The following are noticeable:—

(*a*) Satan before the Lord.

Highly coloured; the flame about Satan is especially vivid in effect.

(*b*) 'Then went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord.'

The guardian angels are represented as overclouded.

(*c*) Satan pouring Disease on Job.

Powerful in lurid colour.

(*d*) Job's terrific Dream.

The serpent (contrary to Mr. Milnes's example, 97 *f*) is dull grey. The lower part of the design has a powerful effect.

(*e*) God appearing to Job in the Whirlwind.

Dark grey tone of colour.

(*f*) 'When the morning stars sang together.'

See 97 *g*, with which this design corresponds in the point there adverted to.

(*g*) Leviathan and Behemoth.

Deeper in colour than 97 *h*.

(*h*) 'Thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked.'

Strong in colour.

(*i*) 'I have heard Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee.'

Corresponds with 97 *i*, in the position of the friends. The expression of Job is exceedingly noble.

(*j*) Job's Sacrifice for his Friends.

Corresponds with the engraving, rather than with 97 *j*. The engraving, however, introduces an additional point of advantage, by making the composition upright, instead of lengthways.

(*k*) 'Every one also gave him a piece of money.'

Also closer to the engraving than 97 *k*. Pale in colour.

(*l*) Job and his Three Daughters.

Comes very near the engraving in the details. It so far corresponds, however, with 97 *l*, that three sheep and a sheep-dog are introduced in the foreground. Almost colourless.

99. 1825 (?).—The same subject. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Also a near approach to the engraving; the visionary incidents being here much as in that, though somewhat higher up in the composition. Fearfully dilapidated.

100. 1825.—TWELVE DESIGNS to 'Paradise Regained.' [Mr. Linnell.]

Small water-colours neatly executed, the finishing carried to the point of stippling. See Vol. I. p. 334. Spite of its merits, the series has a remarkable affinity to the character of the poem, which is more distinguished by stately and elaborated method than by inspiration.

(*a*) Christ and the Baptist, with two Angels.

(*b*) The Baptism of Christ.

The figures of a woman and child are very pleasing.

(*c*) Satan in Council.

The devils are seated in yellow fire.

(*d*) The First Temptation—'Command that these stones be made bread.'

Fine. The mass of trees behind the figures is effective.

(*e*) Mary at her Distaff, watched by two Angels.

Graceful.

(*f*) Christ refusing the Banquet offered by Satan.

Satan, in the form of an old man, swoops in the air above. The chief female figure has a seductive aspect, well conceived.

(*g*) The Second Temptation—Satan displaying the Kingdoms of the Earth.

The kingdoms are seen within a flaming glory. Satan has a black nimbus, of barred form.

(*h*) Christ's Troubled Dream.

Serpents, a lion, &c. haunt the sleeper. Able.

(*i*) Morning chasing away the Phantoms.

The morning is a woman with rosy hair and azure nimbus. The finest design of the series.

(*j*) The Third Temptation—Christ on a Pinnacle of the Temple.

The Temple is of a Gothic type, with many pinnacles. Satan, finally baffled, falls downward.

(*k*) Christ ministered to by Angels.

Good.

(*l*) Christ returning to Mary.

Two other figures appear to represent Joseph and the Baptist.

101. 1825-6.—* NINETY-EIGHT DESIGNS from Dante's 'Divina Commedia.' [Mr. Linnell.] *Water-colours, often decidedly unfinished, seldom quite complete: occasionally pencil-drawings only, which are retained in this List, rather than the second, for convenience.* See p. 333. Vol. I.

These are among the last works executed by Blake, and form, on the whole, a very fine series, though not uniformly equal in merit: seven only, all from the Hell, have been engraved. So individual an artist as Blake could not fail frequently to run counter to other people's conceptions of the poet; but he certainly united in a singular degree the qualifications needed to translate Dante into form. Among the points necessary to be preserved, perhaps the one least fully expressed is the peculiar mediævalism of Dante, though Blake was by no means destitute of the feeling at times. Dante is represented throughout as a noble-looking, ideal young man, often almost feminine in person, clad in red. Virgil, not older than of early middle age, is in blue. (Besides the ninety-eight designs here enumerated, a slight inscribed diagram of the Hell-circles, and two other mere sketches, one of them of uncertain subject, may be considered as outlying members of the series.)

THE HELL—Sixty-eight Designs.

(*a*) Dante running from the Three Beasts.—Canto I.

Virgil comes floating through the air. The beasts are all sorts of colours; the leopard, for instance, being varied with lake and blue, and without spots. There is a wonderful effect of light beaming prismatic round the sun.

(*b*) Dante and Virgil penetrating the Forest.—Canto I. *Very unfinished.*

Fine in feeling.

(*c*) The Mission of Virgil.—Canto II. *Unfinished.*

Beatrice contemplates Dante, beset by the beasts. At the summit is a large group of the Deity in wrath, and a supernatural being, presumably the Genius of Florence. Two side-figures below, seated amid flames, here blue, there red, are very fearful-looking. There are several other details carrying out the meaning of the whole subject.

(*d*) The Inscription over Hell-Gate.—Canto III. *Unfinished.*

Grand. Terrible conical upright flames, blue, red, and many-tinted, burn amid the mounded circles of Hell.

(*e*) The Vestibule of Hell, and the Souls mustering to cross the Acheron.—Canto III.

The souls unworthy of either heaven or hell are tormented by the hornets and worms: above, in the dusky air, are their companion-angels, equally excluded. The heavy, murky Acheron is noble, and the whole design very fine upon examination.

(*f*) Charon and the Condemned Souls.—Canto III. *Little beyond pencil.*

Charon is very grotesque—almost ludicrous.

(*g*) Minos.—Canto IV.

Contains some wonderfully energetic and inventive actions. Terrible retributive angel-heads glance out from behind Minos.

(*h*) Homer, bearing the sword, and his Companions.—Canto IV. *Pencil—slight.*

(*i*) The Antique Poets and Philosophers, &c.—Canto IV. *Half finished.*

Quite a different composition from the preceding. The poets are under ideal trees, the leafage of which has a certain suggestion of the laurel or bay.

(*j*) The Circle of the Lustful—Francesca da Rimini.—Canto V.

Engraved in close correspondence with the design, but this is considerably the finer; very wonderful in the sweep of the vortex and in colour; the flesh of the sufferers crimson-streaked. Virgil's head is fused into the light of the visionary disc representing the kiss of Francesca and Paolo.

(*k*) The Circle of the Gluttons, with Cerberus.—Canto VI. *A mere preparation for colouring.*

(*l*) Cerberus.—Canto VI. *Unfinished.*

His doggish heads have a dragon-like character. He grips in human hands the souls, which are pigmies in comparison.

(*m*) The same. *Unfinished.*

The finer of the two. Dante and Virgil here are made more important.

(*n*) Plutus.—Canto VII. *Colour only begun.*

He has an insane look, corresponding to Dante's conception: his right hand is upon a bag marked 'money.' Fine.

(*o*) The Stygian Lake, with the Ireful Sinners fighting.—Canto VII. *Unfinished.*

Most admirably invented. The sinners, in two bands, hurl themselves one against the other, through the waters.

(*p*) Virgil repelling Filippo Argenti from the Boat.—Canto VIII. *Unfinished.*

Fine.

(*q*) Dante and Virgil crossing towards the City of Dis.—Canto VIII. *Indian ink.*

The scene is everything here, not the figures. Interesting.

(*r*) The Angel crossing Styx.—Canto IX. *Only begun.*

Would have come very fine. The whirls of the vortex which accompanies the angel coil like a gigantic serpent.

(*s*) The Gorgon-head, and the Angel opening the Gate of Dis.—Canto IX. *Only begun in colour.*

The gate, with the angel touching it, forms the chief subject.

(*t*) Farinata degli Uberti.—Canto X. *Only begun.*

A very fine beginning.

(*u*) The Minotaur.—Canto XII. *Only begun in colour.*

The monster is ramping and roaring. Grand and monumental.

(*v*) The Centaurs, and the River of Blood.—Canto XII. *Pencil outline, with only an indication of colour.*

(*w*) The Harpies and the Suicides.—Canto XIII.

The harpies resemble old parrot-like dowagers, with very bright plumage. The trees show the forms of the suicides embodied in them.

(*x*) The Hell-Hounds hunting the Destroyers of their own Goods.—Canto XIII. *Only begun in colour.*

Most admirable in motion. The landscape counts for much in this composition.

(*y*) The Blasphemers.—Canto XIV. *Only begun in colour.*

The chief group is excellent, running to avoid the rain of fire. A woman is a principal figure in it.

(*z*) Capaneus the Blasphemer.—Canto XIV.

Not so violent in action as might have been expected. A strange medley of colour.

(a^1) The Symbolic Figure of the course of Human History described by Virgil.—Canto XIV. *Half executed.*

The 'great old man,' as Virgil terms him, is beardless. Moderately good.

(b^1) Jacopo Rusticucci and his Comrades.—Canto XVI. *Half executed in colour.*

Very fine in character of the subject and in motion.

(c^1) The Usurers.—Canto XVII. *Pencil-sketch.*

One of them is in the act of low sarcasm described by Dante—putting out his tongue 'like an ox that licks his nose.'

(d^1) Geryon conveying Dante and Virgil downwards.—Canto XVII. *Only begun in colour.*

(e^1) The Seducers chased by Devils.—Canto XVIII. *Only begun in colour.*

Admirable. In front lies a mummy-like figure, preyed upon by a saurian. No such incident is traceable in the poem: perhaps it represents, in this first Circle of the Fraudulent Sinners, 'Fraud, whereby every conscience is bitten,' as Virgil phrases it in Canto XI.

(f^1) The Flatterers.—Canto XVIII. *Only begun in colour.*

There are two wonderful floating figures above, whom it is difficult to account for.

(g^1) The Simoniac Pope.—Canto XIX. *The lower part unfinished in colour.*

The figures of Dante and Virgil, locked together, at the moment of launching downwards to gaze upon the tormented soul, are most admirable, and among the most difficult achievements in the series. The colour, except in the unfinished part, is highly powerful in horrid brightness.

(h^1) The Necromancers and Augurs.—Canto XX. *Very unfinished.*

A fine beginning.

(i^1) The Devil carrying the Lucchese Magistrate to the Boiling Pitch-pool of Corrupt Officials.—Canto XXI. *A sketch, almost colourless.*

(j^1) The Devils under the Bridge.—Canto XXI. *Only begun in colour.*

Chiefly landscape: the bridge has some indications of monstrous human features. The devils form a fine agile group.

(k^1) Virgil abashing the Devils.—Canto XXI. *Only begun in colour.*

(l^1) The Devils setting out with Dante and Virgil.—Canto XXI. *Only begun in colour.*

(m^1) The Devils, with Dante and Virgil, by the side of the Pool.—Canto XXII. *Only begun in colour.*

Two of the bridge-like arcs of the hell-circles are seen intersecting.

(n^1) Ciampolo tormented by the Devils.—Canto XXII. *Slight colour.*

Nearly as in the engraving. Excellent.

(o^1) The baffled Devils fighting.—Canto XXII.

Same design as in the engraving, which it surpasses in expression.

(p^1) Dante and Virgil escaping from the Devils.—Canto XXIII. *Only begun in colour.*

There are wonderful spirit and impulse in the action of the devils as they fly to the last limit of their circle, which they are doomed never to overpass.

(q^1) The Hypocrites with Caiaphas.—Canto XXIII. *Only begun in colour.*

Here again there is a great flying group of devils. Would have come excellent, if completed.

(r^1) The laborious Passage along the Rocks.—Canto XXIV. *Very slight.*

Chiefly landscape.

(s^1) The same. *Very slight.*

A different design: also chiefly landscape.

(t^1) The Thieves and Serpents.—Canto XXIV. *Only begun in colour.*

One of the sinners is a woman. An excellent design, with a conflagration of flame in the background.

(u^1) The Serpent attacking Vanni Fucci.—Canto XXIV. *Only begun in colour.*

Fucci is in a stooping posture: the serpent bites him in the neck, as in the poem.

(v^1) Fucci 'making the figs' against God.—Canto XXV.

'Making the figs' is a grossly insulting gesture, done by inserting the thumb between the fore and middle fingers. An admirable design altogether, though in the figure of Fucci more might have been expected. Serpents wriggle in earth and air.

(w^1) Cacus.—Canto XXV. *Almost colourless.*

The figure of Cacus, with the serpents about him, constitutes the whole subject.

(x^1) The six-footed Serpent attacking Agnolo Brunelleschi.—Canto XXV. *Colour washy, but tolerably complete.*

The fourth of the engraved set. Admirably horrid.

(y^1) Brunelleschi half transformed by the Serpent.—Canto XXV. *Colour only begun.*

The miserable Brunelleschi is a very hideous and debased object.

(z^1) The Serpent attacking Buoso Donati.—Canto XXV.

The fifth of the engraved set, to which it closely corresponds; the serpent, however, has no feet in the water-colour. Donati is already turning green at the approach of the transforming influence. Grand.

(a^2) Donati transformed into a Serpent, Guercio Cavalcanti re-transformed from a Serpent to a Man.—Canto XXV. *Colour only begun.*

There is a dreadful quietness in this design, very impressive.

(b^2) Ulysses and Diomed swathed in the same flame.—Canto XXVI. *Colour only begun.*

The beginning of one of Blake's tremendous effects of fire, but merely a beginning.

(c^2) The Schismatics and Sowers of Discord.—Canto XXVIII.

An admirable and copious design. The figure of Mahomet retains some symptom of the traditional likeness of the Prophet.

(d^2) The same.—Mosca de' Lamberti and Bertrand de Born.—Canto XXVIII.

Splendid in colour. There is a bold curve of hill here, with conical flames before and behind it.

(e^2) The Pit of Disease—The Falsifiers.—Canto XXIX. *Colour only begun.*

Engraved. Fine in the composition of the materials, and in the colour, as far as it goes.

(f^2) Same Pit.—Gianni Schicchi and Myrrha.—Canto XXX. *Slight colour.*

Schicchi and Myrrha have bestial, not human, heads: a point of Blake's own invention, though probably suggested by a simile introduced by Dante into this passage. Another sinner is tumbling down alongside the bridge—perhaps a soul newly arrived to its doom, which is a vivid and important point of invention.

(g^2) The Primæval Giants sunk in the Soil.—Canto XXXI. *Slight colour.*

Grand in scale.

(h^2) Nimrod.—Canto XXXI. *Almost colourless.*

Would have come very fine, if completed. An indication of the unfinished tower of Babel is given behind Nimrod.

(i^2) Ephialtes and two other Titans.—Canto XXXI. *Almost colourless.*

The beginning of a very characteristic Blakeism.

(j^2) Antæus setting down Dante and Virgil.—Canto XXXI.

This is about the highest in finish of the whole series. The scene is full of blue tones, with ragged skirts of supernatural fire. Antæus is black, blue, and raw in the flesh-tints, and his pose extremely daring, as he sets down Dante and Virgil, and turns upwards again, in a single momentary action. Very fine.

(k^2) The Circle of the Traitors.—The Alberti Brothers.—Canto XXXII. *Almost colourless.*

Their hair is iced together as in the poem. Very ghastly, and would have come one of the most excellent of the series.

(l^2) Same Circle.—Dante striking against Bocca degli Abati.—Canto XXXII. *Almost colourless.*

Engraved.

(m^2) Dante tugging at Bocca's Hair.—Canto XXXII. *Almost colourless.*

Ugolino is seen gnawing at the head of Archbishop Ruggieri.

(n^2) Ugolino relating his Death.—Canto XXXIII. *Almost colourless.*

Ugolino is an ancient man, much of the Job type. Ruggieri has his cardinal's hat lying beside him.

(o^2) Ugolino in Prison.—Canto XXXIII. *Slight pencil-sketch, uncoloured.*

Much the same as the design engraved in the 'Gates of Paradise.' Two angels are here introduced above.

(p^2) Lucifer.—Canto XXXIV. *Very slight colour.*

Has indications of much curious detail.

102. THE PURGATORY—Twenty Designs. [Mr. Linnell.]

(a) Dante and Virgil re-beholding the Sun as they issue from Hell.—Canto I. *Very slight.*

The beginning of a fine effect of light.

(b) Dante, Virgil, and Cato.—Canto I. *Pencil-sketch, with hardly any colour.*

(c) The Angelic Boat wafting over the Souls for Purgation.—Canto II. *Pencil-sketch, with hardly any colour.*

(d) The Mountain leading to Purgatory.—Canto IV. *Only begun.*

A landscape subject.

(e) The Ascent of the Mountain.—Canto IV. *Slight colour.*

A grand sea, with the sun obscured by cloud. This would have come a splendid design.

(f) The Souls of those who only repented at the point of death.—Cantos V. and VI. *Slight colour.*

The souls float about in all directions.

(g) The Lawn with the Kings and Angels.—Cantos VII. and VIII. *Slight colour.*

(h) Lucia carrying Dante in his sleep.—Canto IX.

Beautiful in character of moonlight, and fine in sentiment.

(i) Dante and Virgil approaching the Angel who guards the Entrance of Purgatory.—Canto IX. *Slight.*

The angel is within a door having a pointed arch. Huge blood-red clouds traverse the sun, which is shining upon the sea. The beginning of a very strong, but as yet harsh, effect of colour.

(j) The Angel marking Dante with the sevenfold P.—Canto IX. *Slight colour.*

Also harsh as yet.

(k) The Rock sculptured with the Recovery of the Ark and the Annunciation.—Canto X. *Colour only begun.*

There is a tremendous black sea in the distance.

(l) The Proud under their enormous Loads.—Canto X. *Colour only begun, and design unfinished.*

The sea here seems to be under a moonlight effect.

(m) The Angel descending at the close of the Circle of the Proud.—Canto XII.

The angel descends, with very energetic and beautiful lines of motion, towards Dante and Virgil, who stand on the sculptured rock.

(n) The Souls of the Envious.—Canto XIII. *Pencil-sketch.*

(*o*) The Angel inviting Dante to enter the Fire.—Canto XXVII.

The fire is at the top of a narrow steep rock-ledge; the sea is blue, the sun sinking. Very grand in subject-matter and composition.

(*p*) Dante at the moment of entering the Fire.—Canto XXVII.

Very fine.

(*q*) Dante and Statius sleeping, Virgil watching.—Canto XXVII. *Slight, rather neutral colour.*

One of the finest of the series; the curves of the composition very lovely, the decoratively-invented vegetation curious, the sea black and rippled. Dante's vision of Rachel and Leah is seen in the full moon.

(*r*) Beatrice on the Car, Dante, and Matilda.—Canto XXIX. *Colour incomplete.*

The meandering, rippling stream is extremely pretty; the colour, if completed, would have been brilliant.

(*s*) Beatrice addressing Dante.—Cantos XXIX. and XXX.

Beatrice is tinted with yellow and red, as much incarnate in herself as proper to her drapery. The griffin harnessed to the car is grand and monumental, and there is much fantasy in the gleaming of the lights and colours.

(*t*) The Harlot and the Giant.—Canto XXXII. *Colour only begun.*

The colour is in an unsightly preparatory stage. The design has a good deal of curious material.

103. THE PARADISE—Ten Designs. [Mr. Linnell.]

(*a*) Dante adoring Christ.—Canto XIV. *Only begun.*

Distinguished by its daring waved pattern-lines of fire.

(*b*) A Design of Circular Stairs.—Canto XIX. *Pencil-sketch.*

Canto XIX., to which Blake has referred this design, does not contain anything closely corresponding with it. Perhaps it symbolizes the relation, as in descending grades, between the divine and created intelligences.

(*c*) The Recording Angel.—Canto XIX. *Half-colour.*

Represented as an aged man winged.

(*d*) Beatrice and Dante in Gemini, amid the Spheres of Flame.—Canto XXIV. *Colour only begun.*

(*e*) St. Peter, Beatrice, and Dante.—Canto XXIV. *Colour only begun.*

St. Peter is in a tongue-like flame of fire in mid-sky.

(*f*) The same three, with St. James also.—Canto XXV. *Only begun.*

A fine beginning.

(*g*) The same four, with St. John the Evangelist also.—Canto XXVI. *Only begun.*

The beginning of a very striking work. The five figures, each segregated in a sort of disc of its own, form an irregular cinqfoiled composition; John being at the apex, flanked by Peter and James, Dante at the base, and Beatrice inserted midway, towards the right.

(*h*) The Deity, from whom proceed the Nine Spheres.—Canto XXVIII. *Only begun in colour.*

Curious.

(*i*) Dante in the Empyrean, drinking at the River of Light.—Canto XXX. *Only begun.*

A number of distinct subjects, admissible according to the 'Doctrine of Correspondences,' are given in the background. In one of these one finds the operations of pictorial art represented.

(*j*) The Queen of Heaven in Glory.—Canto XXXI. *Sketch, almost colourless.*

SECTION B.—UNDATED WORKS.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SUBJECT.

C.—BIBLICAL AND SACRED.

104. The Creation of Light. [From Mr. Butts.]

105. 'And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made.' [Capt. Butts.]

Very characteristic and fine. The Creator appears within a vesica, formed by the heads and wings of angels, encircled by the sky, rayed with yellow and other hues. The aerial effect of colour throughout the group, in which blue is freely used in the half-tones of flesh, is excellent.

106. * The Creation of Eve—'She shall be called Woman.' [Mr. Milnes, from Mr. Butts.]

The Creator, holding a hand of Adam, who reclines under a vine, and a hand of Eve, upon a floating cloud, presents her to him. Several sheep are introduced—four of them grazing close by a slumbering lion.

107. Eve tempted by the Serpent. [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Oil-picture on copper.*

A small full-length figure of a very beautiful fair woman, holding up her right hand to take the apple which the monster-serpent, coiling beside her, lifts high above her head. The moon and a waterfall are in the background. A very carefully-painted, highly-coloured picture.

108. The Temptation. [From Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

109. The Almighty accusing Eve.

110. The Expulsion from Eden. [Mr. J. D. Coleridge.] *Tempera, on black ground.*

Fine in colour.

111. Lot and his Daughters. [Mr. Rossetti, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

One of the daughters is a rich, fine form.

112. Abraham and Isaac, with the Ram caught in the Thicket. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Fair; full in colour: the ram very large.

113. Joseph and Potiphar's Wife. [From Mr. Butts.]

'Joseph and *Jezebel*,' according to the sale-catalogue; probably Blake's own way of expressing it.

114. Moses placed in the Ark of Bulrushes. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Excellently invented. The mother swoons into her husband's arms; the sister is on the watch, to give warning of any interruption. The Pyramids are prominent in the landscape.

115. 'The Compassion of Pharaoh's Daughter:' the Finding of Moses. [Capt. Butts.]

An exceedingly beautiful design, fully rivalling the grace and tenderness of Flaxman. The princess is a most delicious figure: she is attended by two young girls and two lovely women. Along with the funny little Moses are his mother and sister. In the right-hand corner a pelican (not in the least like one) is feeding her young. Pale in colour.

116. * Moses at the Burning Bush. [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

High, but not good, in colour. The treatment is interesting. The burning bush presents a small, spiral, dark flame. Moses gazes upon it, much as might any spectator of a curious phenomenon not especially concerning himself.

117. Moses indignant at the Golden Calf. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The figure of Moses occupies more than half the whole space; other figures are given in the lower left-hand corner. A fine specimen.

118. Moses erecting the Brazen Serpent. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

High in colour—red, blue, and yellow,—especially in the serpents and in the sky. Great in energy and in the conception of the serpents, which flare up into the air, loaded with their burden of human agony. A serpent is twined lax around Moses, dying out before the saving brazen image, and its colours fading into slaty extinction: the brazen one is as horrent and living in aspect as any of the others. The only figures not tormented by the serpents are two maidens, one of whom is in an action of thanksgiving. For this figure Blake probably had in his mind the promise, 'It shall bruise thy head,'—the head of a dead serpent coming just at her feet. Whiffs of flame flit across the sky. A wonderful piece of invention throughout.

119. * The Stoning of Achan. [Mr. Dilke.]

The face of the stoned man, an athletic figure perfectly naked, is turned aside and backwards. The subject *might* be the 'Stoning of the Blasphemer' (Leviticus xxiv. 23), or even of Stephen; but the figure seems less adapted for the latter: and a peculiar detail—a lurid wreath of smoke above his head, mingled with fire—would indicate the 'burning with fire' of all that belonged to Achan. The wrathful bearded Jews stand over him on both sides, six simultaneous arms raised with their weight of stone. Very vigorous in design and contour, tending towards the style of Fuseli.

120. Job confessing his Presumption to God. [Capt. Butts.]

An exceedingly grand design, not at all corresponding with any of the Job engravings. The Deity, enwreathed by a very vivid prismatic glory, is the only part of the subject which falls short. From around Him, angels whirl earthward, 'drinking the air of their own speed.' Job kneels in front, his head raised. The three friends and Elihu are all bowed arch-wise prostrate to the ground, Elihu especially having a very beautiful and awful look.

121. Jephthah met by his Daughter. [Capt. Butts.]

Companion to No. 44. Fine and impulsive, though indifferently executed. The daughter, a lovely girl, not yet of full womanly stature, holds up her arms to welcome Jephthah, who stands dumb-foundered, his clenched fists meeting as he clutches his robe to rend it. Two girls of her own age, with flutes, and a woman with a tambourine, accompany the daughter.

122. Samson pulling down the Temple. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Samson occupies almost the entire composition. The only other figure is a boy crouched in the corner, horror-struck at his impending fate: an excellent figure this.

123. *Goliath cursing David. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Water-colour, with slight pen outline.*

Treated with naïve grotesqueness, and not a good specimen in point of execution, but there is great merit in the calm presence which David maintains as he faces the blustering giant and scans him over. Other armed Israelites are present: Goliath's armour-bearer holds his vast shield, emblazoned with a huge effigy of Dagon.

124. *The Ghost of Samuel appearing to Saul. [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

Very effective in design. The Witch of Endor is wonderfully fine. Terrified at the success of her own incantation, she brandishes her gaunt arms as she sits, and her bristling hair bursts into sudden flame. Samuel, very massive in form, and without the mantle over the head, points to the earth, out of which he has been "disquieted." Saul, a beardless man, not looking older than thirty or so, is in the style of Fuseli. The heads of his two attendants appear behind.

125. Bathsheba at the Bath seen by David. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The Bathsheba and the two young girls who immediately attend her are lovely figures; another attendant, a grown woman, is seated on the edge of the tank. David is in the right-hand distance, a very small figure. A beautiful treatment of the subject, full in colour.

126. 'And Joab brought Absalom to the king, and the king kissed Absalom.' [Capt. Butts.]

Too glaring in colour, and conventionally heroic in character; yet the Absalom is a glowing image of youthful and princely beauty.

127. The Plague stayed at the Threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

A gigantic ancient man represents the Plague; the sky (as very generally in the tempera-pictures) has as much red as blue in it. Remarkably fine.

128. The Judgment of Solomon. [Capt. Butts.] *Oil picture (?) on copper.*

Interesting. Blake surpasses almost all other painters in genuine expression of the subject, by representing the sword-bearing soldier as in no sort of hurry to execute the tentative command of cutting the baby in two.

129. *The Man of God and Jeroboam. [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

Has in it the makings of a very fine work, if carried further. Jeroboam's arm has just withered; the golden calf and the altar with a blue-burning flame are picturesque.

130. Susannah and the Elders. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Fine.

131. Esther in the presence of Ahasuerus. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Miserably damaged, but has been a picture of very considerable beauty; especially the Esther and her two attendants. Ahasuerus has a glory round his head and a Christ-like type of face; the whole subject, probably, being treated with a symbolic bearing—the Saviour receiving Human Nature into grace.

132. The Angel appearing to Zacharias. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Rich in colour and accessories, such as the altar-candlestick. The surface is considerably decayed.

133. The Nativity. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Oil picture (?) on copper.*

A most singular treatment of the subject. Mary, swooning in the miraculous childbirth, is sustained by Joseph, while the Divine Infant bounds into the air. Elizabeth holds out her arms to receive Him; the small Baptist, on her knees, joins his hands in prayer. Two oxen are at the manger; the star of the nativity sheds a flood of light. Mary is the most satisfactory figure of the group.

134. 'Simeon was not to see death before he had seen the Christ.' [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

So marked. The subject is the ordinary one of Simeon prophesying over the Infant Christ; there are several bystanders besides Mary, Joseph, and Anna. Washy but tolerably complete in colour; a moderate specimen.

135. The Flight into Egypt. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

An angel accompanies Joseph, and two others follow the Virgin and Child, while the air around them is peopled with cherubs. Pretty enough, but almost ruined by the cracking of the surface.

136. The Repose in Egypt. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The Holy Family are within a tent; an angel at its entrance; the donkey outside. Very dark by decay of the surface, and otherwise injured.

137. Christ with the Doctors in the Temple. [Capt. Butts.] *Oil picture (?) on copper.*

Has much expression of the subject; the youthful Christ exalted in the centre, the doctors rapt in wonder and meditation.

138. The Baptism of Christ. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

One of Blake's most beautiful landscape-backgrounds. The water, where Christ and the Baptist stand, scarcely bathes their feet, but it recedes into deep broad ripples, beyond which are a wooded beach, mountains, and a blue red-streaked sky. There are several accessory figures, bringing children to be immersed and so on, with a glory of angels in the heavens.

139. The same. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

A water-colour high in tint, but not completed, allied to the preceding: a work of imperfect character, but with fine indications. The ripple of the water is peculiarly liquid; the Baptist tends too much to the manner of Westall.

140. *The Transfiguration. [Mr. Dilke, from Mr. Butts.]

The floating figure of Christ is in the centre: Moses to His right, with clasped hands, and not distinguished by the usual horns of light: Elijah to His left, with joined hands raised, and encircled with flames round the body; his hair and beard ruddy. Behind each saint is an *aged* bearded angel, winged, and suffused in yellow light, giving great individuality to the conception of the subject. The three Apostles are in the foreground; John with his head buried in his hands, the other two gazing upwards. Fine.

141. The Pool of Bethesda. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The cripple is obeying the injunction to 'take up his bed and walk;' a good figure. Low in colour, approaching to monochrome.

142. Christ blessing the little Children. [From Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Fine; the surface cracked.

143. The Raising of Jairus's Daughter. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The figure of Jesus is exaggerated, especially in the action of command of the extended left arm. Otherwise very fine in the expression of the figures.

144. 'But Martha was cumbered about much serving.' [Mr. Dilke, from Mr. Butts.]

Washy in colour, and, in the details of the table, plates, &c. primitive. The Martha and Mary are pleasing figures; the latter in a posture of *recueillement* upon a couch or ottoman, looking outwards (not up to the Saviour), as more expressive of rapt meditation. Three other guests are seated at the opposite side of the table.

145. * The Raising of Lazarus. [Mr. Milnes, from Mr. Butts.]

Grand in emotion and point of view. Lazarus floats up at the word of Christ out of a grave dug in the earth. Besides Mary and Martha, there are two men on each side of the Saviour.

146. * 'Her sins are forgiven, for she loved much.' [Mr. Bohn.]

The Magdalen is wiping Christ's feet with her hair. Only laid in in colour: ordinary, yet pleasing.

147. * The Woman taken in Adultery. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Christ bends to the ground in the act of writing: the woman stands with a subdued expression, very naturally given. The Jews are trooping out, all their backs turned. Pale in colour, and not of the highest style of execution.

148. Christ raising the Son of the Widow of Nain. [Capt. Butts.]

The young man has almost a feminine aspect. The widow, following the bier, raises her arms: she can scarcely believe her happiness. Somewhat mannered, and without special prominence in any one figure, though the widow is well conceived.

149. The Woman touching Christ's Garment. [Mr. Smith (Southwick Street), from Mr. Butts.]

A composition of many figures, disfigured by lankiness. Not a superior specimen.

150. Christ giving Sight to the Blind Man. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The figure of Christ is fine. The blind man is young, with something of the character of Fuseli's treatment.

151. Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Oil picture on copper.*

The upraised hand of Christ appears to indicate not so much blessing or exhortation as a compassionate estimate of the transient enthusiasm which His entry excites. Mary follows among His disciples, her head surrounded with rays: the welcomers are chiefly children, of the mannikin type frequent with Blake. The red sun is setting. The architectural distance seems to aim at a sort of compromise between the typical forms of the Egyptian pyramid and the Gothic steeple, resulting in an unfortunate approach to the Langham Church steeple.

152. 'And, when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.'—Mark xiv. 26. [Capt. Butts.]

The general treatment recalls the final thanksgiving design of the Job series. A fair specimen, pale in colour.

153. Christ in the Garden, sustained by an Angel. [Capt. Butts.] *Oil picture (?) on copper.*

Fine in feeling of the superhuman subject and the dark mournful night.

154. * 'Judas betrays Him.' [Mrs. de Putron, from Mr. Butts.]

155. 'The King of the Jews.' [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

A curious and interesting treatment of the Crucifixion, strictly symmetrical. The cross occupies the centre of the composition. At each end of its arms is a man, of a low Jewish type, but quite different in the two, about to nail down the Saviour's hand; while a priest is directly over His head, going to attach the inscription: 'I. N. R. I.' Below, at the sides of the cross, are two corresponding groups of bowed Apostles and women.

156. The Crucifixion. [Mr. Dilke, from Mr. Butts.]

Christ, the two thieves, and the mocking Jews, form the composition. The Saviour, His head radiating a yellow light, beams down upon the penitent thief, a comely young man, at whom the older impenitent thief glares, as though to shame him back into callousness; the Jews point upwards tauntingly: all powerfully expressed. A fine work, not carried to executive completion.

157. 'Christ taking leave of His mother.' [Capt. Butts.]

The crucified Saviour has almost a ghostly look against a very dark sky. Many figures are present; all, except the Virgin and St. John, bowed with hidden faces. The feeling of grief is strongly expressed, and the composition of a high class.

158. The Body of Christ borne to the Tomb. [Mr. Palgrave, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

An interesting little picture. The body of Christ, with composed, finely chiselled features, is borne on a flat bier by four apostles, the foremost being no doubt John. Nicodemus, a venerable bearded man, walks midway by the bier, bearing the vase of spices; the Virgin and the two Maries follow. The glimpses of the architecture of Jerusalem have a Gothic character (as introduced by Blake even into the Job series); the three crosses appear in the distance, under a blue sky streaked with yellow. The whole expression of the subject is serene and sustained, rather than mournful.

159. The Entombment. [Mr. Stirling.] *Tempera.*

The Saviour, wrapped in a winding-sheet, is laid on the bier. Joseph of Arimathea, the Virgin, and other figures, are grouped around Him, under an oval, as if in the sepulchre. A composition of seventeen figures.

160. The same. [Capt. Butts.]

One of the greatest and most beautiful designs left by Blake: funereal, awful, religious, tender. The figures are mostly in mourning black. John, standing midway on the steps under the arched entrance of the tomb, holds a torch, and hides his weeping face in a fold of his mantle. The Virgin Mother, to his left, is perfect in beauty and the abysmal calm of anguish; the Magdalen is on the other side. The figure of Christ is singularly corpselike and pure; Joseph of Arimathea is at His feet. The composition includes nine other figures. There is great harmony of spirit between the treatment of this subject and that of the angel rolling away the stone, No. 163.

161. The Sealing of the Stone of Christ's Sepulchre, and setting of the Watch. [Capt. Butts.]

Highly interesting (perhaps unique ?) in the particular point of subject chosen, and in other respects an excellent example. A mason is mounted on a ladder, using the trowel and mortar. The head of one Pharisee is extraordinarily fine in its expression of alarmed and vigilant policy. Besides these two figures, there are two other Pharisees and five soldiers.

162. The Resurrection. [From Mr. Butts.]

163. *The Angel rolling the Stone from the Sepulchre of Christ. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Most spiritual, and with a great impression of silence: noble in light, and the chief angel, seen from the back, with brownish wings, a magnificent figure. Two other angels, who are lifting up the grave-clothes, are also very fine: the Saviour is awaking into life. The light of the picture emanates from Him; the whole subject standing out upon a dark background of the stone and sepulchre.

164. Christ appearing to the Apostles after the Resurrection. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

A very fine little picture; the colour, though not deep, well sustained. The figure of Christ is one of the best produced by Blake—majesty and graciousness deepened into pathos. Seven figures are in adoration before him—all probably Apostles, though one especially might be taken for a woman.

165. Christ overcoming the Incredulity of St. Thomas. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Great in the expression of speechless, unspeakable adoration in the other ten Apostles, earth-bowed.

166. *The Ascension. [Capt. Butts.]

Christ floats upward from the view of the eleven Apostles; His back turned, His arms extended. The sense of a perfectly accomplished mission is well conveyed. Two angels float downwards to the Apostles.

167. The Conversion of St. Paul. [From Mr. Butts.]

168. *Felix and Drusilla—'Felix trembled.' [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

The Felix and Drusilla, awe-struck, with upraised hands, are very fine; she seeming to bow down in soul, with womanly faith; very bright and tender. Paul, an energetic figure, with handsome straight-featured countenance, points right upward with his chained arms. Behind him are the gaoler and four soldiers, all impressed, and forming a fine group. The colour tolerably high in tint, but washy.

169. St. Paul shaking off the Viper. [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

The group is not a noticeable one for Blake; but there is a fine indication of sea in the background.

170. The same. [Capt. Butts.]

Somewhat better than the preceding. The primitive astonishment of the islanders is well expressed; the viper is variegated with deep rich tints.

171. The Seven Golden Candlesticks. [From Mr. Butts.]

172. *'And the angel which I saw lifted up his hand to heaven.' [Mrs. de Putron, from Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as 'very fine.'

173. 'The Devil is come down.' [From Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as a fine characteristic example of Blake's vigour and talent.

174. 'He cast him into the bottomless pit.' [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as 'very powerful and characteristic.'

175. Scene from the Apocalyptic Vision. [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as 'of grand conception, and highly characteristic.'

176. 'And power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.' [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as 'equally characteristic.'

177. 'The number of the Beast is 666.' [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as 'of the same characteristic merit.'

178. Eve. *Pen-drawing coloured.*

Lying in a trance: the serpent crawling over her body and licking her face. Fine.

179. Satan exulting over Eve. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Eve, a beautiful, gorgeous woman, lies prone in front, close involved in the folds of the serpent. Satan, with shield and spear, swoops over her, a solid mass of tongued flame behind him. Very fine.

180. * The Devil Rebuked. Burial of Moses. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Water-colour, with pen outline.*

The corpse of Moses, as ancient-looking as Chronos, and the mere shell of the inspired legislator, is exceedingly fine. It lies in a lax curve within the winding-sheet, which four angels are lowering into the earth. Michael is rebuking Satan in the sky; the devil being of the athletic anatomical class, less Blakeian than usual. The colour is not carried far, but complete enough in effect.

181. 'Thou wast perfect till iniquity was found in thee.'—Ezek. xxviii. 15. [Capt. Butts.]

A gorgeous six-winged cherub, in a blue day-sky, starlit. He holds an orb and sceptre, and is accompanied by a number of small, fairy-like angels. Bright in colour and extremely grand: the wings nobly managed.

182. The Holy Family. [Mr. Bohn, from Mr. Butts.]

Elizabeth, the Baptist, and angels, are present along with Jesus and His parents. The whole basis of the subject is too unrealistic to allow of its possessing much interest; the colour is pale.

183. The same. [From Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The Virgin, seated, holds the Infant Christ on her knee. Joseph and Anna sit beside her; the Infant Baptist, with a lamb, lies on the ground before them. On each side is an angel, hands clasped, head bowed; another behind, with outstretched wings. Very pure in feeling, religious, and poetic.

184. The Virgin hushing the young Baptist, who approaches the sleeping Infant Christ. [Mr. Palgrave, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The Baptist holds a butterfly: his face glows with eagerness to show his prize. Both he and the Infant Christ are naked. Mary has a very winning and attractive air, nicely balanced between the virginal and maternal characters. A red curtain, not harmonious in colour, forms the chief background object. Altogether, the picture is an extremely pretty one.

185. *The Virgin and Child in Egypt. [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Bust: front face. The Pyramids appear in the background. Very careful and pleasing.

186. The Infant Christ riding a Lamb. [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The Virgin, walking behind, holds Christ on the back of the lamb, which follows the young St. John, who is feeding it. A very sweet idea, expressed with refinement.

187. The Child Christ asleep upon a wooden Cross laid on the Ground. [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The Virgin is standing by, in contemplation. Fine.

188. Similar subject. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The Virgin, with an expression of inspired foreboding, is beautiful. Joseph is also present, using a pair of compasses.

189. Similar subject. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

A different and equally good composition, without Joseph.

190. The Infant Jesus saying His prayers—'And the Child grew and waxed strong.' [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Very radiant, and like a child's dream; the colour slight, but bright. Jesus kneels upon His bed to pray; angels are all round the head and foot of the bed, with Mary and Joseph behind, and two other angels floating above.

191. Christ in the Lap of Truth, and between his Earthly Parents. [Mr. Milnes.] *Oil-picture.*

The interesting and characteristic, though not salient, picture which was rather concealed than displayed at the International Exhibition.

192. The Humility of the Saviour. [Mr. Milnes, from Mr. Butts.]

He is represented as a youth some thirteen years of age, holding a compass and a carpenter's square; a light plays round His head. Joseph, a handsome man of middle age, has no supernatural light, whereas the Virgin is surrounded by a vivid illumination. A dark sky is seen through the rafters of the shed. A moderate specimen.

193. The Covenant. [From Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as 'very fine.'

194. The Wise and Foolish Virgins. [From Mr. Butts.]

See No. 95.

195. The Assumption. [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]

Described in the Sale-catalogue as an elaborate and exquisitely finished work in Blake's finest manner.

196. 'Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.' [Mr. Dilke, from Mr. Butts.]

The personified Virtues are represented in two figures (not four). Jesus (it would appear) is the representative of Mercy and Righteousness: Truth and Peace are embodied in a beardless youth. The two are seated, and turn round to kiss and embrace, their arms meeting over a Greek cross. Above, at the summit of some steps, is an aged man with a book, no doubt representing the Deity; He is surrounded by a glory of angels. An interesting work, yellow being the predominant tint.

197. 'The King of the Jews.' [Capt. Butts.]

A symbolic figure of Christ, standing nearly unrobed, with the reed and the crown of thorns. There are great pathos and majesty in the countenance; though the executive treatment, high and crude in colour, is not satisfactory.

198. The Saviour in the Heavens, with floating Figures of Children and Angels. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

May be assumed to represent Christ as the centre and hope of humanity—an anticipation of the 'Christus Consolator' popularized by Scheffer: or perhaps (as expressed by Blake, p. 214, Vol. I.) "Eternal Creation flowing from the Divine Humanity in Jesus." Curious.

199. *An Allegory of the Spiritual Condition of Man. [Capt. Butts.] *Tempera.*

The conception of the subject seems to approach to that of a Last Judgment, though not recognisable distinctly as such. Faith, Hope, and Charity, Adam and Eve, Satan, can be traced among the figures. This is one of Blake's largest works, some 5½ feet by 4 feet in dimensions; interesting, and fine in several of the figures, which stand nearly isolated one from the other here and there throughout the picture.

200. Christ the Mediator. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

He is interceding with the Father, represented as an aged man seated in kingly state, on behalf of a youthful woman, who is surrounded by angels. Somewhat wanting in purity of colour.

201. *A Head of Christ in Glory. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Tempera.*

Life-sized: a curious effort. Much patience has been expended upon the dress, which is executed all over in a ribbed texture.

202. The Fall of the Damned.

203. * Judgment. *Colour-printed.*

Presumed to be a '*Last* Judgment;' or, possibly, the 'Judgment of Paris,' No. 89 (?).

204. * The Last Judgment. *Tempera.*

7 feet by 5 feet in dimensions, and estimated to contain 1000 figures. A later work than the one belonging to Lord Leconfield, No. 74. See p. 358. Vol. I.

D.—POETIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

205. EIGHT DESIGNS from 'Comus.' [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

A delicate, quiet series, of small size, in pale colour, and a simple, chaste, not elaborate style of form and execution. The backgrounds are tender and suggestive.

(*a*) Comus with his Revellers.

Starlight. Comus holds the enchanting cup: his companion revellers have the heads of a pig, a dog, a bull, and (apparently) a parrot. The lady is reclined upon a bank in front.

(*b*) Comus, disguised as a Rustic, addressing the Lady in the Wood.

The lady, slim and erect in form, is a charming figure: the Guardian Spirit hovers near her. The wood is represented with upright sturdy trunks, unbroken by lower leafage.

(*c*) The Brothers, as described by Comus, plucking Grapes.

A fine background of thick trees, and a sky indicative of approaching night, with a yoke of oxen, and the Guardian Spirit in a lozenge-shaped glory.

(*d*) The two Brothers passing the Night in the Wood.

Each holds his drawn sword, and is stationed between two trees; betwixt them stands the Guardian Spirit, under the aspect of a shepherd. The moon, in her dragon-drawn car, is above. Fine in simple ideal feeling.

(*e*) Comus, with the Lady spell-bound in the Chair.

The lady's enchanted motionlessness is well expressed. Several of the monstrous revellers are at table—a cat, an elephant, a lion, a pig, a long-billed bird. A serpent is flying about; a grotesque attendant, halfway between a Chinaman and an ape, stands near the lady. Quaint and sprightly in expression.

(*f*) The Brothers driving out Comus.

Comus decamps, with the smile still on his lips; flames burst forth at his feet; phantom heads loom above. The action of the brothers is lithe and impulsive.

(*g*) Sabrina disenchanting the Lady.

A rainbow arches over the nymph; the rayed light is rising through a gap in the hills.

(*h*) The Lady restored to her Parents.

A very graceful figure of the lady. The Guardian Spirit resumes his angelic shape, and hovers off; the brothers gaze upon him. A sweet effect of the sun rising over the hills, with trees close to the figures.

206. TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS to the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso.' [Mr. Milnes, from Mr. Butts.]

A very pretty and interesting series, of small dimensions, in which Blake's turn for personifying and idealizing comes out as strong as in the 'Prophetic Books,' but divested of terror, and, of course, following the main lines traced by the poet. Each design is accompanied by a slip of Blake's handwriting, giving the extract from the poem and his own analysis of the design: the latter will be subjoined here in inverted commas. The colour generally is very Blakeian—bright, light, and many-tinted: it may be called 'variegated' colour, like that of a pale tulip.

(*a*) *From the 'Allegro':*—Mirth and her Companions—'Jest and Youthful Jollity,' &c. &c.

'These personifications are all brought together in the first design, surrounding the principal figure, which is Mirth herself.' She is much larger than the other figures. Fair. This has been engraved by Blake.

(*b*) The Lark startling Night.

'The lark is an angel on the wing. "Dull Night" starts from "his watch-tower" on a cloud. The Dawn, with her dappled horses, arises above the Earth. The Earth beneath awakes at the lark's voice.' Very pleasing in the effect of the retreating night-sky, with some big scattered stars.

(*c*) 'Sometimes walking, not unseen,' &c. &c.—The Ploughman, Milkmaid, Mower, Shepherd under Hawthorn.

'The "great sun" is represented clothed in flames, surrounded by the clouds in their "liveries," in their various offices at the eastern gate. Beneath, in small figures, Milton "walking by elms on hillocks green;" the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower whetting his scythe, and the shepherd and his lass "under a hawthorn in the dale."' The crimson-tipped flames round Phœbus in the sun-disc gather like heavy locks of hair. The lower section of the design forms a very small and pretty landscape-composition.

(*d*) The Village Holiday—

'Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,' &c.

'In this design is introduced—

"Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest."

Mountains, clouds, rivers, trees, appear humanized on the "sunshine holiday." The church steeple, with its merry bells. The clouds arise from the bosoms of mountains, while two angels sound their trumpets in the heavens, to announce the "sunshine holiday."' The lower part of the design, with a dance round the maypole and a background of trees, is very sweet in feeling. Throughout there is much pretty Springlike colour.

(*e*) The Fireside Stories of Mab, Robin Goodfellow, &c.

'The Goblin, "crop-full, flings out of doors" from his laborious task, dropping his flail and creambowl, yawning and stretching; vanishes into the sky, in which is seen Queen Mab, eating "the junkets." The sports of the fairies are seen through the cottage, where "*she*" lies in bed, pinched and pulled by fairies, as they dance on the bed, the ceiling, and the floor; and a ghost pulls the bed-clothes at her feet. "*He*" is seen following the "friar's lantern" towards the convent.' The Goblin is represented as a giant; his diaphanous body takes the dusky tinges of the dawn-twilight sky.

(*f*) 'There let Hymen oft appear,' &c. Marriage-pomp and Drama.

'The youthful poet, sleeping on a bank by the "haunted stream," by sunset, sees in his dream the more bright sun of Imagination under the auspices of Shakespeare and Jonson, in which is Hymen at a marriage, and the "antique pageantry" attending it.' Extremely charming in colour; youth-like and mellow both. The 'haunted stream' has an incident to itself, seen below on a small scale:—two women huddling upright at the sight of three female ghosts of pained aspect, hovering over the stream.

(*g*) *From the 'Penseroso':*—Melancholy, Peace, Contemplation, &c.

Headed 'Melancholy—Pensieroso.' 'These personifications are all brought together in this design, surrounding the principal figure, who is Melancholy herself.' A refined design, the colour delicately in sympathy with the pensive tenderness of the poem.

(*h*) The Moon and the Curfew.

'Milton, in his character of a student at Cambridge, sees the moon terrified as one "led astray," in the midst of her path through heaven. The distant steeple seen across a wide water indicates the sound of the curfew-bell.' The moon is personified as Diana; the stars grow on stems, like flowers.

(*i*) Astronomy and Speculation—'The Spirit of Plato.'

'The spirit of Plato unfolds his worlds to Milton in contemplation. The Three Destinies sit on the circles of Plato's heavens, weaving the thread of mortal life: these heavens are Venus, Jupiter, and Mars. "Hermes" flies before, as attending on the heaven of Jupiter. The Great Bear is seen in the sky beneath Hermes, and the spirits of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, surround Milton's chair.' In the heaven of Venus are portrayed the Fall of Man and the Expulsion from Eden.

(*j*) The retirement to

'twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves.'

'Milton led by Melancholy into the groves away from the sun's "flaring beams," who is seen in the heavens, throwing his darts and flames of fire. The spirits of the trees, on each side, are seen under the domination of insects raised by the Sun's heat.' The 'insects' are 'spiritual forms' of insects—fairy-like creatures. The sun is very vivid; the colouring 'marbled,' as it were, with pinks, blacks, and yellows. This is altogether one of the most memorable designs of the series.

(*k*) The Midday Dream by the Brook-side.

'Milton sleeping on a bank; Sleep descending, with a "strange, mysterious dream," upon his wings, of scrolls, and nets, and webs, unfolded by spirits in the air and in the brook. Around Milton are six spirits or fairies, hovering on the air, with instruments of music.' Fine.

(*l*) An old Age of Wisdom and Insight spent in a Hermitage.

'Milton, in his old age, sitting in his "mossy cell," contemplating the constellations, surrounded by the spirits of the herbs and flowers, bursts forth into a rapturous prophetic strain.' A very fine and spiritual design, possibly the best of the series. The 'spirits of the herbs and flowers' are charmingly personified. The aged Milton is a noble image of an inspired sage: it will be observed that Blake, following the poet's aspiration for his old age, takes no count of his actual blindness.

207. Six Illustrations to Milton's 'Hymn for the Nativity.' [Mrs. de Putron, from Mr. Butts.]

In a high style, analogous to that of the Job series. The triumph of Christianity over idol-worship forms the subject of more than one of these illustrations. Very beautiful and highly finished, according to the Sale-catalogue.

208. *The Characters in Spenser's 'Faery Queen.' [Lord Leconfield.]

The figures are brought together as in procession. Done as a companion to the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' but not so elaborate, correct, or exhaustive; fine nevertheless, though archaic and singular. The Red-cross Knight with the dragon, Una with the lion, Talus, can be readily identified. In the sky are some allegoric figures, and in the background a Gothic cathedral and other buildings. Eighty guineas, a large sum in Blake's case, was given to Mrs. Blake by Lord Egremont for this picture, now considerably clouded over by its varnish. See p. 365. Vol. I.

209. Robinson Crusoe. [Admiral Popham (?).]

A visionary effect of colour, like a transparency. Fine.

210. 'But Hope re-kindled, only to illume
The shades of death, and light her to the tomb.'

[Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.] *Tinted water-colour.*

See pp. 223—4. Vol. I.

211. TWENTY-EIGHT DESIGNS from the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' [Mr. Milnes.] *Water-colours, often unfinished; one or two little beyond pencil-sketches.*

These are rather small designs, having quite a sufficient measure of Blake's spirit in them, but much injured by the handiwork of Mrs. Blake, the colour being untidy-looking and heavy for the most part, and crude where strength is intended. Two of the designs, at any rate, may be considered untouched by Mrs. Blake.

(*a*) Christian terrified in reading the Book.

He is bowed under his burden, and, as Bunyan represents him, in rags. Angry skirts of flame lour through a heavy-clouded sky. Valuable in invention, and one of the most finished of the series.

(*b*) Christian leaving the City of Destruction.

He runs, almost crushed under the burden. The subject is powerfully felt.

(*c*) Evangelist directing Christian on his Road.

One of the most finished of the series.

(*d*) The Slough of Despond.

Pliable is turning backward to the City of Destruction. Fair.

(*e*) Help lifting Christian out of the Slough.

One of the finest. The background, with a crimson setting sun, is grandly conceived.

(*f*) Worldly Wiseman directing Christian to Sinai.

An able design, with fine points of effect.

(*g*) Christian at Sinai.

The flames crudely coloured.

(*h*) Evangelist raising up Christian, prostrate at Sinai.

Dignified in design.

(*i*) Christian knocking at the Wicket-gate.

The gate, of Gothic form, bears the inscription, 'Knock, and it shall be opened.' The glimpse of landscape is impressive.

(*j*) Christian and the Interpreter, with the Man fallen from Grace, in the Iron Cage. *Half executed.*

(*k*) Christian and the Interpreter, with the Man waking from a Dream of the Last Judgment.

(*l*) Christian before the Crucifix, his Burden falling off.
One of the most finished and inventive in design. A trailing vine is prominently introduced.

(*m*) The Three Shining Ones saluting Christian at the Cross.

(*n*) Christian sleeping in the Arbour.
This appears to be the subject. A couched lion is arbitrarily introduced, with some separate incidents behind.

(*o*) Christian ascending the Hill Difficulty.
Christian's 'filthy rags' are now exchanged for the 'broidered coat.'

(*p*) Christian passing the Lion-guarded Entrance to the Palace Beautiful.
Fine.

(*q*) Christian fighting with Apollyon.
Powerful.

(*r*) Christian beset by Demons in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.
This appears to be the subject, though it looks as much like the First Temptation of Christ in the Wilderness—'Command that these stones shall be made bread.' Besides the chief fiend, there are other demon-heads appearing along a sort of flight of steps.

(*s*) Faithful narrating his Experiences to Christian. *Only begun.*
Besides the two pilgrims, two visionary discs representing the events narrated by Faithful are given.

(*t*) Vanity Fair. *Half-colour.*
A harlequin is playing his antics, among other figures.

(*u*) The Soul of Faithful ascending in the Fiery Chariot. *Half-colour.*
Fine in conception.

(*v*) Giant Despair locking Christian and Hopeful in Prison.

(*w*) Christian and Hopeful escaping from Prison. *Unfinished.*
Other figures appear inside the prison—a point not expressed by Bunyan, save in the Second Part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

(*x*) Giant Despair baffled by their Escape. *Unfinished.*

(*y*) Christian and Hopeful, with the Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains. *Unfinished.*

(*z*) The Shining Ones in Beulah.
But that the faces are mauled by Mrs. Blake, the tender rainbow hues of this design would make it a charming one.

(a^1) Christian sinking in the River of Death. *Pencil-sketch, almost colourless.*

(b^1) 'Christian returning Home.'
So marked: interesting in invention. Christian, who here appears again with the burden on his shoulders, is received by God, surrounded by a glory of angels in the form of a pointed arch.

212. Oberon, Titania, and Puck, with Fairies dancing. [Mr. Cary, Bloomsbury.]

Fine. Oberon is a kingly, crowned figure; Titania sweet and graceful; Puck has a capital face, full of mischief, yet very unlike the ordinary conception. The clasped arms and hands of the fairy ring present a highly dance-like action; the accepted idea of fairies is adhered to, and expressed in very true keeping; they are not, however, of diminutive size.

213. Oberon and Titania on a Lily. [Mr. William Russell.] *Tinted.*

Exhibited in Manchester in 1857. See p. 3. Vol. I.

214. Seven Heads, or Groups of Heads, from Shakespeare:—Lear and Cordelia; the same (?); Lear (?); Juliet with the sleeping Draught; Macbeth and his Wife; Othello and Desdemona; Falstaff and Prince Hal. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.]

Mounted around No. 70, List 2. These small heads are no doubt early works, neat and vapid in manner, and far from satisfactory in character. The Juliet is perhaps the best.

215. The River of Life. [Capt. Butts.]

A fine and very captivating specimen, exquisitely composed, and moderately complete in execution. A mother and two children, admirably in motion, are launched upon the blue river, whose current flows smooth and rapid: at the sides are two figures with flutes; on the banks, houses and trees; and in the central heaven a golden sun and a male figure darting downward. A second female figure on the river, coming forward against the current, seems to be vainly endeavouring to stem it.

216. Letho Similis. [British Museum.]

A design for a monument: the female figure (lying upon a tomb inscribed as in the title), pure and graceful, more like Flaxman's style of form than Blake's, and tinted to represent marble. She appears to symbolize the hope of immortality in the slumber of death, realizing the conception of the words, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' The rest of the design, flowers and foliage treated in a simple naturalistic manner, seems certainly not to be the handiwork of Blake; indeed, the authorship of the entire work may be questioned.

217. Tithonus and Aurora. [Sir John Simeon.] *Body-colour.*

The title suggested *may* be correct.

218. *'And Pity, like a naked, new-born babe
Striding the blast, or Heaven's Cherubim horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air.'—MACBETH.

[Mr. Fuller Maitland.] *Colour-printed.*

Blake does not seem to have had any particular idea to express in this design, but to have taken the words of the quotation and let them carry him as far as they could. We have accordingly a naked child borne off by two supernatural figures riding blind horses through the air: a woman, apparently the newly-delivered mother of the child, lies in front, dead or tranced, her blue eyes open, but with no 'speculation,' her hands clasped below the uncovered bosom; a grand figure, at once beautiful and terrible. The unearthly strangeness and impetuosity of the upper group maintain the great quality of this design, which is moreover a very fine piece of colour, the green of the grassy earth and the slaty purple of the twilight sky telling for a good deal in its general effect. Captain Butts possesses a splendid duplicate, deeper in colour.

219. Age teaching Youth. [Mr. Harvey.]

Youth is personified in a male and a female figure, seated on the grass; the former is in a dress of various bright colours. Pleasing.

220. An Old Man and a Woman in contemplative Adoration amid Trees. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

Unfinished; dignified in character. A ray of colourless light comes towards the figures.

221. Churchyard Spectres frightening a Schoolboy. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

Only half executed, but exceedingly strong in conception of the subject One of the spectres is a howling old woman, who bursts out upon the schoolboy, hovering close to a tombstone. Another stands in the opening of the gabled church-door; an old Hebraic pedagogic man, who points to his fellow-spectre and holds a flaming birch-rod. A break in the clouds shows the blue of the night-sky and two big stars.

222. 'The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked.' [Mr. Harvey.]

A smaller design, similar to the following. The background is black; the colouring bad—perhaps the handiwork of Mrs. Blake.

223. The same. [Mr. Strange.] *Water-colour, with slight pen outline.*

The subject is a pope, escorted through hell by a demon or avenging angel, and witnessing the punishment of kings and barons sunk in a fiery swamp. These figures are admirable. The pope, manacled, turns backward to stare at a naked man tumbling through the air, entwined by a serpent. Very horrid in conception.

224. * Plague. [Mr. Nicholson, Waverley Abbey.]

A fine duplicate of No. 55, a good deal neater in handling, and with more points of 'classic' treatment.

225. Designs from English History—A Series.

An early work.

226. A Recumbent Figure, hovered over by Angels. [Mr. Chance, London Street, Fitzroy Square.]

Delicate in glow of colour; the composition very characteristic and spiritual.

227. War. [Mr Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]

228. Hecate. [Capt. Butts.] *Colour-printed.*

The triple Hecate is crouched to the right; three separate figures, close together, exceedingly grand. To the left appears a donkey browsing, with an owl, and a crocodilean head: an elfin bat flits over the Hecate figures. Executed with great depth and completeness of effect, and altogether not to be surpassed in Blake's special range of power. The National Gallery in Edinburgh possesses a duplicate.

229. Exodus, Ch. xxix. 20. [Mr. Strange.]

So marked, but the subject does not correspond with the quotation. It represents a dead lord in the tomb, in perfect calm, with two praying angels above, their wing-tips meeting; they float upward from his head and feet. Finely expressed in subject; the execution, slight in colour, is not of Blake's highest quality.

230. A Husband parting from his Wife and Child—Two Assassins lurking in Ambush. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

Beautiful in tone and sentiment; the young wife especially tender and gentle. The full moon shines over a lake. One of the assassins is a woman of the lowest animal type, yet without any aspect of peculiar ferocity; she holds two daggers.

231. The Accusers of Theft, Adultery, and Murder. [British Museum. *Colour-printed.*

A coloured version of the design partially engraved (from a steel plate) on p. 256, Vol. I. : the middle figure in dark plate-armour. Very grand.

232. An Aged Man addressing a Multitude. [British Museum.] *Colour-printed.*

He stands under a tree, speaking in command or exhortation : the listeners seem to be despondent, as under some national calamity. Good, without extravagance of form or colour. Accurately and fully executed in strong, bright tints.

233. Misfortune and Happiness (1). [British Museum.] *Colour-printed.*

A mourning woman crouches under a drooping, blasted tree-trunk. In front of her stands a beautiful naked young woman, tossing and kissing her naked child ; a charmingly designed group. A little red bird flying to the right, relieved upon a background of densest cloud, deserves notice for the daringly simple way in which it is executed. Richly coloured in masses, with little or no subsequent re-touching.

LIST No. 2.

UNCOLOURED WORKS.

Including Drawings in Indian Ink, or with merely slight Washes of Colour.

* *Means considerable size. The Works not otherwise defined are known or assumed to be Pencil-drawings.*

SECTION A.—DATED WORKS.

ARRANGED IN ORDER OF DATE.

1. 1778 (?).—Sketch for the 'Jane Shore.' [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

   Neat and rather ordinary in style, not quite unlike Retzsch, but with fair merit on inspection. The spectators of Jane's penance are good in expression. See No. 1, List 1.

2. Circa 1791 (?).—A Naked Man, touching a Ram as he recedes. [Mr. Harvey.]

   Daringly designed. At the back Blake has written, in title-page form, 'The Bible of Hell, in Nocturnal Visions collected. Vol. I. Lambeth.' This will be understood by the readers of 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.'

3. 1793.—Ugolino. [Mr. Harvey.]

   In outline; a preparation for the design in the 'Gates of Paradise.'

4. 1793.—A Visionary Head (?). [Mr. Harvey.]

   Apparently a man of Blake's own time. On the back of the preceding.

5. 1794.—The Death of Ezekiel's Wife. [Mr. Palgrave.] *Indian ink.*

   The original design for the very finished plate referred to on pp. 136-7, Vol. I. The prophet has a fine bearded head, different in type from that assigned by Blake to Job. There are three crouching friends, one of them a woman. A good average specimen.

6. 1796 (?).—*Job and his Friends—'What is man that Thou shouldst try him every moment?' [Mr. Palgrave.] *Indian ink.*

   The plate from this design is described on p. 137, Vol. I. In outline; rather empty in manner. The friends are somewhat deficient in distinctive character.

7. 1797.—Designs in an unpublished Prophetic Book, named 'Vala, or the Death and Judgment of the Ancient Man: a Dream of Nine Nights; by William Blake.' [Mr. Linnell.]

   There are a good number of designs, some thirty or forty, interspersed through this MS. as in the printed 'Prophetic Books,' and of the same general character; but, whether through the want of the vigorous effects obtained in the engraving process, or through real inferiority, they fall short of the printed ones in impressiveness. A design of a hooded snake with a woman's face is curious.

8. 1800.—The Head-piece of 'Little Tom the Sailor.' [Mr. Harvey.]

   Done in a neat unimpulsive style, not nearly so effective as in the engraving.

9. 1802 (?).—Sketch for a Frontispiece to 'Young's Night Thoughts' (?). [Mr. Harvey.] *Pencil outline, partly gone over with ink.*

A figure which seems to be that of a poet in contemplation, and which is not unlike the type adopted for the figure of Young in the illustrated 'Night Thoughts,' appears at the foot of the composition; the chariot of the sun at the summit, and some night-like symbols next below. Curious.

10. 1802.—Design for Hayley's 'Ballad of the Eagle.' [Mr. Harvey.]

On the back of the preceding; this is unfortunately cut in half lengthways. It is handled with considerable care, and differs throughout in the details from the engraved design, though there is no mistaking the connexion of the two.

11. 1805 (?).—A Soul at the Door of Paradise (?). [Mr. Palgrave.] *Indian ink.*

Slight in execution and ordinary in design; probably intended for Blair's 'Grave.' The soul is a female figure, and two female angels stand within the door.

12. 1805.—The Old Man at Death's Door. [Mr. Palgrave.]

Sketched on the back of the preceding. A preparatory design for the subject in Blair's 'Grave.'

13. 1805.—The Death of a Voluptuary. [Mr. Palgrave.] *Indian ink.*

Interesting as being a close parallel in design, but not in character, to that of 'The Soul hovering over the Body,' engraved in the 'Grave;' not at all like the engraved 'Death of the Strong Wicked Man.' The dead voluptuary is crowned with vine-leaves; his soul, a female figure expressive of coarse passions, contemplates him with repulsion. Scratchy and rather ugly in execution.

14. 1805.—A young Man entering Death's Door. [Mr. Harvey.] *Indian ink.*

Probably a preparatory version of 'The Soul exploring the Recesses of the Grave.'

15. 1805.—A Design originally intended for Blair's 'Grave'—'The Soul exploring the Recesses of the Grave (?).' [Mr. Harvey.] *Slightly washed with Indian ink.*

A figure in an ascending action at the summit of a monument, with another below precipitated into the dark void. Somewhat *outré*, and not the same composition as in the engraving.

16. 1805.—The Death of the Strong Wicked Man—Blair's 'Grave.' [Mr. Harvey.]

A very slovenly sketch of the principal figure in the engraved design, along with the Soul, which is here more in the attitude adopted in the engraving for 'The Soul hovering over the Body.' See No. 13, and pp. 221-2. Vol. I.

17. 1805.—The Ascension of the beatified Soul (?). [Mr. Harvey.]

On the back of the preceding. The figure assumed to represent the soul is rising into the air from amid several other figures, and about to ascend through a pointed-arched window. Very slight.

18. 1805.—Plague. [Mr. Harvey.]

An expressive and reasonably careful sketch for the grand water-colour No. 55, List 1, engraved facing p. 54, Vol. I.

19. Circa 1805 (?).—'Let loose the Dogs of War.' [Mr. Ruskin.] See pp. 54-5. Vol. I.

A savage cheering on hounds, who seize a man by the throat. Very fine. Evidently connected with a design engraved in Young's 'Night Thoughts, though by no means identical with it. (The statement in the *Life*, p. 55, that Mr. Linnell possesses a water-colour of this drawing, is a mistake).

20. 1806.—*Sketch for the Design of the Dedication to Blair's 'Grave. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

Rather slight, but the intention fully expressed. A sketch for No. 70, List 1.

21. 1806 (?).—*'For the Grave.' [Mr. Palser, Strand.]

So marked (not in Blake's handwriting). A sketchy beginning of a very elaborate composition. It may be conjectured to represent the Human Spirit and Life in various conditions. The central point is a number of figures floating round a tree (the Tree of Life, or of the Knowledge of Good and Evil?); other figures are dragging their fellows along, or being dragged, falling, praying, and so on. Like the following two, interesting and full of matter.

22. 1807.—*The Last Judgment. [Mr. Palser.]

A most elaborately planned treatment of the subject, crowded with figures, neatly and distinctly drawn: corresponding (at all events, in various points) with the composition described in the 'Vision of the Last Judgment,' p. 358, Vol. I.; not like the one in Blair's 'Grave.' Christ appears at the summit; before Him, Adam and Eve, standing; at the bottom, the Devil, triple-headed; to Christ's right, the Just ascending; to His left, the Condemned cast downwards. Marked 'The Original Drawing of Blake's Last Judgment.' Very interesting.

23. 1807.—*The same. [Mr. Palser.]

A tracing from a completer version of the preceding design; the whole scheme of the subject being more fully shown, the number of figures still greater. Inscribed by Mr. Tatham: 'A tracing of an elaborate drawing of his Last Judgment. The original picture was six feet long and about five wide, and was very much spoiled and darkened by over-work; and is one of those alluded to in his Catalogue as being spoiled by the spirits of departed artists, or "blotting and blurring demons." This tracing is from some elaborate drawing which has never been engraved.'

24. 1809 or earlier.—The Spirit of Nelson guiding Leviathan, in whose Folds are entangled the Nations of the Earth. [Mr. Evans.]

So marked at the back by Blake. Nelson, a naked figure, stands in the middle, with the convolutions of the serpentine Leviathan, and heads and limbs of other human figures therein, rising on each side of him. A hasty and rather slovenly sketch, preparatory, no doubt, to the picture, List I, No. 79, referred to in the Descriptive Catalogue, p. 119, Vol. II.

25. From 1789 to 1811, at least.—THE BOOK of Sketches and MS. belonging to Mr. Rossetti (see p. 89, Vol. I.) contains a number of sketches more or less slight, first thoughts of designs, &c.; among them the following.

(*a*) A tiger-like animal frightening a man, who escapes out of window: below, another head of the tiger. *Pen and ink.*

The lower head especially, which has a very actual character, and yet looks as if it might have been a 'vision,' is capital.

(*b*) Various sketches of a frightful gigantic old man devouring a human being.

Perhaps Lucifer with Judas, from Dante's 'Hell'; but not corresponding with the design in the Dante series.

(*c*) 1810 (?).—The Portrait of Blake engraved at p. 172, Vol. I.

On the same page is this curious entry: '23 May, 1810, found the Word golden.'—Does 'the Word' mean 'the Bible'?

(*d*) A Vision of Fear, and a Vision of Hope.

The Fear is two men precipitated through space, in the folds of a serpent: the Hope is most peculiar—merely a view of long human hair from the back of the head, gently waving.

(*e*) 1789, &c. 1793-5.—Several sketches for designs in 'Thel' and other Prophetic Books, and for the 'Gates of Paradise,' and 'Elohim creating Adam.' *Pencil, or Indian ink occasionally.*

(*f*) Sketches bearing the following titles or mottoes, or of the subjects specified, corresponding in size, shape, &c. to the sketches for the 'Gates of Paradise,' and probably intended at first to belong to that series :—

(*f*[1]) 'Are glad when they can find the grave.'

Engraved on p. 60, Vol. I.

(*g*) 'Everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment.'—SHAKESPEARE.

An expanded flower, with two elfish habitants, one mounting, the other sinking.

(*h*) A Cupid, or Infant, in a cage.

(*i*) 'A fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the rainbow live.'

Elves sporting in a rainbow.

(*j*) 'As Daphne was root-bound.'—MILTON.

Daphne changing into a laurel-tree.

(*k*) 'Murder.'

An assassin approaching a sleeping man in bed.

(*l*) A man about to throw himself off a cliff, held back by the hand of another man.

(*m*) 'Yet cannot I persuade me thou art dead.'—MILTON.

A mother gazing mournfully, yet tranquilly, upon a dead infant in her arms.

(*n*) 'Whose changeless brow ne'er smiles nor frowns.'—THOMSON.

A man chained against a rock; appears to personify Fate, as the design corresponds with No. 147, so entitled.

26. 1819 and 1820.—VISIONARY HEADS. [Mr. Linnell.]

For some account of these most curious and often most characteristic and excellent heads, see pp. 251, &c. Vol. I. The 'King Saul,' mentioned on p. 254, is not to be found among them.

26*a*. William Wallace.

Engraved on p. 253, Vol. I.

27. Edward I.

Engraved on p. 253, Vol. I.

28. Edward III. (?).

A fine bearded head.

29. A Welsh Bard.

30. Socrates.

Vivid eye, talking mouth.

31. An Anglo-Norman King.

32. 1819, 18th Oct.—The Builder of the Pyramids, and the Place where Blake saw this Personage.

The head is engraved on p. 252, Vol. I.

33. Edward III. as he exists in the Spiritual World.
Engraved on p. 254, Vol. I.

34. David.

Young, as he went up against Goliath. Radiant eyes, and a face capable of much, for good or evil. Fine.

35. 1819, 30th Oct.—Wat Tyler.

Marked 'By William Blake, from his spectre, as in the act of striking the Tax-gatherer on the head: 1 hour A.M.' A capital head with stubbly beard, such as would make a good study for an artist's cartoon of the subject.

36. Wat Tyler's Daughter.

A laughing plebeian, with great eyes.

37. Saladin.

The kind of head that might do for John the Evangelist.

38. The Assassin lying dead at the Feet of Edward I. in the Holy Land.

A leonine face; almost literally so.

39. 'Portrait of a Man who instructed Mr. Blake in Painting, in his Dreams.'

An *outré* oval face, with something of a Mongolian cast, and a very prim clean-cut mouth.

40. Uriah, the Husband of Bathsheba.

A heavy, stupid man, with a huge cerebellum and enormous bull-neck.

41. Bathsheba.

Sweet, soft, yielding, witty.

42. King John.

A *little* like the accepted head of King John, wonderfully subtle and daring. Seems too noble for this *bête noire* of English history. As a work of art, one of the very finest of the series.

43. Solomon.

Age about forty; a piercing, reflective, sensuous Jewish head, the eye exceedingly far back from the line of the nose, the chin blunt and very large. Admirable.

44. Falconbridge, the Bastard.

A thorough fighter, with a bull-head a little like his lion-heart father.

45. Cassibelane, the British Chief.

Quite a civilized personage; as Mr. Linnell says, fit for the head man at Howell and James's.

46. Queen Eleanor.

Handsome: not very interesting.

47. The Empress Maud, Mother to Henry II.

The remains of a fine woman, but disagreeable; the nose peaked, the mouth disdainful and supercilious.

48. Mahomet.

Something like Mrs. Blake, according to Mr. Linnell: there is a kind of hint, too, of the semi-nude Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's. The mouth has a grim smilingness in it; the forehead is very retreating, but powerful. Fine.

49. Boadicea.

A less exaggerated instance of the contour of face seen in the Builder of the Pyramids, p. 252, Vol. I. Strong character.

50. 'Joseph and Mary, and the Room they were seen in.'

They are both very young—Mary with a good deal of our contemporary 'præ-Raffaelite' character. The 'room they were seen in' is a bedroom, wherein are an elderly man and two children.

51. 1819, 13th Oct.—Richard Cœur de Lion.

Marked 'Drawn from his spectre, quarter past twelve, midnight.' Bluntish features, steady, daring gaze: the kind of man to look everything, from the devil upwards, in the face. (A second very slight profile of Cœur de Lion is also in the series.)

52. Canute.

Marked 'Dark hair and eyes'—the latter extremely open, and gazing upward; the jaw heavily rounded, like that of an obese Frenchman. Not one of the best.

53. Caractacus.

A most powerful head, with high features, great dark eyes, and compressed forehead, singularly true to the conception of a lordly and vigorous-minded barbarian. There is a curious resemblance, too, to the Caractacus in the fresco which Mr. Watts sent to Westminster Hall, though that is considerably toned down in comparison.

54. Owen Glendower.

A surly, supercilious, unpleasant head, well realized.

55. Hotspur.

A wonderfully vivid image of an audacious fighting man, born to fight, who will gain by dash what he has discovered to be gainable by instantaneous *coup d'œil*.

56. The Ghost of a Flea:—the Flea's mouth open below.

Engraved at p. 255, Vol. I.

57. Cancer.

Presumably a man born under the influence of the sign Cancer. A cantankerous, yet large-minded man, not wholly unlike Benjamin Franklin or Blake himself, but of a highly *outré* type.

58. Nebuchadnezzar.

Vivid, and not wanting in truth to the Assyrian cast of countenance. Below the head is a 'coin' of Nebuchadnezzar, engraved in Varley's 'Zodiacal Physiognomy.'

59. 1820, Aug.—Old Parr at the Age of Forty.

A perfectly naked figure, aiming probably to represent a man admirably constituted for vital strength and endurance. Carefully drawn, with the short thorax characteristic of Blake's figures.

60. Friar Bacon and the Poet Gray.

So inscribed, but not by Blake. Very slight; on the same piece of paper.

61. Five Visionary Heads of Women. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

Sketch engraved at p. 249, Vol. I.

62. 1820.—The Series of Twenty Designs to Phillips's Pastoral. [Mr. Linnell.] *Indian ink.*

Delicately executed, with different degrees of finish; a trifle larger than the woodcuts (see p. 271, Vol. I.), and occasionally varying slightly from them. The only one which was not engraved represents the two shepherds standing together, with sheep, &c. behind. The engraved frontispiece is not included in this set.

63. 1825.—Job and his Three Daughters. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

Slight in execution; the design pretty nearly as in the engraved plate, but without the visionary subjects in the background.

64. 1825-6.—The Six-footed Serpent attacking Agnolo Brunelleschi—Dante. [Mr. Harvey.]

An interesting sketch for the Dante water-colour, List 1, No. 101, x^1: the central group fine.

65. 1825-6.—Brunelleschi half-transformed by the Serpent—Dante. [Mr. Harvey.]

Sketch for No. 101 y^1, List 1.

66. 1827.—Six Designs from the Opening of the Book of Genesis. [Mr. Linnell.] *Pencil, with tints of colour here and there.*

These were drawn in the year of Blake's death. They show some uncertainty of hand, but not much further change. They are, however, extremely slight. The subjects are—1. a Title-page, with God the Father and Son, the four living creatures used as the Evangelical Symbols, and Adam; 2. Similar subject; 3. The Creator; 4. The Trinity creating Adam; 5. The creation of Eve; 6. God setting the mark upon Cain.

SECTION B.—UNDATED WORKS.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SUBJECT.

C.—BIBLICAL AND SACRED.

67. Eve and the Serpent. [Mr. Harvey.]

A good design, in slight outline. The serpent is wound round Eve, who appears (as in No. 75 *g*, List 1) to be eating the forbidden fruit out of the tempter's very jaws.

68. God convicting Adam and Eve. [Mr. Harvey.]

Fine in feeling, spite of extreme slightness.

69. The Death of Abel. [Rev. Charles Forster.] *Indian ink.*

Abel lies dead on the ground; Cain, a grand figure, stares upon the corpse, with his hands up to his head. Adam and Eve look on from a distance, clasping each other: they appear scarcely so old as their sons. Perhaps this design is less intended as a direct illustration of the Death of Abel than as an ideal subject of the same class, in affinity with the headpiece to the 'America.'

70. Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac. [Mr. Strange, from Mr. Butts.] *Indian-ink, with slight traces of colour, and very highly varnished all over into tone.*

They both kneel, Isaac appearing quite reconciled to his doom. A small design, probably early, and much closer to the ordinary artistic type of such works than Blake's wont. As such, agreeably treated.

71. Jacob wrestling with the Angel. [Mr. Harvey.]

A delicate, able outline.

72. * Moses receiving the Law. [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

An interesting treatment of the subject, though not noticeable in point of design. Moses, standing erect, extends both arms upwards at full length, in the act of receiving the tablets. Flames are behind him ; and a densely dark cloud conceals all, from the lower part of the tablets upwards.

73. * From Job : 'Every one also gave him a piece of money' (?). [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.] *Pencil, slightly touched with Indian ink.*

Quite a different design from the one in the engraved Job series. The supposed Job and his young wife sit in the middle, with tall female figures approaching from the two sides. God and some cherubs are above. Interesting.

74. The Death of Ezekiel's Wife. [Mr. Palgrave.] *Indian ink.*

A different design from No. 5, less good. Ezekiel has an aspect of more entire resignation ; the friends here are four in number.

75. The Prodigal Son. [Mr. Harvey.]

Extremely slight, but there seems scarcely a doubt of the subject intended. The son rushes up a flight of stairs into the arms of the father, a Christ-like figure, who kneels at the head of the steps ; a young girl kneels beside him, and joins in embracing her brother. To the right, two figures stand aside, one holding a very prominent pair of keys. Interesting in conception, and impulsive in action, spite of its slightness.

76. The Parable of the Sower. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.] *Indian ink.*

Christ (not a satisfactory figure) is represented addressing a number of persons of all conditions. Behind, an angel in the sky is seen sowing the seed. The merit of this design is greater on examination than its interest at first sight. According to another interpretation, it represents 'Christ as the Good Farmer,' distributing His produce to the poor ; and a group in the background is a hard-hearted farmer whose goods are being destroyed by lightning.

77. Christ as the Good Shepherd.

Different from the preceding, but in some degree analogous to it.

78. The Resurrection. [Mr. Simpson.]

A sketch for a design afterwards executed.

79. The Magdalene at the Sepulchre. 'She turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing.' [Mr. Palgrave, from Mr. Butts.] *Indian ink, with slight touches of colour.*

Mary kneels at the bottom of the steps leading into the sepulchre, wherein are the two kneeling angels. She is just within the entrance-arch ; a graceful, beautiful woman, with what might be termed a modern air (noticeable also, for instance, in the engraved designs of Job's daughters). Behind her stands Christ, whom Blake (as nearly always) aims to make noticeably 'handsome.' Of course, the success in this figure is very qualified. The angels have a tranquil, conscious air, conducive to dignity of presentment. An important though not fully completed specimen.

80. Christ, after the Resurrection, appearing to the Apostles in the 'Upper Chamber.' [Mr. Harvey.]

On the back of No. 68. The Saviour stands right in the midst of the composition. Very slight, yet not destitute of impressiveness.

81. Christ showing the Print of the Nails to the Apostles. [Rev. Charles Forster.] *Indian ink.*

82. Eve and Satan (?). [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

The supposed Satan is a vehemently flying figure, but wingless. A moderate specimen.

83. Sketch of the Virgin, Baptist, and sleeping Jesus—List 1, No. 184. [Mr. Linnell.]

84. Christ trampling down Satan. [Mr. Chance.]

The supposed Satan is an aged figure; his conqueror may possibly be Michael. Or the whole subject might equally well stand for the New Dispensation superseding the Old Law. Noteworthy for grand, powerful, and correct drawing.

85. A Woman amid Clouds, with Demons crouching below. [Mr. Chance.]

Religious and spiritual. Remarkable for the careful finish and almost prettiness of the female figure; at first sight hardly like Blake in this respect.

86. The Last Trumpet. [Mr. Palgrave.] *Indian ink.*

An angel in the upper mid-plane of the design is blowing the trumpet, the tube of which comes forward in a conspicuous way. Souls, chiefly of women and children, are rising from the earth, and received by angels. A moderately good design, having no salient qualities of execution.

87. *The Last Judgment—also named The Fall of Man. [Mr. Stirling, from Mr. Butts.] *Red and white chalks, slightly coloured.*

A composition of many figures, with Adam and Eve kneeling before the throne of the Judge. Carefully finished. Resembling in general character the Judgment in Blair's 'Grave,' but not identical with it—perhaps finer; seems to be a later and still more elaborate study for the same subject.

88. The Last Judgment. [Mr. Stirling.] *Red and white chalks, slightly coloured.*

The Saviour stands between Adam and Eve, near the centre of the composition, holding a hand of each. In other respects, the same remarks apply as to the preceding.

89. *The same. [From Mr. Butts.] *Indian ink.*

May be classed with the two preceding Nos., being in like manner related to the Last Judgment in Blair's 'Grave.' (See also Nos. 22, 23.) Contains an amazing number of figures, singularly refined. Few works of Blake could contend with this for elaboration and evenness of excellence.

90. *Angels conducting the Souls of the Just to Paradise. [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

Fine, especially in its solemn freedom of motion and of dispersed arrangement in the figures. Much injured, however, by a very prominent, ill-drawn, outstretched arm.

91. Angels—the chief one holding an open book. [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

At the back of No. 95.

92. *The Soul entering Eternity. [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

The composition exhibits a maiden entering a door, guarded by two spiritual women. Fine in its solemn, mystic air.

D.—POETIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

93. *Hector and Andromache (?). [Mr. Harvey.] *Pen and ink.*

This is a classic or heroic attempt, evidently an early one, and poor: the title, 'Hector and Andromache,' may serve to suggest the kind of subject, but is not probably the correct one.

94. * An ideal Composition, illustrative of Spenser (?). [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

A figure, bearing some resemblance to Spenser and holding a book, appears at the summit of some steps, along with two old men. A youth ascends the steps to receive another book from the old man to the left. Below are two women, with harp and book. Not a good design.

95. * An Illustration to Spenser (?). [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

Looks like a companion design to the preceding. The subject is a naked man holding a sapling, and approaching five women with musical instruments, amid trees. Tolerable.

96. Hamlet administering the Oath to his Friends (?).—An Incantation (?). [Mr. Harvey.]

Two on the same bit of paper. Slight sketches of an Ossianic, or Fuseli-like, tendency. Poor as far as they go.

97. Lady Macbeth approaching the sleeping Duncan. [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

Not carried far beyond the outline. Ordinary.

98. Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—Pilgrim's Progress (?). [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*

Erinnys-like demons beset him: an angel ushers him onward. Moderate.

99. Death shaking the dart.—Milton. [Mr. Harvey.]

100. Satan, Sin, and Death. [Mr. Harvey.] *Slightly touched with colour in the Satan.*

A fine example, though only half executed; the drawing rigid, but very terse and energetic.

101. Adam and Eve recumbent, hovered over by Angels. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]

A sketch which may have been preparatory to No. 75 *c*, List 1. The style, comparatively florid and wanting in repose, gives the design some general resemblance to the manner of David Scott.

102. Young burying Narcissa (?).

'With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole,
. . . and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh.'
Night Thoughts, Night 3.

[Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.] *Indian ink.*

Powerful in broad effect, and still more so in feeling. A lantern gives bright partial light amid the darkness. Young holds the prayer-book, from which he is repeating the burial-service on his knees. His head is less made out than those of a boy and girl who gaze into the grave with wondrous intensity of expression. If the subject is the one surmised from Young, the introduction of these two children seems to be Blake's own addition to the narrative.

103. Capaneus, from Dante (?). [Mr. Harvey.]

The group presents three men in energetic protest or enforced subjection. Probably three of the sufferers in Dante's 'Hell of the Blasphemers.' Quite different from No. 101 *y* and *z*, List 1.

104. The same (?). [Mr. Harvey.]

Another different design; the actions grand. Four figures, slightly executed. The writhing hair of the figure who appears to be Capaneus presents a crown-like aspect.

105. Portrait of Mrs. Blake. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]
Engraved at p. 318, Vol. I.

106. Three bowed Figures worshipping the Sun. [Mr. Chance.]
A sketch.

107. 'For Children: the Gates of Hell.'
A slight sketch so inscribed, forming a frontispiece. It is dark midnight, with a figure entering a door.

108. The Death of an Infant.
A small drawing, found among Stothard's prints. The mother is kneeling by the cradle: the infantine soul is being carried by an angel to cherubs above.

109. Beauty. [Mr. Simpson.]
A sketch for a work afterwards executed.

110. Sketch for a Funeral Card. [Mr. Simpson.] *Chalk.*

111. Apis (?). [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]
A kneeling figure of a man with a bull's head; looks rather as if done from a 'vision'—possibly a man born under the sign Taurus? Excellent.

112. Archimedes.

113. * 'And Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,' &c. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.]
A sketch for No. 218, List 1, though differing considerably from it in the details. Moderately good.

114. An Aged Man, with two crouching Women, exorcising three Demoniac Figures. [Mr. Harvey.]
The 'three demoniac figures' recall strongly the trio engraved by Blake as 'The Accusers of Theft, Adultery, and Murder' (see p. 256, Vol. I., and No. 230, List 1). The other main group is nearly the same as in the 'Europe,' p. 7. Fine.

115. A Naked Man, seated on the ground. [Mr. Harvey.]
Seems to be an Academy study.

116. A Dying Man crouching, with floating figures. [Mr. Evans.]
Characteristic.

117. *An Angel taking a huge stride in the air. [Mr. Evans.]
Has the energetic movement which Blake was wont to impart to such figures, but is not a particularly good example.

118. Newton. [Mr. Harvey.]
A grand figure, quietly but carefully designed. See List 1, No. 22, which this design corresponds to.

119. Wren. [Mr. Harvey.]
Evidently intended for Wren, the Dome of St. Paul's being sketched in the distance. Resembles the Newton (118) in general arrangement. His hands trail along the ground.

120. The same. [Mr. Harvey.]
On the back of the preceding. Here the hands are up to the chin, expressing great tension of mind in a forcible manner.

121. A Man tormented by a huge Serpent. [Mr. Harvey.]
The general conception recalls Prometheus. A woman is looking on. Fair.

122. Water Deities and Nymphs. [Mr. Harvey.]
Sketched in a rather florid style.

123. A Squatted Devil, with young horns. [Mr. Harvey.]
The face is somewhat of the Satyr type. Ordinarily good.

124. Queen Mab (?). [Mr. Harvey.]
A dreamer visited by a fairy. Slight.

125. Clouds personified. [Mr. Harvey.]
The intention appears unmistakeable, though the drawing is not carried far enough to express it completely. Curious and good.

126. *Laocoön. [Mr. Harvey.] *Slightly touched with colour.*
Laocoön (a robed figure), and his two sons, are all standing, agonized under the attack of the serpents. There is no direct resemblance to the celebrated sculptural Laocoön, yet some analogy to it may be traced. Scribbly in execution, and only second-rate.

127. A Human-limbed Elephant, dandling a similar Infant Elephant on his foot. [Mrs. W. B. Scott, Newcastle.]
A most quaint and amusing sketch, probably a vision.

128. A Space of Sea, with a Rainbow. [Mrs. W. B. Scott.] *Indian ink.*
Very noble, full of unstrained power, and conveying, in the slightest form, a great sense of space and movement on a majestic scale. Drawn on the back of the preceding.

129. *Five Designs to 'the Book of Enoch.' [Mr. Linnell.]
Slight in execution, and as intangible for description as the average of the designs for the Prophetic Books. A miscellany of naked figures in conditions that one does not accurately apprehend.

130. *A Pastoral Wooing. [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*
The young shepherd, kneeling, pleads his suit to the father and mother of his shepherdess, who stands coyly aside: the parents are seated under a tree. An agreeable bit of old-fashioned Corydonism.

131. A Pastoral. [Mr. Palser.] *Indian ink.*
Two aged shepherds, one of them holding a Pan's pipe: milking, spinning, and other rural and household occupations, are going on. A well-conceived pastoral subject.

132. A King Praying. [Mr. Linnell.]
He has a hideous face, with shark-like teeth, and other repulsive details. Might possibly be a 'vision' of the King in 'Hamlet,' in the praying scene?

133. Visiting the Sick. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.] *Indian ink.*
A woman, holding a purse and a vase, is crossing the threshold of a cottage, in which an old man has just expired. Another woman by the bedside, and a girl, form the family. Not carried far.

134. The Mourners. [Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist.] *Indian ink.*
Four women, seated at the foot of a flight of steps, two of them having their faces hidden. Fine in grouping and expression, and graceful as well.

135. *An Allegory of Human Life. [From Mr. Butts.] *Indian ink.*
A different composition, and to a considerable extent a different idea, from No. 21, though there is probably some relation between the two. Here also a tree, which may be the Tree of Life, is introduced. There are a great number of figures, highly finished, representing various aspects of the soul and of life. The whole may be compared to a glorified Masonic broadsheet.

136. A Drawing of nine Grotesque or Demoniac Heads. [Mr. Linnell.]

An early, finished drawing. The heads are of different types, showing singular or monstrous physiognomies, some having a quasi-demoniac aspect. Inscribed by Blake—'All genius varies thus: devils are various, angels are all alike.'

137. Two Figures, with the Sun (or full Moon) to the left. [Mr. Harvey.]

A sketch of fair merit, not easy to describe; the sort of design that one finds in Blake's Prophetic Books.

138. Egypt. [Mr. Harvey.]

A naked, standing male figure, so inscribed. There is a quantity of accessory matter, very slight and scratchy, and practically undecipherable.

139. A Naked Male Figure, seated on a Cloud. [Mr. Harvey.]

Noticeable for the *outré* turning-out of the right leg, extended in a position which ought to be one of rest. Fair.

140. The Human Soul. [Mr. Harvey.]

A male figure bursting out of a sphere, a good deal like the figure named 'Earth' in the 'Gates of Paradise.' Below is sketched in very slightly what looks like a curtained entrance guarded by an angel. Curious.

141. A Female Torso. [Mr. Harvey.]

Looks not unlike an Academy study. Besides the female torso, there is another something, which is either a male torso of the most rugged and rocky contours, or an actual mass of rock.

142. A Titanic Deity, with some smaller figures. [Mr. Harvey.]

A small narrow drawing, of good quality in the character of the Prophetic Book designs.

143. An Allegorical Design, with a Dome like that of St. Paul's. [Mr. Harvey.]

Neatly sketched. The title of this design is subscribed, and looks more like 'Theotormon Worm' than anything else.

144. A Girl standing before two bowed seated figures. [Mr. Harvey.]

Looks like a design for a Prophetic Book. Slight.

145. A Man supporting a Swooning Woman. [Mr. Harvey.]

A sketch of smallish size, good in action.

146. A Crowd, with a Boy beating a Drum. [Mr. Harvey.]

Very imperfectly made out.

147. Fate. [Mr. Harvey.] See No. 25 *n*.

148. Nude Studies: Two Men throwing Somersaults, &c. [Mr. W. M. Rossetti.]

The two figures specified are drawn with great care and completeness; both of them in difficult positions, and one—arched right over, at the moment that his toes touch the ground again,—in a most daring action, quite a curiosity. The other studies are a carefully-drawn leg; a less satisfactory prostrate figure; and, on the back of the page (among others), a vigorously-designed male figure, kneeling and bending forward, with the hands up to the back of the head.

149. Pity, and other Personifications (one sheet of paper, front and back). [Mr. W. M. Rossetti.]

Also drawn in an accurate, firm, terse style. 'Pity' is on a tolerably large scale, a woman bending down to succour a man stretched out at length, as if given over to death. On a much smaller scale are embodied Doubt, Dissipation, Weariness, Luxury, Idleness, Gratitude, Indolence, Rage, Despair, Deceit, Discontent, Joy, Avarice, Listlessness, Study, Cruelty, Distress, Severity, Oppression, Misery, Mischief, and Protection; each (except, perhaps, Distress), in a single figure, mostly nude.

150. A Deathbed. [Mr. W. M. Rossetti.]

On the back of the 'Pity': fine, and characteristic of Blake's style. A naked woman, her head bowed on the pillow and hidden by her outstretched arm, kneels passionately weeping over her youthful husband, whose face has just set into the rigidity of death.

151. Searching among the Dead on a Battlefield. [Mr. W. M. Rossetti.]

Two entirely distinct designs, one on the back of the other. There is great expression of the subject in one where a dead horse's head appears in the foreground, and a conflagration in the background; though, of the two very rough sketches, this is the rougher.

152. A Man approaching a recumbent Woman. [Mr. Harvey.]

Slovenly, with no point of merit save the freedom of action.

153. Tyranny Enthroned (?). [Mr. Harvey.]

In some respects, this suggests the Miltonic subject of Satan giving birth to Sin, though that does not seem to be the exact idea. There are several figures, with plenty of action; expressive, though quite slight.

154. 'In maiden meditation, fancy-free.' [Mr. Harvey.]

A slight pencil-drawing, with figures in the air round a girl, who is reading as she walks. Slight, and of a conventional tendency. The general feeling of the subject seems to be such as would be conveyed by the motto above suggested.

155. A Death-chamber. [Mr. Harvey.]

A vigorous pencil-sketch, large in style. A naked man in the foreground appears to have died a violent death, to judge from his wrenched position. A woman, sideways behind him, crouches in an agonized heap: three figures are beside her, floating apparently, just above the ground. One might suppose it to be Patroclus, Achilles, and Thetis with her nymphs, but that the Achilles is a woman.

156. A Set of Twelve Drawings, of uncertain subject. *Indian ink.* [In Mr. Bicknell's Sale, 1st May, 1863.]

This is a puzzling series—evidently a *series;* often very fine in invention and composition. There is a sort of rational, consecutive look about the subjects, which disposes one to believe that they illustrate some known story, rather than any invention of Blake's own: some of them, however, might do for his unpublished poem, "Tiriel," a piece of erratic Ossianism. Others suggest Ruth, Lot, Œdipus, Lear, Priam; but one fails in attempting to carry any of these histories on through the whole series. I follow the order of subjects as in the sale-catalogue, modifying some of the titles there given, with the view of bringing out the subjects more distinctly.

(*a*) An Ancient Man blessing or advising a Damsel, an elderly Woman by his side: all three kneeling on a bed.

A fine, careful drawing, very individual. The damsel, whose back is turned, is robed in a richly-patterned dress, unusual with Blake.

(*b*) The Ancient Man blessing a Blind Man; the two Women behind.

Also fine and careful; the glimpse of thin tree-stems through a door very elegant.

(*c*) The Ancient Man asleep; a young Woman beside him; another looking on.

Fine. Here the patterned dress disappears, but a patterned quilt comes as a substitute.

(*d*) Figures kneeling near some richly-sculptured columns, seemingly in awe at some impending catastrophe.

Not quite finished, nor so remarkable as the preceding three; yet Blake-like and mysterious.

(*e*) The Ancient Man bathing with a Woman in a streamlet; another Woman reclining on the bank behind.

A wonderful design, excellent in the tone and depth obtained with simple execution.

(*f*) The Ancient Man, with a Woman watching the Blind Man.

The blind man is not one of Blake's finer figures, but more in the manner of Westall. Less good than others, yet meritorious.

(*g*) The Ancient Man, and an aged Woman, playing Harps.

Good.

(*h*) The Blind Man walking with a Woman who has snaky hair.

Poor in touch, the handling being certainly not wholly that of Blake.

(*i*) The Blind Man cursing or denouncing a King and his Companions; Women kneeling to intercede.

Excellently designed and composed.

(*j*) The Blind Man, upheld on the shoulders of an athletic Herdsman, addressing a kneeling Queen and others.

A very grand, inventive design; the work of an artist having some affinity to Flaxman, but more imaginative.

(*k*) The Blind Man, supporting a swooning Woman, and addressing the King and others.

Good, though inferior to the preceding. A pyramid is introduced in this design.

(*l*) A Woman contemplating the Blind Man, outstretched on a Vineyard ground, apparently dead.

Fine. The vines, in lithe, tall ranks, are managed with a true sense of the clear, tempered shadow among thick leafage.

LIST No. 3.

WORKS OF UNASCERTAINED METHOD,

(Whether Coloured or Uncoloured,)

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SUBJECT.

* *Indicates that the Work is more probably coloured.*

A.—BIBLICAL AND SACRED.

1. *He rode upon the Cherubim. [Mr. Money, from Mr. Butts.]
2. The Departure of Lot. [Mr. Harrison.]
3. *Jacob and his Twelve Sons. [Mr. Slocock, from Mr. Butts.]
4. Samuel. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.]
5. *The Waters of Babylon. [From Mr. Butts.]
6. *The Nativity. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.]
7. The Circumcision. [Mr. Martin, from Mr. Butts.]
8. Christ and His Disciples. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.]
9. *The Beheading of John the Baptist. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.]
10. *The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. [Mr. Martin, from Mr. Butts.]
11. Christ before Pilate. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.]
12. *Death on the Pale Horse. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.]
13. *Satan in his former Glory. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.]
14. Christ and the Church. [Mr. Golding, from Mr. Butts.]
15. *Christ and a Heavenly Choir. [Mr. Thomas, from Mr. Butts.

B.—POETIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

16. *'So judged He man.'—(Paradise Lost). [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]
17. *'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.' [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]
18. *'O Father, what extends thy hand, she cried,
    Against thy only son?'

    (Satan, Sin, and Death, from 'Paradise Lost'). [Mr. Fuller, from Mr. Butts.]
19. *Subject from 'Hervey's Meditations.' [Mr. Money, from Mr. Butts.]
20. *One hundred and fourteen Designs to Gray's Poems. [The Duke of Hamilton.]

    Reputed to be among the very finest works executed by Blake.

21. 'I have sat down with the worm.'

Probably the same design as in the 'Gates of Paradise,' and reported to be fine.

22. A Dream of Death.

23. The Genius of Morning.

24. Portraits of the Actors Cooke and Kemble. [From Mr. Butts.]

THE subjoined is a Debtor and Creditor Account between Blake and Mr. Butts, which, as an authentic record of the scale of prices received by the artist, and also as fixing the date of production of some of his most remarkable works, deserves insertion here:—

DR. MR. BUTTS.	£	s.	d.	CR.	£	s.	d.
May 12, 1805.				Jan. 12.			
Due on Account	0	4	0	By Cash	12	12	0
12 Drawings, viz.—							
1. Famine. 2. War. 3. Moses striking the Rock. 4. Ezekiel's Wheels. 5. Christ girding Himself with Strength. 6. Four-and-twenty Elders. 7. Christ baptizing. 8. Samson breaking his Bonds. 9. Samson subdued. 10. Noah and Rainbow. 11. Wise and Foolish Virgins. 12. "Hell beneath is moved for thee," &c. from Isaiah	12	12	0				
5 July. 4 Prints, viz.—				5 July.			
1. Good and Evil Angel. 2. House of Death. 3. God judging Adam. 4. Lamech	4	4	0	By ditto	5	7	0
4 Nos. of Hayley's Ballads	0	10	0				
7 Sept. 4 Prints, viz.—				7 Sept.			
1. Nebuchadnezzar. 2. Newton. 3. God creating Adam. 4. Christ appearing	4	4	0	By ditto	4	4	0
Dec. 12—							
Touching up Christ baptizing	1	1	0				
Drawings, &c. sent from Felpham	14	14	0	Balance due from me [i.e. Mr. Butts] previous to my going to Felpham	14	10	8
Urizen, Heaven, &c. and Songs of Experience, for Balance	0	10	6				
8 Hayley's Ballads, per Brother	0	7	6				
8 Ditto, Mr. Birch	0	7	6	By Coals, to 5 Oct. 1805	12	19	0
4 Ditto	0	10	0				
History of Master Malkin	0	10	6				
Dec. 25, 1805.							
On account of teaching your son, at 25 Guineas per annum, to commence on this day	26	5	0	Balance paid to Mr. Blake	16	7	4
	£66	0	0		£66	0	0

ENGRAVINGS.

[The following Lists, especially the Second, do not, of course, pretend to completeness. Size is given when it could be ascertained, except in cases where it has been already specified, according to reference.]

WORKS DESIGNED AS WELL AS ENGRAVED BY BLAKE.

IN VOL. I. PAGE

King Edward and Queen Eleanor. 1779. See p. 201, Vol. II. . . 30

Morning, or Glad Day. 10 × 7½ in. 1780. 32

Mary Wollstonecraft's *Tales for Children*. 8vo. Six Plates. 1791 . 90—91

Nine Plates to Gay's Fables. 8vo. Published by Stockdale. 1739 .

Ezekiel: 'Take away from thee the desire of thine eyes.' 19 × 14 in. 1794. 136

Job: 'What is man, that Thou shouldst try him every moment?' See p. 263, Vol. II. 1794 137

Illustrations to Young's *Night Thoughts*. Folio. 1797 . . . 139—144

Little Tom the Sailor. Hayley's Broadsheet. 1800. 18½ × 7½ in. 152—154

(An instance of the process Blake calls 'wood-cutting on pewter.')

The Weather House and Cowper's Tame Hares. Vignettes for Hayley's *Life of Cowper*. 1803 165

Nine Plates to Hayley's Ballads. 4to. 1805 . . . . . 160, 168—170

Ditto, reduced, for the 12mo. edition 199

The Canterbury Pilgrims. 1817 . . . . . 228—232

Small Plate altered from the same for Frontispiece. 8vo. . . 242—243

The Accusers of Theft, Adultery, Murder. A Scene in the Last Judgment. Satan's Holy Trinity. The Accuser, the Judge, and the Executioner. The first title inscribed on the background, over the heads of the figures. Very powerful and terrible. 9 × 5 in. . 256

Moses 'laid in the flags by the river's brink.' Small Engraving, of exquisite delicacy and finish. The figure of the mother, fainting and fallen back from the little ark, is very beautiful. In the background are pyramids, a sphinx, and river winding down the land—a grand yet sweet ideal of Ancient Egypt. 4 × 3 in.

IN VOL. PAGE

Drowned figures, man and woman, lying on rocks by the sea. Enormous eagle soaring above. Engraved after the fashion of 'wood-cutting on metal.' Very fine. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Adam and Eve. Subject looking at first like the Finding the Body of Abel. Adam and Eve stand in impassioned sorrow over a youthful figure—not dead, however, but manacled by the wrists and ankles to the rocky ground—who turns his eyes upon them. A sort of St. Peter's Dome appears in the distance. The design is probably intended for a prophetic symbol of the Atonement. The heads of Adam and Eve are each encircled by a nimbus. On the background is inscribed, 'Type by W. Blake, 1817.' Very similar to the headpiece of the *America*. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ in.

Group of Figures on the edge of a rock by the sea, gazing, as it appears, on some awful or supernatural spectacle in the clouds and waters; roughly etched, in the same method as the preceding. A most impressive, indeed appallingly suggestive, composition. $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 58

Figure, with a glory, standing before a rising or setting sun or globe.

Mirth and her attendant Spirits. Milton's *Allegro*. Engraved from the first Design of the series for the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Rather small. P. 233, Vol. II.

Death's Door. For the *Grave* 240

Sacred to Simplicity. Female figure placing a scroll on a monument.

Four male figures.

A Man kneeling. Angels and Demons behind.

Etchings. Subjects from Shakespeare. (Sold at T. H. Burke's Sale, Christie's, June 21st, 1852.)

Seventeen Woodcuts to Thornton's *Virgil*. 1820 . . . . . 273—275

Sweeping the Interpreter's House, from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The man who sweeps the parlour is here a demon-like figure, with strong spiny wings, and the dust he raises is filled with numerous insect-like spirits. A graceful angelic figure brings the water in a bowl. Example of Blake's 'wood-cutting on copper,' very *painter-like* in treatment and effect, of signal richness and beauty.

Inventions to the Book of Job. Folio. 1826 . . . . . 282—291

Mr. Cumberland's Card-plate. 1827 356

Dante. Seven Plates. Small folio. 1824—1827 . . . . 333—334

WORKS ENGRAVED BUT NOT DESIGNED BY BLAKE.

IN VOL. I PAGE

Joseph of Arimathea among the Rocks of Albion. 10 × 5½ in. 1773. Broad, effective Engraving; trembling sunlight on the sea well rendered 19

Sundry Plates, in the *Memoirs* of Hollis, of Gough's *Monuments*, &c. 19, 20

Asia and Africa. After Stothard. Allegorical frontispiece to a *System of Geography*. 1779 32

Novelist's Magazine, 1779—1782. Eight Plates after Stothard . . 32

Don Quixote. Pl. 7. The Decision of the Doubts concerning Mambrino's Helmet.

Ditto, Pl. 16. The Peaceful Death of Don Quixote.

Sentimental Journey. Pl. 2. The Dance of the Peasants.

David Simple. Pl. 2. David pays the Landlady, and relieves the Distresses of Valentine and Camilla.

Launcelot Greaves. Pl. 2. Sir Launcelot enjoying the Humours of a General Election.

Sir Charles Grandison. Pl. 8. Miss Byron visiting Miss Emily Jervoise.

Pl. 9. Duel in Parlour.

Pl. 12. Grandison's Interview with Clementina and her Mother.

Clarence's Dream. For Enfield's *Speaker*. Pub. by Johnson. After Stothard. 1780 32

Scott of Amwell's *Poems*. Four Plates. After Stothard. Pub. by Buckland. 1782 51

Lady's Pocket-Book. Two Plates. After Stothard. 1782 or 1783 . 51

Ritson's *English Songs*. Nineteen Plates, about half of them engraved by Blake. Stothard. Pub. by Johnson. 1783 51

The Fall of Rosamond. Stothard. Circular. 12 in. Pub. by Macklin. 1783 51

Zephyrus and Flora: Calisto. Stothard. Two Oval Plates. 8 × 7 in. Pub. by Parker and Blake. 1784 55

The Wit's Magazine. Pub. by Harrison. 1784. Five Plates . . 53—54

Small Plate for Bonnycastle's *Mensuration*. Stothard.

Battle of Ain, for Maynard's *Josephus*. Stothard.

IN VOL. I. PAGE

Frontispiece to *Lavater's Aphorisms.* 8vo. Fuseli. 1788 61

Scene from the *Beggar's Opera.* Hogarth. Pub. by Boydell. 1788. Large, finely-executed Plate.

Democritus. Rubens. For *Lavater's Physiognomy.* Also for the same a Vignette of a Hand and Arm holding a Taper. 4to. 1789.

Satan. Stothard. Small circular Plate, apparently for Bell's Poets, but not used to illustrate Milton.

Stothard and Friends Prisoners during a Boating Excursion. Stothard and Blake.

Elements of Morality. Fifty Plates. After Chodowiecki. 8vo. 1791 . 92

Hoole's Ariosto. The second of two Plates. Stothard. Pub. by Dodsley. 1791 . . . . . .

The Fertilization of Egypt. Fuseli. For Darwin's *Botanic Garden.* 4to. Johnson. 1791. A good Engraving, softer in style and effect than usual 92

Flaxman's Outlines to the *Odyssey.* 1793 114

Steadman's *Surinam.* Fourteen Plates. Pub. by Johnson. . 1796 . 136

Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage.
Wat Tyler and the Tax-gatherer.
King John absolved.
Queen Elizabeth and Essex.
} Engraved for Johnson, 1797.

Death of Lucretia.
Death of Cleopatra.
Caius Marius.
Mars and Rhea Sylvia.
} Ditto, 1797.

Frontispiece to Flaxman's *Letter*, representing the colossal statue proposed to be erected on Greenwich Hill. 4to. 1799 144

Portrait of Lavater, published by Johnson. 1800. 'From a Drawing in the possession of the Publisher, taken in 1787.' A superb and masterly example. As an Engraver merely, Blake ranks high, on the strength of this Plate alone. The lines of the face are especially noteworthy for their skilful play, firmness, and delicacy.

Figure of Michael Angelo, for Fuseli's Lectures. 8vo. 1801 . . . 160

Six Plates, from designs for the *Triumphs of Temper*, by Maria Flaxman. 8vo. 1803 171

Portait of Cowper, after Romney . .
Ditto after Lawrence . .
Portrait of Cowper's Mother. After Heins.
} For Hayley's *Life of Cowper.* 1803 164-5

IN VOL. I. PAGE

Cowper's Monument in East Dereham Church. Two Plates. F. Stone.
For the same. 1802 167-8

Dream of Queen Katherine. Fuseli. } Part of a Series to illustrate
Romeo and the Apothecary. Ditto } Shakespeare. Pub. by Rivington. 1804.

The Shipwreck. Romney. For Hayley's *Life of Romney*. 1809. . . 178

Head of a Man in Fire. Fuseli. Life size. Vigorously and grandly engraved.

The Idle Laundress. }
The Industrious Cottager. } Morland. Square. Pub. by J. R. Smith.

Subject apparently from the Scandinavian Mythology (Thor battering the Serpent [?]). Fuseli. Forcibly executed Plate. 9 × 7½ in.

Plates for Rees' Encyclopædia, illustrative of the Articles 'Armour' and 'Sculpture.' 1815-16 248

Cumberland's *Thoughts on Outline*. Eight Plates.

Flaxman's *Hesiod*. Thirty-seven Plates. 1817 247-8

Portrait of Wilson Lowry. Drawn by Linnell. Engraved by Linnell and Blake 332

WORKS DESIGNED BY BLAKE, BUT ENGRAVED BY OTHERS.

Bürger's *Lenore*. Translated by J. T. Stanley. 4to. 1796 . . . 138
Blair's *Grave*. 4to. 1808 . . . . . 200-207, 217-23

WRITINGS BY BLAKE.

[Of these all are engraved, not type-printed, and embellished with designs as described in the *Life*, except those marked with an asterisk, which are printed in the ordinary manner, and unillustrated.]

*Poetical Sketches. 8vo. 1783 . . . . . 23-26, also Part II.
Songs of Innocence. 8vo. 1789 . . . . . 68-75, also Part II.
Book of Thel. 4to. 1789 . . . . . 76-78, also Part II.
Marriage of Heaven and Hell. 4to. 1790 78-89
*The French Revolution. 8vo. Book the First. 1791 90
The Gates of Paradise. 12mo. 1793 101-104
Visions of the Daughters of Albion. Folio. 1793 105-108

	IN VOL. I, PAGE
America: a Prophecy. Folio. 1793	109-113
Songs of Experience. 8vo. 1794	119-126
Europe: a Prophecy. Folio. 1794	127-130
The Book of Urizen. 4to. 1794	130-132
The Song of Los. 4to. 1795	132-134
The Book of Ahania. 4to. 1795	135-136
Jerusalem. 4to. 1804	184-194
Milton. 4to. 1804	195-198
*Descriptive Catalogue. 8vo. 1809	226-228 Part II.
The Laocoön. The Ghost of Abel. } Sibylline Leaves On Homer's Poetry.	245

There is no Natural Religion. Eight (?) small Leaves, each containing a thesis on this favourite dogma of Blake's, accompanied by a slight coloured design.

In a List of Works by Blake, offered for sale by his widow, to Mr. Ferguson (vol. I. p. 366), occurs the following item:—

A work called Outhoun. 12 *Plates,* 6 *inches more or less. Price,* £2 2*s.* 0*d.*

I have never seen a copy of this, nor been able to find any one who has. Even Mr. Linnell had never heard of it. But the above must be taken, I think, as indisputable evidence that such a book does or did exist. An ingenious friend suggested that 'Outhoun' might be another title for the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion,* in which one Oothoon plays a prominent part. But the number of plates in the two not corresponding decisively negatives such a supposition.

It should be mentioned, also, that there is in existence a complete MS. Poem by Blake, called *Tiriel,* which somewhat resembles the 'Prophetic Books' in style, but is less obscure.

[The following is a copy of a characteristic Prospectus issued by Blake, in 1793. The original is in engraved writing printed in blue on a single leaf about 11 × 7½ inches. Of course it has become excessively rare, the specimen here described having been obtained only at the last moment, through perseveringly kind efforts on the part of Mr. Frost.]

October 10, 1793.

To the Public.

The Labours of the Artist, the Poet, the Musician, have been proverbially attended by poverty and obscurity; this was never the fault of the Public, but was owing to a neglect of means to propagate such works as have wholly absorbed the Man of Genius. Even Milton and Shakespeare could not publish their own works.

This difficulty has been obviated by the Author of the following productions now presented to the Public; who has invented a method of Printing both Letter-press and Engraving in a style more ornamental, uniform, and grand, than any before discovered, while it produces works at less than one fourth of the expense.

If a method of Printing which combines the Painter and the Poet is a phenomenon worthy of public attention, provided that it exceeds in elegance all former methods, the Author is sure of his reward.

Mr. Blake's powers of invention very early engaged the attention of many persons of eminence and fortune; by whose means he has been regularly enabled to bring before the Public works (he is not afraid to say) of equal magnitude and consequence with the productions of any age or country: among which are two large highly finished engravings (and two more are nearly ready) which will commence a Series of subjects from the Bible, and another from the History of England.

The following are the Subjects of the several Works now published and on Sale at Mr. Blake's, No. 13, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth.

1. Job, a Historical Engraving. Size 1 ft. 7½ in. by 1 ft. 2 in.: price 12*s.*
2. Edward and Elinor, a Historical Engraving. Size 1 ft. 6½ in. by 1 ft, price 10*s.* 6*d.*
3. America, a Prophecy, in Illuminated Printing. Folio, with 18 designs. price 10*s.* 6*d.*

4. Visions of the Daughters of Albion, in Illuminated Printing. Folio, with 8 designs, price 7*s.* 6*d.*
5. The Book of Thel, a Poem in Illuminated Printing. Quarto, with 6 designs, price 3*s.*
6. The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, in Illuminated Printing. Quarto, with 14 designs, price 7*s.* 6*d.*
7. Songs of Innocence, in Illuminated Printing. Octavo, with 25 designs, price 5*s.*
8. Songs of Experience, in Illuminated Printing. Octavo, with 25 designs, price 5*s.*
9. The History of England, a small book of Engravings. Price 3*s.*
10. The Gates of Paradise, a small book of Engravings. Price 3*s.*

The Illuminated Books are Printed in Colours, and on the most beautiful wove paper that could be procured.

No Subscriptions for the numerous great works now in hand are asked, for none are wanted; but the Author will produce his works, and offer them to sale at a fair price.

ENGRAVED DESIGNS BY BLAKE.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

TWENTY-ONE PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHS FROM THE ORIGINALS.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE.

SIXTEEN OF THE ORIGINAL PLATES.

סבר אי וב

ILLUSTRATIONS of

The Book of Job

Invented & Engraved
by William Blake
1825

London Published as the Act directs March. 8th 1825. by William Blake N°3 Fountain Court, Strand

Our Father which art in Heaven

hallowed be thy Name

Thus did Job continually

There was a Man in the Land of Uz whose Name was Job. & that Man was perfect & upright

The Letter Killeth
The Spirit giveth Life

It is Spiritually Discerned

& one that feared God & eschewed Evil & there was born unto him Seven Sons & Three Daughters

W Blake inv & sculp

London. Published as the Act directs. March 8. 1826. by Will. Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand.

I shall see God

We shall awake up

I beheld the Ancient of Days

Hast thou considered my Servant Job

The Angel of the Divine Presence

יהוה מלך

Thou art our Father

in thy Likeness

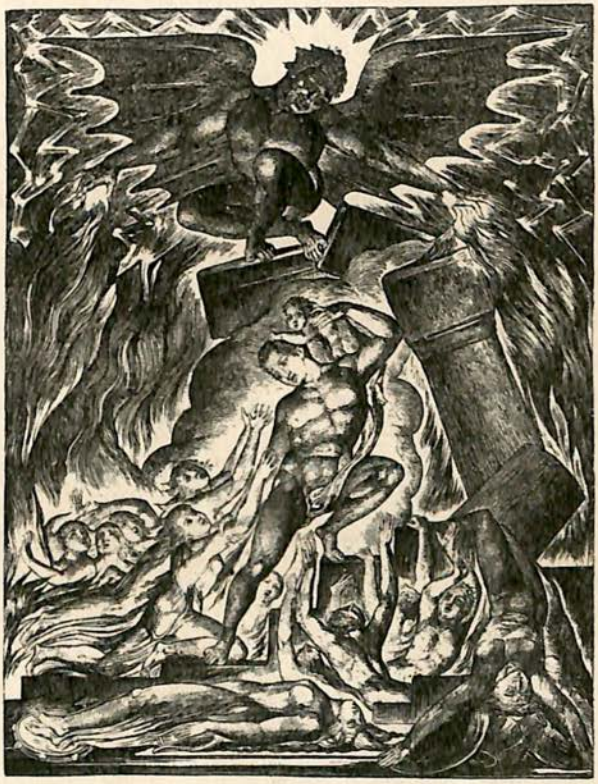
When the Almighty was yet with me, When my Children were about me

There was a day when the Sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord & Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord

London Published as the Act directs March 8 1826 by Will.m Blake No.3 Fountain Court Strand

The Fire of God is Fallen from Heaven

And the Lord said unto Satan Behold All that he hath is in thy Power



Thy Sons & thy Daughters were eating & drinking Wine in their eldest Brothers house & behold there came a great wind from the Wilderness & smote upon the four Faces of the house & it fell upon the young Men & they are Dead

W Blake inven & sculp

London. Published as the Act directs March 8. 1825 by Will. Blake No. 3 Fountain Court Strand

And there came a Messenger unto Job & said. The Oxen were plowing & the Sabeans came down & they have slain the Young Men with the Sword

Going to & fro in the Earth

& walking up & down in it

And I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

While he was yet speaking
there came also another & said

The fire of God is fallen from heaven & hath burned up the flocks & the Young Men & consumed them. & I only am escaped alone to tell thee

W Blake invent & scult

London, Published as the Act directs March 2 1825 by Will Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand.

Did I not weep for him who was in trouble Was not my Soul afflicted for the Poor

Behold he is in thy hand: but save his Life

Then went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord

And it grieved him in his heart

Who maketh his Angels Spirits & his Ministers a Flaming Fire

London. Published as the Act directs March 8 1823. by Wm Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand

Naked came I out of my mothers womb & Naked shall I return thither
The Lord gave & the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord

And smote Job with sore Boils
from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head

W. Blake inv & sc

London. as Act directs Published March 2. 1825 by William Blake 13 Fountain Court Strand

What! shall we recieve Good
at the hand of God & shall we not also
recieve Evil

And when they lifted up their eyes afar off & knew him not
they lifted up their voice & wept. & they rent every Man his
mantle & sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven

Ye have heard of the Patience of Job and have seen the end of the Lord

W Blake inven. & sculpt.

London. Published as the Act directs March 8. 1825 by William Blake N.s Fountain Court Strand

Lo let that night be solitary
& let no joyful voice come therein

Let the Day perish wherein I was Born

And they sat down with him upon the ground seven days & seven nights & none spake a word unto him for they saw that his grief was very great

London Published as the Act directs March 8: 1825 by Will. Blake No. 3 Poultry Court Strand

Shall mortal Man be more Just than God? Shall a Man be more Pure than his Maker? Behold he putteth no trust in his Saints & his Angels he chargeth with folly

Then a Spirit passed before my face
the hair of my flesh stood up

Elipaz Reviews what

London. Published as the Act directs March 8. 1825 by William Blake N.3 Fountain Court. Strand

But he knoweth the way that I take
when he hath tried me I shall come forth like gold

Have pity upon me: Have pity upon me: O ye my friends
for the hand of God hath touched me

Though he slay me yet will I trust in him

The Just Upright Man is laughed to scorn

Man that is born of a Woman is of few days & full of trouble
he cometh up like a flower & is cut down he fleeth also as a shadow
& continueth not And dost thou open thine eyes upon such a one
& bringest me into judgment with thee

W. Blake invenit & sculp

London Published as the Act directs March 8: 1825. by William Blake N 3 Fountain Court Strand

My bones are pierced in me in the night season & my sinews take no rest

My skin is black upon me & my bones are burned with heat

The triumphing of the wicked is short. the joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment

Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of Light & his Ministers into Ministers of Righteousness

With Dreams upon my bed thou scarest me & affrightest me with Visions

Why do you persecute me as God & are not satisfied with my flesh. Oh that my words were printed in a Book that they were graven with an iron pen & lead in the rock for ever For I know that my Redeemer liveth & that he shall stand in the latter days upon the Earth & after my skin destroy thou This body yet in my flesh shall I see God whom I shall see for Myself and mine eyes shall behold & not Another tho consumed be my wrought Image

Who opposeth & exalteth himself above all that is called God or is Worshipped

W Blake invent & sculp

London Published as the Act directs March 8. 1825 by Will. Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand

For God speaketh once yea twice
& Man perceiveth it not

In a Dream in a Vision of the Night
in deep Slumberings upon the bed
Then he openeth the eats of Men & sealeth their instruction

That he may withdraw Man from his purpose
& hide Pride from Man
If there be with him an Interpreter One among a Thousand
then he is gracious unto him
& saith Deliver him from going down to the Pit
I have found a Ransom

For his eyes are upon
the ways of Man & he observeth
all his goings

I am Young & ye are very Old wherefore I was afraid

Lo all these things worketh God oftentimes with Man to bring
back his Soul from the pit to be enlightened
with the light of the living

Look upon the heavens & behold the clouds
which are higher
than thou

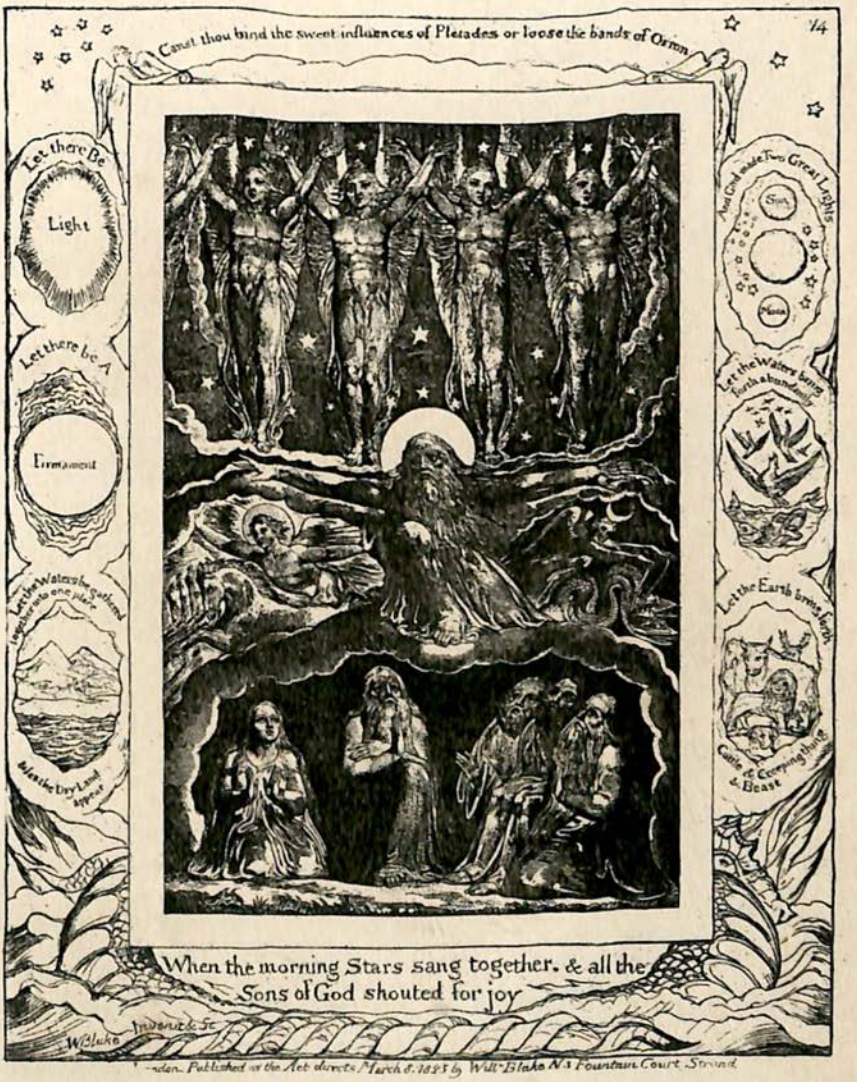
If thou sinnest what
doest thou against him or if thou be
righteous what givest thou unto him

W Blake invenit & sculpt
London Published as the Act directs March 8: 1825 by Will Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge
13
Then the Lord answered Job out of the Whirlwind
Who maketh the Clouds his Chariot & walketh on the Wings of the Wind
Hath the Rain
a Father & who hath begotten
the Drops of the Dew
W.Blake invent.& scalp.

London Published as the Act directs March 2.1823 by William Blake N.3 Fountain Court Strand

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion


Let there Be Light
Let there be A Firmament
Let the Waters gather'd together into one place
Let the Waters bring forth abundantly
And God made Two Great Lights
Sun
Moon
Let the Earth bring forth
Cattle & Creeping thing & Beast

When the morning Stars sang together. & all the Sons of God shouted for joy

W. Blake Invenit & Sc.

...den. Published as the Act directs March 1. 1825 by Will. Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand

Can any understand the spreadings of the Clouds
the noise of his Tabernacle

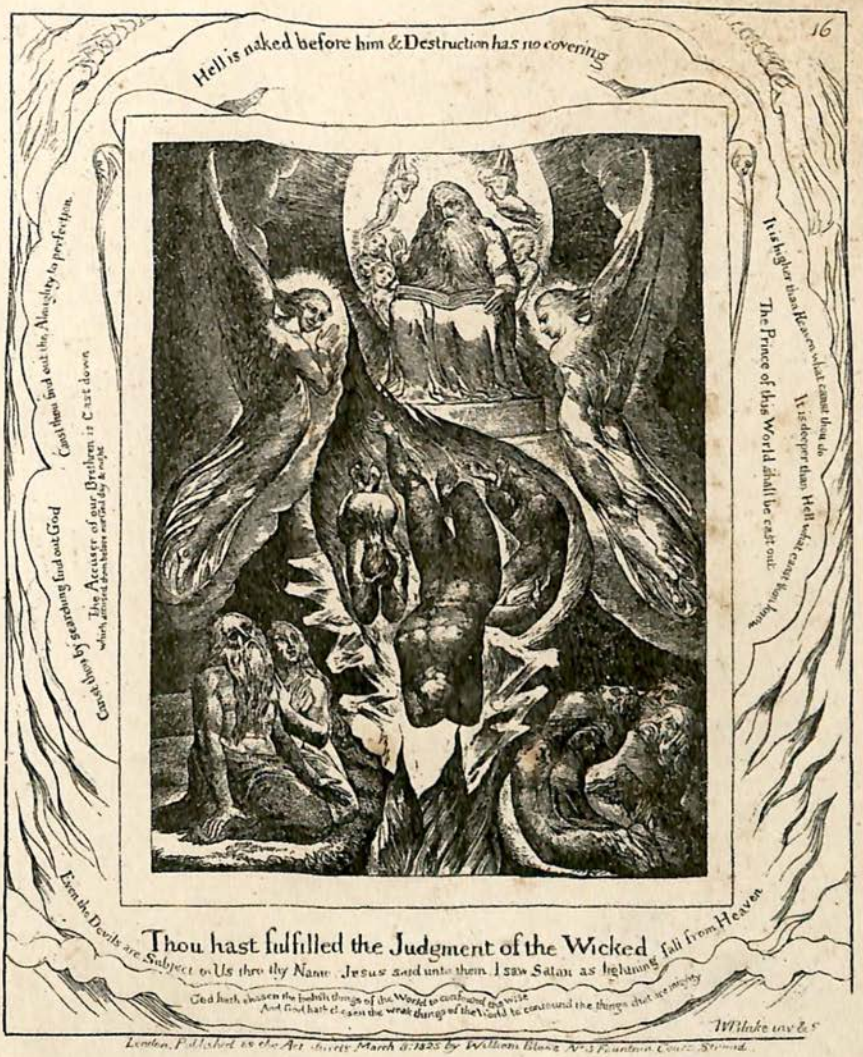
Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud
He scattereth the bright cloud also it is turned about by his counsels

Of Behemoth he saith. He is the chief of the ways of God
Of Leviathan he saith. He is King over all the Children of Pride

Behold now Behemoth which I made with thee

W Blake inventt & sculpt

London Published as the Act directs March 8. 1825 by Will Blake 13 Fountain Court Strand

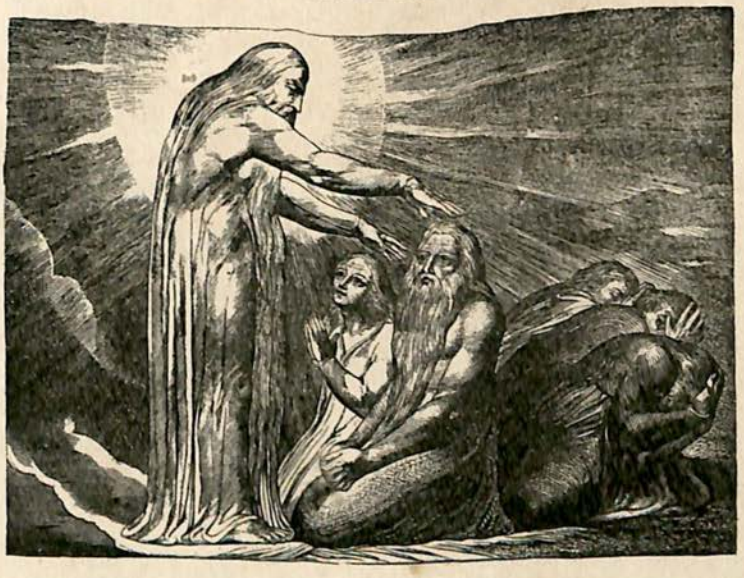

Hell is naked before him & Destruction has no covering
Can thou find out the Almighty to perfection
Can thou by searching find out God
The Accuser of our Brethren is Cast down
Which accused them before our God day & night
It is higher than Heaven what canst thou do
It is deeper than Hell what canst thou know
The Prince of this World shall be cast out
Even the Devils are Subject to Us thro thy Name Jesus said unto them I saw Satan as lightning fall from Heaven
Thou hast fulfilled the Judgment of the Wicked
God hath chosen the foolish things of the World to confound the wise
And God hath chosen the weak things of the World to confound the things that are mighty
Wilake inv & s

London, Published as the Act directs March 6: 1825 by William Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand

He bringeth down to the Grave & bringeth up

we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him for we shall see him as He Is

When I behold the Heavens the work of thy hands the Moon & Stars which thou hast ordained. then I say What is Man that thou art mindful of him?
& the Son of Man that thou visitest him



I have heard thee with the hearing of the Ear but now my Eye seeth thee

He that hath seen me hath seen my Father also

If you had known me ye would have known my Father also and from henceforth ye know him & have seen him

Believe me that I am in the Father & the Father in me or else believe me for the very works sake

He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father

And I will love him & will manifest myself unto him

And we will come unto him & make our abode with him

I & my Father are One

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father & you in me & I in you

If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I said I go unto the Father

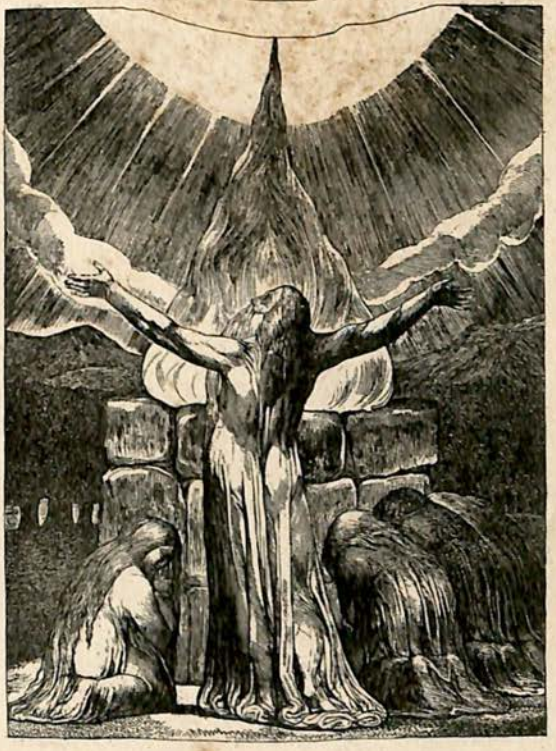
He that believeth in me the works that I do shall he do also & greater works than these shall he do because I go unto my Father

And the Father shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you for ever even the Spirit of Truth whom the world cannot receive

W Blake inv & sculp

London Published as the Act directs March 8 1825 by William Blake N° 3 Fountain Court Strand

Also the Lord accepted Job



And my Servant Job shall pray for you

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his Friends

W Blake inv & sculpt

London Published as the Act directs March 2 1825 by Wm Blake No 3 Fountain Court Strand

The Lord maketh Poor & maketh Rich

bringeth Low & Lifteth Up

who provideth for the
Raven his Food
When his Young ones cry unto God

Every one also gave him a piece of Money

Who remembered us in our low estate
For his Mercy endureth for ever

W Blake inv & sculp

London. Published as the Act directs March 5. 1825. by William Blake N 3 Fountain Court Strand

How precious are thy thoughts
unto me O God
how great is the sum of them

There were not found Women fair as the Daughters of Job
in all the Land & their Father gave them Inheritance
among their Brethren

If I ascend up into Heaven thou art there
If I make my bed in Hell behold Thou
art there

London Published as the Act directs March 8 1825 by William Blake N° 3 Fountain Court Strand

Great & Marvellous are thy Works
Lord God Almighty

Just & True are thy Ways
O thou King of Saints

So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job
more than the beginning

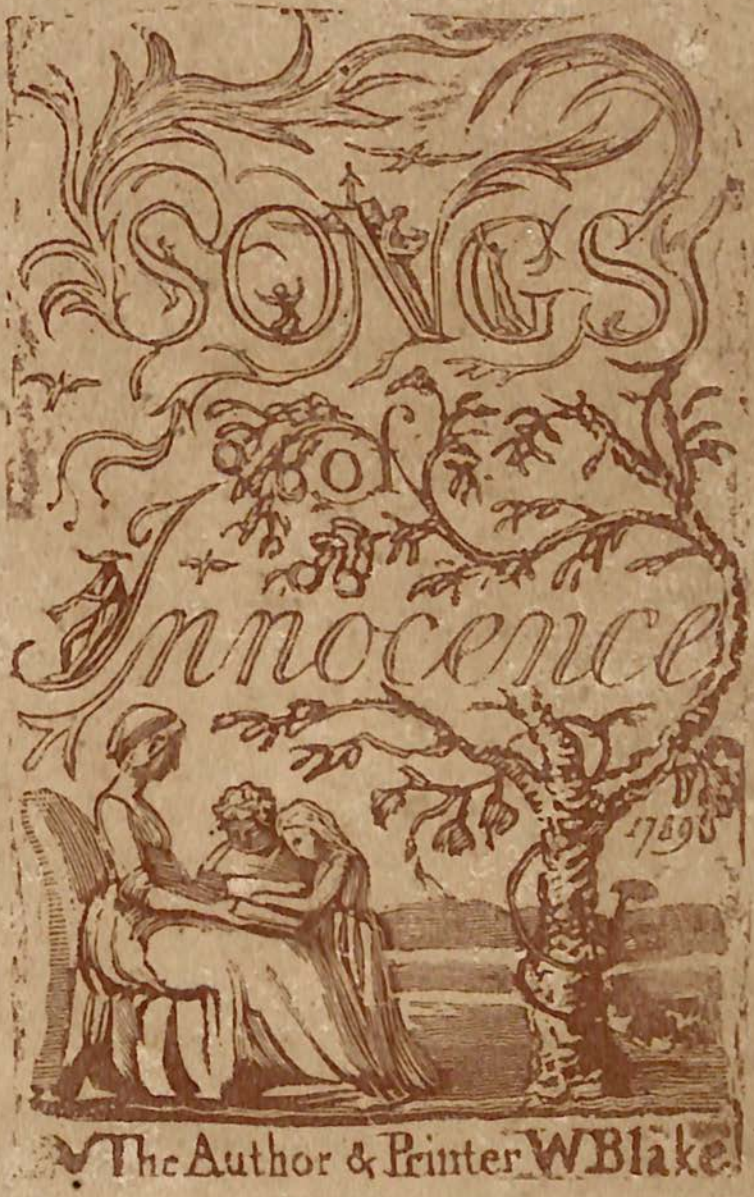
After this Job lived
an hundred & forty years
& saw his Sons & his
Sons Sons

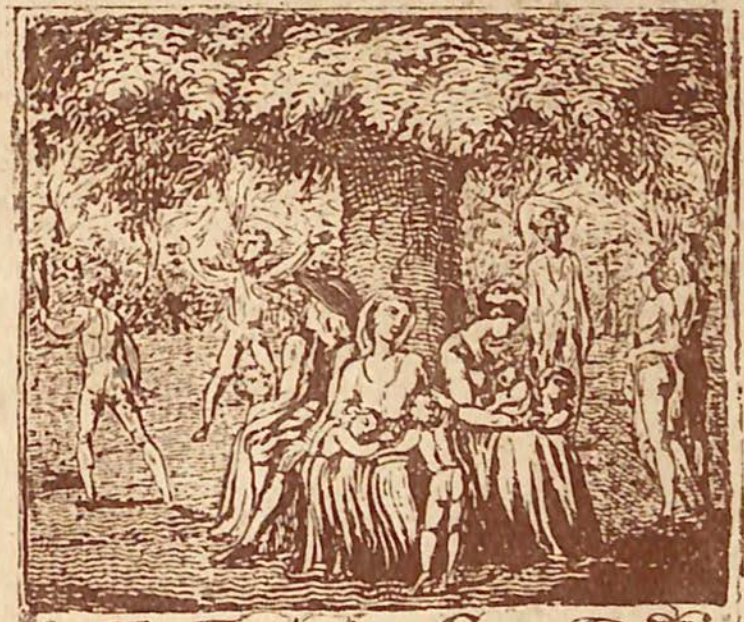
even four Generations
So Job died
being old
& full of days

In burnt Offerings for Sin
thou hast had no Pleasure

W Blake inv & sculp

London Published as the Act directs March 8. 1825 by William Blake Fountain Court Strand


SONGS
of
Innocence
1789
The Author & Printer W Blake

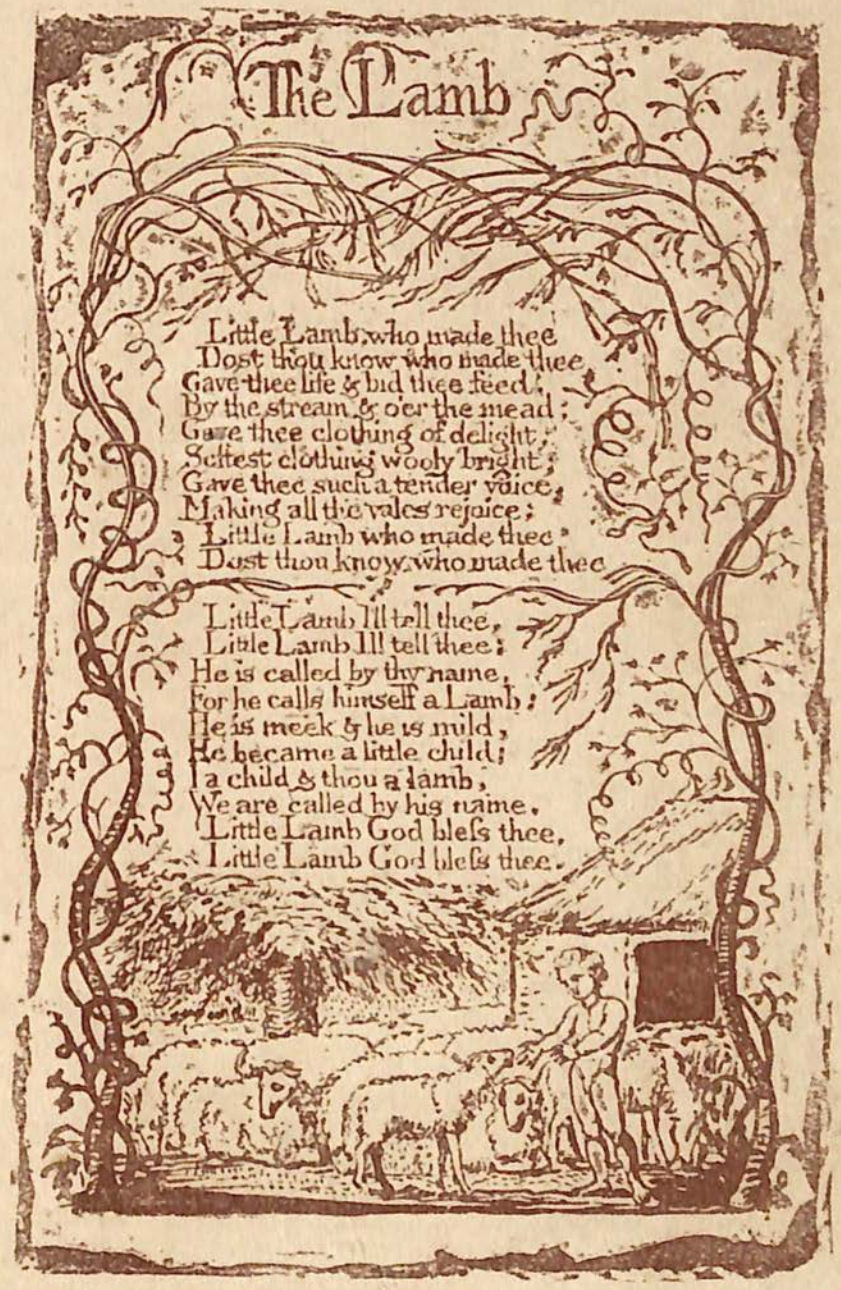


The Ecchoing Green

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies.
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring
The sky lark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk,

They


The Lamb
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed;
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight;
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infants head.
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams.
By happy silent moony beams

Sweet sleep with soft down.
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night,
Hover over my delight.
Sweet smiles Mothers smiles
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles.
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep happy child.
All creation slept and smild.
Sleep sleep, happy sleep.
While o'er thee thy mother weep

Sweet babe in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe once like thee.
Thy maker lay and wept for me

Wept

The Divine Image.
To Mercy Pity Peace and Love
All pray in their distress:
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.
For Mercy Pity Peace and Love:
Is God our father dear:
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love
Is Man his child and care.
For Mercy has a human heart
Pity a human face:
And Love the human form divine.
And Peace, the human dress.
Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace.
And all must love the human form.
In heathen turk or jew:
Where Mercy Love & Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

Nurses Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And every thing else is still

Then come home my children, the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise
Come come leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies

No no let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep
Besides in the sky, the little birds fly
And the hills are all coverd with sheep

Well well go & play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed
The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd
And all the hills ecchoed

On Anothers Sorrow

Can I see anothers woe.
And not be in sorrow too
Can I see anothers grief
And not seek for kind relief.

Can I see a falling tear
And not feel my sorrows share,
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd.

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan an infant fear—
No no never can it be.
Never never can it be.

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small.
Hear the small birds grief & care
Hear the woes that infants bear—

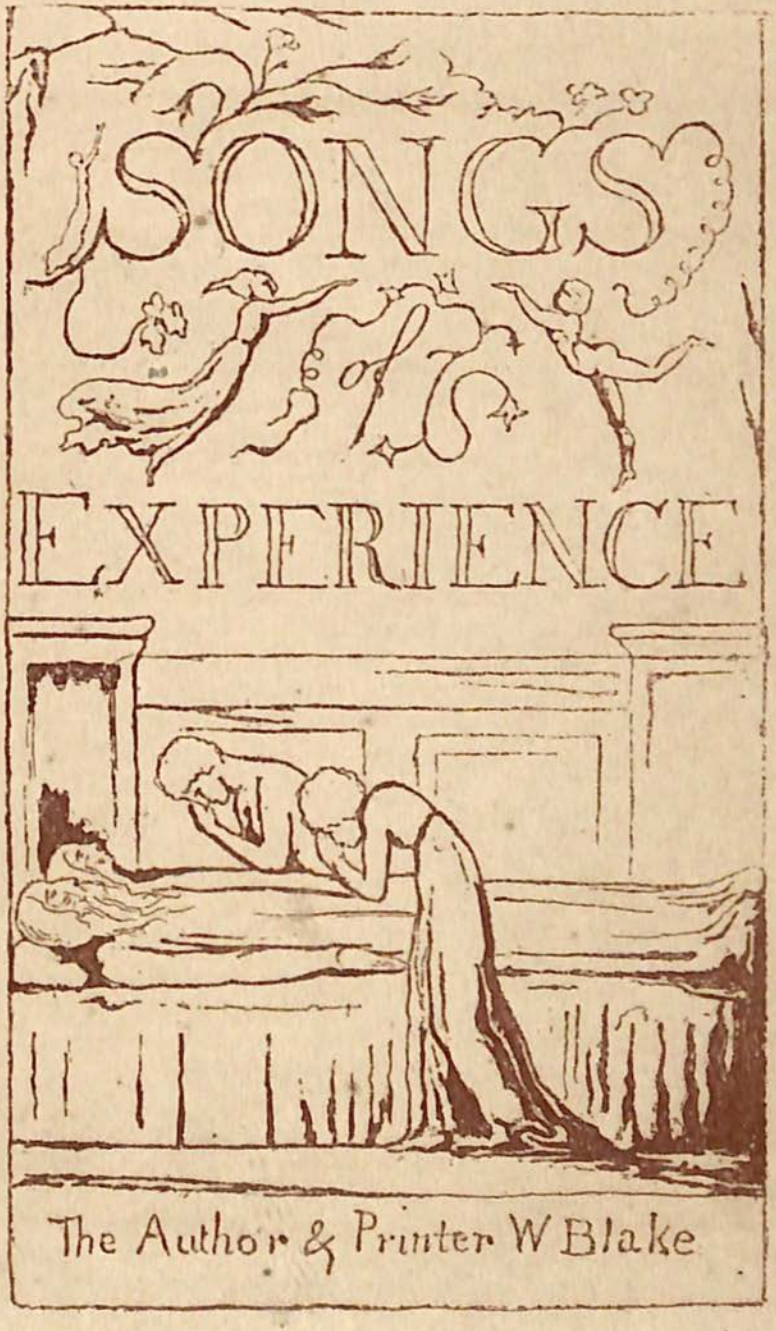
And not sit beside the nest
Pouring pity in their breast
And not sit the cradle near
Weeping tear on infants tear.

And not sit both night & day.
Wiping all our tears away.
O! no never can it be.
Never never can it be.

He doth give his joy to all.
He becomes an infant small.
He becomes a man of woe
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
And thy maker is not by
Think not thou canst weep a tear
And thy maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy
That our grief he may destroy
Till our grief is fled & gone
He doth sit by us and moan


SONGS
of
EXPERIENCE
The Author & Printer W Blake

HOLY THURSDAY

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduced to misery
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine.
And their fields are bleak & bare.
And their ways are fill'd with thorns.
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,
And where-e'er the rain does fall:
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.

The Little Girl Lost

In futurity
I prophetic see,
That the earth from sleep,
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek
For her maker meek;
And the desart wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
Where the summers prime
Never fades away;
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told,
She had wanderd long,
Hearing wild birds song.

Sweet sleep come to me
Underneath this tree;
Do father mother weep.
Where can Lyca sleep.

Lost in desart wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep.

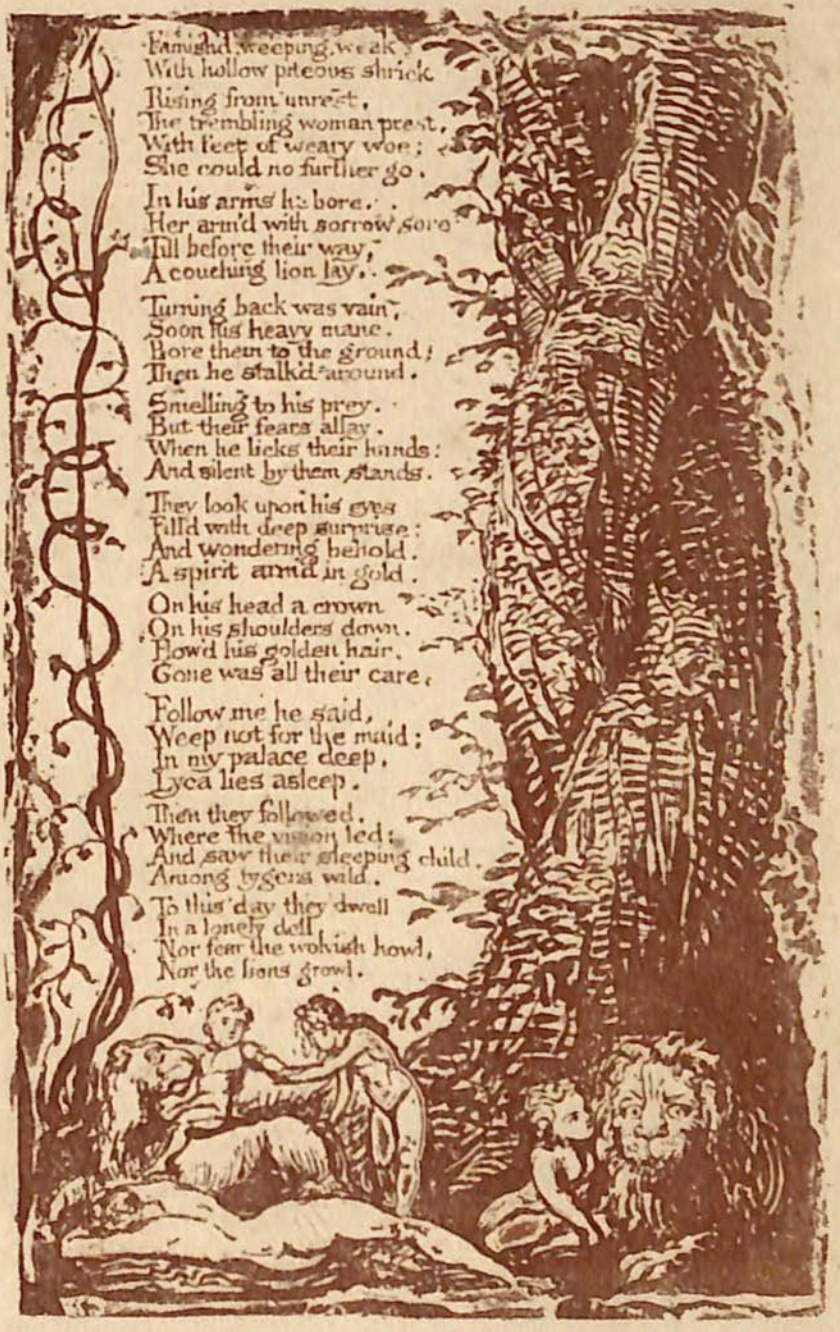
If her heart does ake,
Then let Lyca wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

Frowning frowning night
O'er this desart bright,
Let thy moon arise,
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lyca lay;
While the beasts of prey,
Come from caverns deep,
Viewd the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood
And the virgin viewd,
Then he gambold round
O'er the hallowd ground:

Leopards


Famish'd weeping weak
With hollow piteous shriek
Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman prest,
With feet of weary woe;
She could no further go.
In his arms he bore
Her arm'd with sorrow sore
Till before their way,
A couching lion lay.
Turning back was vain,
Soon his heavy mane,
Bore them to the ground,
Then he stalk'd around.
Smelling to his prey.
But their fears allay,
When he licks their hands:
And silent by them stands.
They look upon his eyes
Filled with deep surprise:
And wondering behold,
A spirit arm'd in gold.
On his head a crown,
On his shoulders down,
Flow'd his golden hair,
Gone was all their care.
Follow me he said,
Weep not for the maid;
In my palace deep,
Lyca lies asleep.
Then they followed,
Where the vision led;
And saw their sleeping child,
Among tygers wild.
To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell,
Nor fear the wolvish howl,
Nor the lions growl.

My Pretty ROSE TREE

A flower was offerd to me
Such a flower as May never bore.
But I said I've a Pretty Rose-tree.
And I pulsed the sweet flower oer.

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree.
To tend her by day and by night.
But my Rose turnd away with jealousy:
And her thorns were my only delight.

AH! SUN FLOWER

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time.
Who countest the steps of the Sun:
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the travellers journey is done.

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:
Arise from their graves and aspire.
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

THE LILLY

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn:
The humble Sheep a threatning horn:
While the Lilly white shall in Love delight.
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

LONDON

I wander thro' each charterd street
Near where the charterd Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man
In every Infants cry of fear
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

The Human Abstract.

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor;
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we;

And mutual fear brings peace:
Till the selfish loves increase.
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears:
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head
And the Caterpiller and Fly,
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea,
Sought thro Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain

INFANT SORROW
My mother groand, my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud:
Like a fiend hid in a cloud
Struggling in my fathers hands:
Striving against my swadling bands.
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mothers breast.

The School Boy

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me.
O! what sweet company

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away.
Under a cruel eye outworn.
The little ones spend the day.
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit.
And spend many an anxious hour
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learnings bower.
Worn thro with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy,
Sit in a cage and sing.
How can a child when fears annoy.
But droop his tender wing.
And forget his youthful spring.

O! father & mother, if buds are nip'd,
And blossoms blown away.
And if the tender plants are strip'd
Of their joy in the springing day.
By sorrow and cares dismay.

How shall the summer arise in joy
Or the summer fruits appear.
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy
Or bless the mellowing year.
When the blasts of winter appear.

ENGRAVED DESIGNS BY BLAKE.

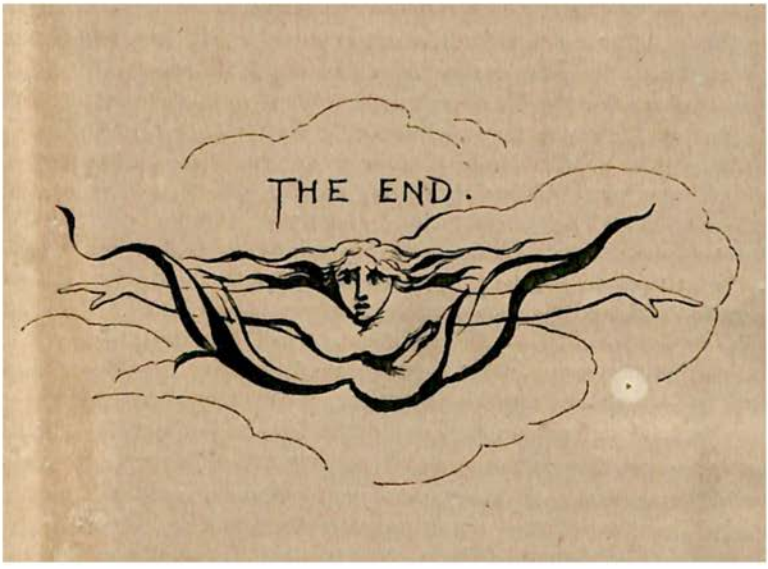
[THE Plates here appended were not contemplated in the original scheme of this work, or certain of the *Job* designs would not have been reproduced in fac-simile in the first volume. By an afterthought, however, the aid of photo-lithography was called in to give the whole *Job* series as a thorough and important example of Blake's style. These photo-lithographs are, of course, line for line, and minutest touch for touch, the counterparts of their originals. They are smaller, however; and the effect of light and shade has a certain want of the decision and clearness which is one of the characteristics of the copper plates. But on the whole they may be safely put forward as giving a very sufficient idea of these, quite complete, indeed, in many of the most essential respects; and considering that the original publication is a rare and high-priced book, its reproduction here is a very valuable addition to our table of contents.

Quite as valuable, though still in another way not quite perfect, are the original plates of the *Songs* also given. These were recovered by Mr. Gilchrist, being the only remnant of the series still in existence on copper; the rest having, it is believed, been stolen after Blake's death, and sold for old metal. They are, therefore, as absolutely the *originals* as those appearing in the copies printed by Blake; and the reason why they must still be pronounced imperfect is that they were intended as a mere preparation for colouring by hand, as has been explained in the *Life;* while, being here necessarily given without the colour, they cannot be said to embody Blake's intention in producing them. Much which may here seem unaccountably rugged and incomplete is softened by the sweet liquid rainbow tints of the coloured copies into a mysterious brilliancy which could never have been obtained over a first printing of a neater or more exact kind; body colour as well as transparent colour being used in the finishing. However, there will be no doubt among those who love Blake's works as to the advisability of including them here even in the rough; and indeed, to any observer of poetic feeling, it is but the first glance at them which can prove really disappointing. Abundant beauty remains, even without the colour, in the wealth of lovely ever-varying lines, and plentiful overgrowth from the very heart of the painter, springing and clinging all round the beautiful verses. No littleness here because the scale of work is a small one. Almost any one of these pages might be painted, writing and all, on a space twenty feet high, and leave nothing to be desired as grand decorative work.

On comparing these Plates with the fac-similes of designs belonging to the same class of Blake's works which are contained in the first volume, it will be at once apparent that the latter are generally extremely successful as reproductions of his style. His work of other kinds, more dependent on engraving in lines, was far more difficult to deal with by the process adopted; but everywhere the aim has been towards the utmost fidelity whether the fac-simile was on the exact scale of the original or not.

In concluding the last of the brief prefatory notes to the various sections of this second volume, the writer of them believes he may trust not only to have expressed his own views on the matters to which they relate, but that these are also in harmony with the intentions and fully-matured plans of his friend the author of the *Life*. He had had many conversations with Mr. Gilchrist regarding the completion of this cherished work; and must have undertaken this slight supplementary task with a still heavier heart, had he not been sure that he agreed with the author of the work in all points concerning its subject, and that there was no danger of any opinion being expressed in the few closing passages, which *he* would unwillingly have endorsed. It may be said on this last page of the book, that at least neither love of Blake in its author, nor love of its author in those on whom the issuing of his work devolved, has been wanting to make it a true memorial of both.

D. G. R.]



00020020

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018